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Edward J. Mishan

The Spillover Enemy

The Coming Struggle for Amenity Rights

"GREEDY MEN, *abetted by a complacent Government, are prowling over Britain and devastating it," wrote Mr. Anthony Crosland seven years ago in a bitter and comprehensive onslaught on the erosion of the British scene, town and country. So, when the Prime Minister made him Secretary of State for Local Government and Regional Planning in the recent shuffle Mr. Crosland could—and indeed did—check back on his book* "The Conservative Enemy" *to find, gratifyingly, that he had himself proposed just such a Ministry to combat the neglect of years.*

His name for it was the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, but its functions were identical with those he now has: to co-ordinate transport, housing, location of employment and development planning. But there are snags. His new department does not take over the executive powers of the Ministries of Housing and Transport. It simply acts as their overlord and Ministers with such vaguely defined federal powers have often come to grief for lack of effective authority.

But if Mr. Crosland can really get to grips with his new office and if his machine can really make an impression on Britain, what sort of direction will he push in? "Although in this country we have had one of the slowest rates of economic growth in the world even the growth we have had has been achieved at an appalling cost in terms of the environment.

"I would like to redress this. For instance, the country does still slope down from the north to the south to an unhealthy degree. We have had too much laissez-faire *over building in the past. I'm preservationist by instinct. But don't put me down as an aesthete who is only interested in preserving old buildings."*

INTERVIEW IN THE SUNDAY TIMES

IF MEN REALLY BELIEVED they controlled their destiny, they would not talk of what the future would bring: instead they would debate the kind of future they wanted. Quiet skies, clean air, traffic-free towns, an unspoiled countryside, are certainly technically feasible. We could have the lot if we wanted them in earnest—and survive comfortably withal. What, then, prevents a major political party taking seriously a programme designed to create for us all "a green and pleasant land"?

The short answer is the power of myth over mind. In his novel *Chance*, Joseph Conrad describes how the clue to the character of an age can often be found in a single word to which the age pays tribute. In the inter-War period, the word was *thrift*. Such was its hold on the imagination that, at a time of widespread depression and unemployment, people were being exhorted by Ministers to spend less in order to save the country. Today the magic word is *growth*, and it is an article of faith in the Establishment that faster economic growth is the sovereign cure for all known forms of social and economic ills. It is enough merely to hint that a proposed measure favours growth to ensure a respectful silence at any Committee meeting. Nothing, save perhaps "export performance," can vie with it in power to intimidate the innocent citizen.

The era has thrown up another word, *challenge*, a companion piece to *growth*. Indeed, the Common Market was floated into public favour largely on a wave of "challenges" that rolled over all specific objections and dissolved itself in streams of froth about "dynamic" long-

IN THIS ARTICLE *E. J. Mishan continues his studies on "How to Change the System" which he began with "Some Heretical Thoughts on University Reform"* (ENCOUNTER, *March). Dr. Mishan is Reader in Economics at the London School of Economics; his latest book,* "Twenty-One Popular Economic Fallacies" (*Allen Lane The Penguin Press*), *was published earlier this year.*

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run advantages. However, when *challenge* is used together with *growth* it can be depended upon as surely as a two-headed penny. While *growth* is used to sanctify the claims of the technocrats, *challenge* pulls the carpet from under the feet of the opposition. This technique, often displayed in television or radio debates, is illustrated by the following dialogue:

> TECHNOCRAT: The growth of automation offers enormous opportunities for increased leisure, enjoyment, education....
>
> PHILOSOPHER: But work is not pure disutility. Through work people find the solace of companionship. Even a routine job provides a sense of security and belonging. Again, a large number of people do find interest in the tasks set them by industry. And surely all men like to feel that their work matters to society; that they are needed....
>
> TECHNOCRAT (*quietly but firmly*): Ah, but man must adapt himself to face the challenge which automation poses.

And there you have it! The future is apparently pre-empted: and willy-nilly we must be moulded to fit in. But by a lucky coincidence it is all for the best however, provided always that "we move with the times," wean ourselves from green fields and uncluttered skies, and learn to love the computer.

The technocrat as "con-man" is, moreover, aided and abetted by the ad-man, who creates unwittingly, but none the less unerringly, a world of growth-spun fantasies. The ad-man is dedicated to fostering discontent in the hearts of men. By tapping repeatedly at their greeds, anxieties, envies, lusts, he seeks to bring their expenditure into line with industry's rising output of consumer gadgetry. And while the daily promptings of the ad-man impel them slowly to the belief that the things that really matter in life are the things that money can buy, they will hardly be noticing that the environment in which they live is becoming submerged in a sea of floating sewage. But let us look at another man's predictions.

AMONG THE MORE GLOOMY FORECASTS for 1983 made last year by Dr. Mark Abrams were a population increase of some 5 million, nearly 50 per cent more cars, uninterrupted aircraft noise. He was incidentally addressing himself to the Town and Country Planning Association. One might infer from this circumstance that the proper procedure was first to predict the worst, and then to make ample provision to accommodate it. Certainly, there was very little said there about *choice* over the future. Not that there is in any case much incentive for any respectable forward-looker to choose a pleasanter future rather than an uglier one when choice of the former, he can be sure, would be ranked below the latter by any index of Gross National Product. This index, as economists know, is an artless though effective device which can be counted on to register some economic gain for almost any country from one year to the next. For the principle employed is simply that of totting up the values of all man-made goods while assiduously ignoring all the man-made bads that are produced simultaneously. These bads (or "spillovers" as they are commonly called) include development blight, the erosion of the countryside, the accumulation of oil and sewage on our coasts, contamination of lakes and rivers, air pollution, traffic congestion, and shrieking aircraft.[1] Indeed, it is to these spillovers that our growth-minded political leaders should look for really gratifying examples of post-war growth.

To the economist, however, they pose a particular problem because the nature of a spillover effect—noise, fume, pollution, and the like—makes it difficult to fit them into a decentralised price system. When these noxious by-products of industry or of industrial goods are thrown off, segments of the public are constrained to absorb them and for the most part without compensation. A topical example is air travel which produces services for the passengers while simultaneously producing prodigious disservices, aircraft noise, for large numbers of

[1] I disregard here a veritable wilderness of ecological consequences of man's short-sighted interference with nature—many of them ably discussed by Peter Laurie in the *Sunday Times Magazine* of 17 November 1968, also by John Davy in *The Observer* (10 and 17 November). This is not because they are less important than the spillover effects treated above; nor because they fall outside the economist's purview. Indeed they can, and should, be brought into the economic calculus. There are rational and systematic ways of dealing with half-knowledge, probabilities, likelihoods, uncertainty, and ignorance. Whatever their imperfections they yield far more justifiable solutions than the present method of excluding consideration of all consequences save those pertinent to commercial gain or technological triumph. However, I confine my attack here to those tangible and familiar spillovers that are becoming increasingly intolerable.

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the population. And it is fallacious to assert that man has chosen air travel despite the noise nuisance simply because people have never had any critical choice in the matter. In weighing up the pros and cons of an air journey the citizen considers only the advantages of air travel as compared with fares. He can do nothing about the noise to which he resigns himself, accepting it as a feature of the environment over which he has no control.

Some choice could be provided by a system which offered to each of us the option of air travel at a price, along with the accompanying noise, or that of no air travel along with quiet skies: more choice still by a market that allowed each of us to buy air travel at a price and, quite separately, allowed each of us to sell our right to quiet at a price. For in a more accommodating universe, in which a person could somehow lock out these spillovers from the space surrounding him, he would be able to charge for admitting them into his private space just as the owner of private property charges for the use of it. But in the nature of the existing universe the prospect of extending the market in this way is just not open to us.

Let me consider, then, some of the methods put forward to control spillovers.[2]

[2] Though I concentrate largely on "bad" or unfavourable spillovers to the exclusion of "good" spillovers, this would bias the argument in the text only if it could be supposed that good spillovers are somehow to be offset against bad spillovers—much as the good features of an age might be offset against the bad ones before a judgment is reached. But this notion is erroneous. The larger the number of spillovers—whether all good, all bad, or equally mixed—the greater the scope there is for allocative improvement. Within a competitive setting, the greatest improvements are made by first tackling the more outstanding environmental spillovers.

I might add in passing that on a broad definition of the term there is apparently no limit to the number of relatively trivial spillover effects one can think up, such as person *A*'s envy of *B*'s new car or *B*'s new wife, his disgust at *C*'s body odour, his pleasure at *D*'s promotion or demotion. These spillovers are ignored by economists either (1) because the cost (in terms of time, effort, and money) of correcting them exceeds the potential gain from doing so, or (2) because the satisfaction or dissatisfaction experienced in this connection is regarded by society at large as ethically unjustifiable. *A*'s envy of *B*'s status or *A*'s sadistic pleasure at *B*'s suffering is not at present allowed for by the economist in framing economic policy, though in a future society they may well enter into the calculus.

The Price of Things to Come

First, and most obviously, we can adopt a system of Government regulation. This is a scheme, however, which the liberal economist will frown upon. It extends bureaucratic interference. It is costly to operate; and it is likely to "overkill" the spillover. After all, it is better to have some of the good in question along with its associated spillover—for instance, some air travel along with some unavoidable aircraft noise—rather than go without it altogether. Pursuing this idea the economist comes up with a formula for discovering an "ideal" amount of the good, say air travel. Beyond this ideal amount of air travel there is less to be gained by some additional service than there is to be lost by the additional noise accompanying it: below this ideal amount of air travel, the reverse is true; more to be gained by the additional air travel, than is lost by accompanying noise. Although this ideal amount is always smaller than that produced by the unfettered market, the bureaucrat, it is believed, is as likely as not to reduce production below this "ideal," or even cause the industry to fold up by insisting on the installation of costly preventive devices.

If the liberal economist is, in principle, opposed to a system of direct controls, what scheme does he favour?

It goes without saying that he will give his blessing to any freely negotiated settlement. If a factory producing dye-stuffs starts pouring effluent into a stream it is likely to spoil the taste of the whisky produced by a distillery located further downstream. The distillery may cut its consequent losses by financing the installation of a purifying plant for the dye works or for itself, or by moving elsewhere. Alternatively it may bribe the dye works to locate elsewhere or to reduce the level of its output, and therefore its effluent, to a point at which the effect on the quality of its whisky is unnoticeable. Since such mutual arrangements are voluntary, the presumption is that both parties are better off with such arrangements than without.

But such mutual arrangements are practicable only as between highly organised groups such as the two firms in our example. If instead the damaged group is a large number of families dispersed over a wide area—the victims, say, of aircraft noise—such negotiations are not practicable. Any private person who takes the initia-

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tive in an attempt to organise the victims of aircraft noise, in order to negotiate on their behalf with the air line authorities, must be prepared to incur virtually unlimited expenses and trouble while knowing that his chances of success are very slight.

In these circumstances the economist may propose levying a tax on each unit of the product or service equal to the social damage it causes. Such an excise tax equal in value, say, to the damaging spillover effects caused by air travel would seem to be satisfactory. So would an excise tax equal to the spillover effects arising from the use of the private automobile. In this connection, however, it should be noted that the system of taxes or tolls favoured by many transport economists is calculated by reference only to the mounting costs of time and fuel lost by the motorists themselves as the traffic builds up. In other words, given the existing road system, the toll or tax is to be regarded as an ideal device for rationing scarce road space. It is therefore set equal to the estimated loss of time and fuel (etc.) imposed by any one additional vehicle on all the motorised traffic.

One can agree that there should indeed be such a Traffic-congestion tax. But there should also be a Pollution tax. There should obviously be a Noise tax, and for that matter an "agony tax," too—even though the grief of a spouse or parent cannot be stilled by any sum of money. And come to think of it, 7,000 killed a year on the roads and some ten times that number crippled is quite a price for the nation to pay for its apparent preference for the private motor car over public transport. Finally, there should be a "miscellaneous tax" to cover a host of irrevocable consequences—such as the tendency of the motoring interest to produce cities like Los Angeles which, having dedicated itself to the automobile, now lies prostrate without heart or centre beneath the tentacles of its freeway system, or its tendency to transform the countryside into a wasteland cemetery of gasoline stations. If all such taxes could be calculated and imposed the problem would disappear along with the greater part of the traffic.

Now WHY ARE SUCH TAXES on automobiles not in fact levied? If he disregards charges of vested interests and political conspiracy, the economist might well come up with the argument that the fact of such taxes *not* being imposed is *prima facie* evidence that the mere cost of calculating them would be prohibitive, or at any rate greater than the potential gain from some resulting "ideal" traffic flow. In other words, the cost of acquiring reliable information about spillover costs is so great that persistence with a tax scheme could result only in a net loss to society. This conclusion (which may be extended to other spillovers) is less plausible, however, if we recognise that the admittedly heavy costs of acquiring information arise from aiming at standards of accuracy that are unnecessarily stringent. Some rough work plus inspired guessing might suggest a tax resulting in a traffic flow which was, say, ten or twenty per cent off the mark either way. Yet the response to such a tax is likely to be a vast improvement over doing nothing at all.

ANALOGOUS REMARKS APPLY to the now fashionable technique of Cost-Benefit analysis. But while an excise tax aims to ration the use by vehicles of scarce roadway and scarce amenities, the question of whether or not to invest in adding something to the existing road system is settled by reference to the outcome of a cost-benefit study. And if the transport economist ever troubled to make adequate provision for the costs endured by society of the familiar spillovers generated by motorised traffic, it is certain that we should build fewer roads.

It is also important to realise, in this connection, that however the tax is set, or however Costs and Benefits are estimated, such economic calculation takes no account of equity. *Those whose welfare is adversely affected are not compensated.* This might matter less if such people were to be found among the wealthier groups in society. But the reverse is more likely to be the case. Building a flyover through a poor neighbourhood—and they are seldom built through wealthy neighbourhoods—benefits motorists as a group at the expense of the welfare of the families in the poor neighbourhood.

Yet these inequities are not the end of the matter. If the motorists availing themselves of the flyover are *not* in fact charged for its use—and this is the practice in this country—their disposable income is not reduced. Since a proper estimate of the motoring benefits is derived from what motorists can afford to pay for any contemplated "improvement," it is obvious that if, instead, they were made to pay for the

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facilities in question, the estimated benefits of investment in additional flyovers or road-widening schemes would decline. But, as indicated, motorists do not in fact pay taxes or tolls for these motoring facilities (other than an annual motoring tax, and generally as a taxpayer along with the rest of the community). The estimate of what they can afford is insufficiently diminished, and successive projects continue to *appear* economically feasible.

Be that as it may, by far the most serious defect of such Cost-Benefit analysis is that already mentioned in connection with excise taxes: a variety of damaging spillovers continue to elude measurement. As several conscientious economists have pointed out, the outcome of all too many cost-benefit studies follows that of the classic recipe for horse-and-rabbit stew which is made on a strictly fifty-fifty basis—one horse to one rabbit. No matter how carefully the rabbit is chosen for its flavour, the taste is sure to be swamped by that of horseflesh. The horse, needless to say, represents those *"other considerations"* which seldom take up more space than a sentence or two in a footnote, or in the preamble, against the expert's detailed and quantitative analysis which is the scientific rabbit, one invariably having all the earmarks of exacting professional competence. On this recipe, standard for practically all transport studies, I should have no difficulty in producing impressive estimates of net benefits over costs for almost any conceivable traffic project in the London area, beginning with a four-lane highway through St. James' Park and a ramp over Buckingham Palace. The more the city is carved up and twisted about to encourage the use of the private automobile the easier it becomes, on the standard formula, to contrive net benefits by further highway investments.

Turning to a specific instance, consider the attempt of the National Trust to prevent the Ministry of Transport from building a six-lane highway through Saltram Park, Plymouth. Notwithstanding that the land was "inalienable," the Trust suffered a serious defeat at the hands of Parliament. Members were sad to see it go; but, being "realists" they bravely turned their backs on sentiment and bowed to "economic necessity." Certainly, the Minister of Transport can produce convincing figures to justify his decision. And it is equally certain that the premises on which the calculations are based follow the horse-and-rabbit stew recipe.

The loss to the country as a whole of the destruction of rare natural beauty weighs only as a consideration to be borne in the mind of the Minister. In times like the present, where there is growing pressure to be seen going about doing things, this consideration is not likely to weigh too heavily in the balance. But is it possible to attach a figure to such intangibles?

The answer is: yes, in principle. A conceptually exact measure would add together the minimum sums each family in the country would be willing to accept to reconcile it to the destruction of this area of natural beauty. And not only each family now living. As the destruction of natural beauty is virtually irreversible, the loss suffered by future generations of families would also have to be added to the total reckoning.

Such calculations are currently impracticable. But even the most conservative guess of the total loss on this principle—which is strictly speaking the correct economic principle—would swamp any measure of net traffic benefits the Minister could come up with. By the same logic, a conservative guess of the social costs of the supersonic booms would be enough to reverse a decision based on a conventional cost-benefit study.

But there is no need to pin our hopes on guesses about minimal compensation to deliver us from further follies. For there is one simple proposal which, if implemented, would effectively check this rake's-progress sort of growth that successive governments have wantonly produced; and that is an alteration of the existing law. Change the law from being in general permissive of spillovers to being prohibitive of them and the justly admired market mechanism will tend to a solution that seeks to avoid spillovers. Under such a law the "unmeasurable" spillovers are effectively transformed, in the first instance, into legal claims for damages. And such claims enter directly into the economic costs on a legal par with payments for the use of other people's property and services.

The Market & the Law

And why should the law not be altered? To assert that such alteration "interferes" with the proper working of the Market would indicate a misunderstanding of the issues. After all, the term "market" in economics means no more than an organisation for the voluntary ex-

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change of goods and services. It can operate, therefore, only within a legal framework that enforces contracts freely entered into. The most ardent advocate of *laissez-faire*, moreover, concedes the need for government "intervention" in the economy if only for the purpose of defending the realm against the Queen's enemies and of assuring the maintenance of law and order within it. Again, it is allowed that, in order to prevent debasement of the currency, the issue of coins and notes come under the strict control of the state. One can go further. Most liberal economists hold that the state should restrict free enterprise in other ways: on moral grounds slave labour is to be outlawed; in the interests of domestic peace the sale of fire-arms is to be controlled; on grounds of efficiency, and in order also to promote the decentralisation of economic power, monopoly is to be regulated and competition encouraged. The Market, then, is not regarded by economists as in itself desirable any more than private enterprise with which it is usually associated. For the more grasping and heartless men are, the better the Market will work. The Market is favoured by liberal economists on the grounds simply that it is a relatively inexpensive mechanism which, *when constrained by wise legislation*, can be made to serve desirable, though limited, social ends. And if with the passage of time and changing circumstances its operation is revealed to be defective in any respect our first recourse should be to the law.

It is interesting to remark in this connection that the arguments for extending existing legislation to cover men's rights to basic natural amenities are *no different in kind* from those used in defence of men's rights to private property, in particular those turning on equity and economic efficiency. With respect to equity, it is a cardinal liberal tenet that every man should be allowed the freedom to pursue his own interest *provided* that in doing so he inflicts no harm on others. The post-War eruption of environmental spillovers forms a classic instance of the most blatant infringement of this crucial proviso; an instance, that is, of severe and growing damage to the welfare of innocent people as a by-product of the pursuit by others of profit or pleasure, for which damage there is at present no legal redress of any value. For this reason alone the classic liberal doctrine could be interpreted to favour extending the arm of the law in protection of men's rights to such basic amenities as quiet, privacy, clean air, unpolluted waters—though allowing him the option, along with other people, of accepting compensation from private firms or governments for permitting a designated range of spillovers in his vicinity.

With respect to efficiency, once the costs associated with adverse spillover effects are a charge on the production costs of the perpetrators of spillovers then, unless they can reach agreement with the affected groups, they have to desist entirely from producing the spillover-generating goods. Thus an airline company would have the option of continuing all its services provided completely effective anti-noise devices were installed, or, to the extent they were not completely effective, of paying full compensation for all the residual noise thrown on to the public. Under such a dispensation the costs of operating the *Concorde* over Britain would have to include compensation for inflicting on us a plague of sonic booms. As an economic proposition it would be a dead duck.

It is to be noted in passing that under the new law the costs of negotiating agreements with members of the public have to be borne entirely by the airline companies. If these costs were so heavy that the residual profit, if any, was too small to enable them to bribe potential noise victims to put up with even a limited number of air services, all air services would have to be withdrawn. And under an anti-disamenity law, the fact of having to do this would be regarded as *prima facie* evidence of net social gain in abandoning air services.

For all that, such legislation may not go far enough for at least two reasons. First, there may be insufficient information on the range of consequences arising from the spread of the spillover in question. A citizen who agrees to put up with a certain type of spillover effect in return for a bribe may do so in ignorance not only of the risks to which he exposes his person and his family but also in ignorance of the risks to which he exposes an unknown number of people or humanity at large. The unpleasantness he experiences surrounded by exhaust fumes may be only a fraction of the damage ultimately inflicted. Similar remarks are pertinent to other forms of air pollution, to effluents poured in river, stream, and lake, to the discharge of oil on the high seas, to the use of chemical pesticides and, above all, to the

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present creation of radioactive elements by peace-time nuclear reactors.[3]

Secondly, there are spillover effects that are experienced not only by citizens alive today but by future generations as well. Some of those effects mentioned in the former category can be included also among this type of spillover.[4] Other outstanding examples are development-spillover and tourist-spillover, both of which involve the virtually irrevocable destruction of woodland, coastline, lake districts, and places of rare natural beauty and magnificence. In consequence not only is the present generation deprived, but the keen pleasure and solace offered by such scenic beauty is denied to future generations also. In such cases the State, in its role as custodian of the future, is obliged to overrule the narrower interests of any group of private citizens, and either wholly to prohibit or severely limit the spillover activities in question.

[3] "A new 'dimension' of hazard is given also by the fact that while man now can—and does—create radioactive elements, there is nothing he can do to reduce their radioactivity once he has created them. No chemical reaction, no physical interference, only the passage of time reduces the intensity of radiation once it has been set going....

"Wherever there is life, radioactive substances are absorbed into the biological cycle. Within hours of depositing [radioactive waste products created by nuclear reactors] in water, the great bulk of them can be found in living organisms. Plankton, algae, and many sea animals have the power of concentrating these substances by a factor of 1,000 and in some cases even a million. As one organism feeds on another, the radioactive materials climb up the ladder of life and find their way back to man....

"The point is that very serious hazards have already been created by the 'peaceful uses of atomic energy,' affecting not merely people alive today but all future generations although so far nuclear energy is being used on a statistically insignificant scale. The real development is yet to come, on a scale which few people are capable of imagining." (E. F. Schumacher, "Clean Air and Future Energy," *Des Voeux Memorial Lecture*, October 1967).

[4] According to a *Newsweek* report (8 January 1968), Professor L. C. Cole of Cornell University (in a paper delivered at the 134th annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science) asks whether man is not destroying the earth's natural supply of oxygen. He points out (1) that the increasing combustion of fossil fuels has greatly accelerated the formation of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, and (2) that, in the United States alone, some one million acres of suburbanised forest and grassland each year lose their ability to regenerate the oxygen supply through photosynthesis.

I NEED HARDLY trouble to point out a number of preliminary difficulties, since one can depend upon entrenched interests to supply most of them. But no measure of radical reform can be established overnight. The practical problems of administration are solved only with the passage of time and with the accumulation of experience. What is required first is that, in response to widespread public demand, the principle of Amenity Rights should be formally recognised by law.

The subsequent and more detailed legislation which would result in industries having to set prices to cover their full social costs need not, however, trouble them for long. For they would now have a powerful incentive to re-direct their research into removing the chief technical causes of spillover arising from the operation of their factories and from the operation of their products. Following such legislation there would, for example, be an immediate market for noiseless automobiles, lawn-mowers, power saws, and so on.

Yet even prior to the passage of such legislation much can be done. Any government at all concerned with the welfare of its citizens can take the initiative in a number of fairly radical but realistic experiments. It can, for instance, make a start by promoting a scheme for a number of large residential areas through which no motorised traffic would be permitted to pass and over which no aircraft would be permitted to fly. It may be true (although I doubt it) that only a minority would care to live in such amenity areas. But the market under existing legislation will never present it with the *choice*. Municipalities in their turn could do much to improve the pleasantness of the environment simply by keeping motor traffic away from *some* large shopping centres at least, from narrow roads, from cathedral precincts, and from other places of beauty or historic interest that can be enjoyed only in a traffic-free setting.

In our larger towns and cities we could begin with a ban on all private traffic except perhaps for a taxi service (allowance being made for commercial deliveries during the small hours, say from 3 a.m. to 7 a.m.). In exchange, and at very much lower cost, the public could be offered a quiet, frequent, and highly efficient public transport.

No sprint in the growth rate, no stirring export achievement, could confer so immediate and palpable a benefit to the inhabitants of these islands as schemes such as these, radical enough

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to restore some measure of dignity and humanity to our cities that have so long lain crushed beneath the roar and fume of motorised traffic.

A "Green and Pleasant Land"?

IT IS NOT IMPOSSIBLE that the reader though in the main sympathetic to my views will, from habitual response to endless debate about export performance, gold reserves, growth indices, and the like, coupled with daily warnings about Britain "falling behind in the race" or "our struggle for survival," treat my arguments with half-conscious reservations. While admitting their force he may feel a distinction should be drawn between what is urgent and what can wait, and (uneasily perhaps) between a hard-headed or "masculine" economics on the one hand and, say, a "soft" or "sentimental" economics on the other.

The first distinction is obviously a valid one, but the familiar order of priorities is wrong. The day-to-day problems of managing the economy, the concern with industrial disputes, depressed areas, the level of over-all employment, indices of prices and production and—so long as governments continue to be wedded to fixed exchange rates—the balance of payments, have been the staple preoccupation of governments for decades and, indeed, have provided a good living for any number of economists, financial journalists and civil servants. Both the preoccupation and the industry that thrives on it can be depended to continue unabated into the foreseeable future.

The country's desperate need to produce more exports "vital to our survival as a nation," a favoured *cri de coeur* among our stout-hearted "realists," puts one in awe of the power of current myths. Exports, however, can be spoken of as vital only as payment for vital *imports*. But our imports consist not only of essential foodstuffs and raw materials. An annual average of between £300m. and £400m. of our imports is foreign securities ("export of capital"). Over one billion pounds of our annual import are luxuries, fashion goods, or close substitutes for domestic goods and materials—desirable perhaps, but expendable enough.

Whether a modern economy happens to have a favourable or an adverse balance of payments, whether its supposed growth rate is rising or falling, whether employment is increasing or decreasing, whether its foreign reserves are accumulating or decumulating, there will be no respite from the day-to-day plotting of the ups and downs of a variety of key figures. Over time this snakes-and-ladders economics has so fascinated the players that they have long lost sight of the significance, if any, of the moves being made.

My other objection to this game is that it is played in public before a captive audience whose responses over the years have become so attuned that, like those of financial editors, their spirits rise and fall along with the latest figures on the chart. Let the news be of a further decline of our place in the international growth league, or of a decline in our exports, and people feel obliged to mutter darkly and shake their heads at each other in token of disgust and resignation. Let the news be of a record rise in real income or a bumper export surplus, and the atmosphere is thick with discreet self-congratulation. Since the direct impact of these events on our lives is slight—in the complete absence of economic reportage we should be unlikely to notice them or if we did so we should, in the absence of suggestions to the contrary, accept them philosophically—there is much to be said for the establishment of what might be called a Ministry of Misinformation (to borrow "Lord Haw-Haw's" facetious misnomer) to keep our spirits soaring. In our new and buoyant mood, freed from the sense of crisis and impending economic catastrophe, we might feel less ashamed to protest at the manifest deterioration of the environment and to insist that the government take action.

ECONOMIC CRISES, maxi or mini, real or apparent, have been the rule since the War, not the exception. In the circumstances we must regard "the immediate pressure of economic events" not as a mid-stream crisis that has to be overcome before the country can attend to otherwise worthy but less urgent proposals. Economic pressures and urgent crises are now apparently unalterable features of our society, something which will continue through prosperity and adversity, whether or not we make the legislative alterations proposed above and whatever the initial impulse they give to the indices.

THE SECOND TENTATIVE DISTINCTION, that between a "hard-boiled" economics and a "soft-boiled" or "sentimental" one, is not

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valid. The impression, say, of a casual observer in the U.S. watching an endless stream of twenty-ton trucks hurtling through the night, from East to West and from West to East, is that here, indeed, are the visible manifestations of economic power and prosperity. The freight, however, ranges from dish-washing machines to electronic bugging devices, from electric tooth brushes to plastic baubles, and from cosmetics to frozen television suppers. Much that serves but to gratify the thoughtless whims of people slouched disconsolately before a television screen serves also as the foundation of vast industries whose outputs form a sizeable proportion of the nation's annual product. For in measuring the nation's output one does not rank goods according to any criterion of human need, nor does one weigh its utility as between rich and poor. The 25 cents spent on pretzels chewed listlessly in a cinema by some overweight matron enters the grand computation on the same terms as 25 cents spent on a bowl of soup by an emaciated pauper.

To this extent at least, the conventional economic procedure for measuring total product, or total value, is admittedly unsatisfactory, and the case I put could be strengthened by departing from it. Yet nowhere have I moved outside the conventional economic framework. If a person is, or can be made, willing to pay a dollar for a good *X* I infer only that it is worth at least a dollar to him; and that by permitting him to buy *X* for a dollar he will believe himself to be better off than if permission is refused. These are orthodox economic premises, and the logic raised upon them is equally orthodox. Thus, the spending of 25 cents on a packet of aspirins to *reduce a "bad"* (say, a headache) as compared with spending 25 cents on *acquiring a good* (say, an ice-cream) may have philosophical implications, but no *economic* distinction can be drawn between the two cases. It follows from this that *preventing* a person from acquiring a good is, in economics, on all fours with *compelling* him to receive a "bad." In either case he is constrained to accept a situation different from that which he would otherwise have chosen, and his welfare is reduced accordingly.

For all that, it can be observed that the liberal economist reacts sharply to the first form of "coercion" and remains comparatively unmoved by the second. If the state proposed to ban the sale of tobacco, or chiffon nighties, in certain areas of the country, the howl that would go up would shatter the windows of the Palace of Westminster. And who would doubt that economists would lead in caricaturing the alleged rationale of such proposals? Yet if the State passes legislation which has the effect of compelling people to bear with disutilities of a serious order—or, to put it otherwise, to deprive them of the choice of such goods as "peace and quiet," and for all practical purposes without redress—the public and the economist are not unduly perturbed. How does one explain this asymmetric response? The hue and cry in the press in the name of freedom if the State threatens to deprive a man of the enjoyment, say, of pornographic literature, and the relative unconcern if a man is deprived of his enjoyment of the free gifts of nature?

THE EXPLANATION resides perhaps in a "misplaced concreteness" which, despite occasional disclaimers in our more civilised moments, tends to associate utility, or value, with market prices. But if all that is priced has value, the reverse is certainly not true. For this reason the economist interested in welfare can devise a rule for putting a price on those things that for one reason or another escape the price mechanism; yet a rule which follows in every respect the logic of the Market.

A worker offering his services to industry receives in exchange a sum of money that is at least sufficient to compensate him for the "bad" or "disutility" he has to endure—or, to put it more positively, for the good (say, leisure) he has to give up—the sum received being entered as part of the cost of the final product to which he contributes. By the same logic any person who in consequence of another's activity suffers additional noise, pollution, or other disamenity, should receive in exchange a sum large enough to compensate him fully for the "bad" or "disutility" he has to endure or, again, put otherwise, for the good (say, quiet and clean air) he has to give up. Such payments are also to be entered into the costs of the enterprise. Thus, the total cost of producing an article or service can be regarded as the sum of payments required to compensate others for the losses they would otherwise have to sustain.

If people are now prepared to pay for the finished product or service that incurred these "bads" or "disutilities" a price that equals or exceeds their total cost, one must infer that they are willing to pay enough, or more than enough,

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to compensate all those who have given up something to make the product available. The economic rationale of the commercial rule that price equal or exceed total cost is, then, simply this: that those who gain are able to compensate, or more than compensate, those who lose.

This "overcompensation" (or net benefit criterion) is the crux of the matter. It transpires that it is the only criterion of economic efficiency that is implicit in the orthodox literature on resource-allocation and is at the base of all popular techniques—cost-benefit analysis, mathematical programming project evaluation, the lot.[5] If any business enterprise is to vindicate itself as an economic proposition, it is ultimately by reference to this criterion. For this reason all the allocative arguments I make use of rest firmly on it. If the victims of spillovers, like the workers mentioned above, are fully compensated for the "bads" they are required to endure —or, put otherwise, for the "goods" they must part with—such compensatory payments necessarily enter the total cost of the product or service produced. And if the cost of the product or service so computed is covered by the price it fetches on the market then, indeed, the criterion is met; else, as under the existing system, there can be no presumption that it is met.

THE INTRODUCTION OF Anti-Disamenity Legislation of the kind outlined can therefore be regarded as an effective means of repairing the currently defective allocative mechanism of the Market so that it can operate tolerably well within a private enterprise or mixed economy. My main contention has been that of all the alternative methods so far proposed for correcting the growing allocative distortions of the post-War period—direct controls, group bargaining, excise taxes and subsidies under the existing law, or alterations of that law—that of legislation specifically contrived to bring commercial criteria into line with current economic criteria is easily the most equitable and efficacious.

[5] The interested reader is referred to Chapter 6 of my book *Welfare Economics: An Assessment* (North Holland Publishing Co., 1969).

[6] Though I have argued this in two appendices on the balance of payments in my recent book, *Growth: The Price We Pay* (Staples Press, London).

A Choice of Futures

HAVING GRASPED THE ESSENTIALS of the argument the reader should have no difficulty in recognising the basic irrelevance of objectives turning on our trading relations with other countries. I do not argue that the proposed legislation entails "fewer imports" or "more exports"—if this could be shown to be the more likely outcome, I would not avail myself of its appeal; for in the context of allocative improvements it is neither here nor there. Nor do I argue here that there are far simpler ways of overcoming the apparent imbalance in our international payments position than those currently employed by governments whose horizons are bounded by ideological and political commitment.[6] For the simple point to be made is that, notwithstanding the present near-obsession with trade and currency movements, the state of the balance of payments does not, of itself, provide an independent allocative criterion.

Like any other market, that for foreign goods and services can be out of equilibrium for some time. Without disputing the importance of this market and (given the fetish of fixed exchange-rates and incompetent government intervention) the greater difficulty of restoring equilibrium there, the significant proposition to grasp is that, within an allocative setting, the country's international trade tends to an acceptable pattern only in so far as its internal pricing mechanism is working correctly—as at present, it is not. Once this internal pricing, or costing, mechanism has been corrected, through legislation designed to include the costs of all spill-over damage, any consequent reduction or increase of our imports can be fully justified on our economic criterion as an allocative improvement.

To the question therefore of whether or not we can "afford" anti-disamenity legislation, the answer is a categorical yes. And it is so, not for the more obvious reason that if we *choose* to live in a greener pleasanter land it is technically quite feasible to do so—provided we forgo in exchange some technological hardware. It is so for the less obvious reason that the increased greenness and pleasantness would be one of the by-products of a better economics.

If it serves to reassure the reader further, I shall hasten to dub my proposals "progressive" lest another call them "reactionary." If he likes it better, I can insist that they are "forward-looking" rather than the reverse, or assert that

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they "face the future" rather than the past. Certainly the magnitude of the post-War eruption of spillovers is a new phenomenon in history, and it would be a novel departure for any country to introduce far-reaching legislation to curb them.

Yet there is perhaps more to be said for avoiding these tired clichés. The idea of using "the future" as a guide to action springs from a view of history as a record of man's inevitable progress from darkness towards light. Both the cause and the effect of history are thereby misrepresented. If instead we regard our destiny as something within our own power to control, and conceive of history as the outcome of choices made by men alone, we are impelled to assume a responsibility both for the present and the future. It should be obvious that we can discharge that responsibility more rationally if—ignoring popular debates about whether any contemplated policy turns clocks back or forward, or faces change or not—we seek only to uncover the full range of choices facing us at any critical juncture and pick our course of action only after a cautious assessment of the likely consequences, in so far as we can anticipate them. At all events, in putting the case for legislation against spillovers, I have turned my back on the ideologies of predestination, technological or otherwise, and have argued throughout as though we are, ultimately, free to choose the sort of future most congenial to us.

In conclusion, I hope I have dispelled some of the doubts in the reader's mind that the arguments I deploy against the official tolerance of adverse spillover effects are not every bit as orthodox and as hard-headed as are general economic arguments for establishing new industries, encouraging economic development, or building dams, tunnels, and bridges. It need hardly be added, however, that any movement outside the framework from which a strictly economic criterion emerges would only strengthen further the case for legislation against spillovers. Economic considerations aside, common justice would surely proscribe any self-regarding activities that destroy the amenity of others—at least in the absence of adequate compensation. A little further reflection about the world would suggest also that the incidence of the more familiar spillovers, aircraft and traffic noises and pollution, fall most heavily on the lower income groups who have not the wherewithal even to attempt to "get away from it all." The distribution of welfare is thus more regressive than the distribution of income. And, if we permit ourselves the luxury of value judgments, it may be asserted that it is more important to reduce existing avoidable suffering than to extend facilities for further indulgence; and that a rapid proliferation of technical gadgetry and plastic knick-knacks will not compensate for a rapid erosion of environmental amenity.[7]

A final word. None of the considerations broached above can be construed as an argument against economic growth *per se* but only as an argument against an insensate pursuit of economic growth that is heedless of the associated social losses. Alterations in the law which ensure that these social losses are translated into private costs will go far to bring social welfare into harmony with commercial feasibility. The least that can be said of such a change is that it would make economic growth somewhat less of an illusion than it is at present.

[7] He who will not concede this much may yet allow that the suffering of the more sensitive citizens could be relieved without undue expense, even under existing laws, by the Government making provision for viable separate areas not too far from towns and cities, areas in which complete protection against all aircraft and traffic noise was assured.

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Dennis Silk

Tryphon

I

ANYONE PRINTING *the papers of an ancestor judges his own blood. I am reviving the embers of James Buckingham Silk. I hope they won't prove him a posthumous fool, myself a renegade.*

My great-great-great grandfather, James Buckingham Silk, of Vilna, visited the Levant in 1820 and again in 1842. He published in 1821 his Travels in Palestine through the countries of Gilead and Bashan, *a notorious book during the winter of that year. After that he receded into the obscurity which, my grandfather once remarked, he entirely deserved. (From that judgment a grandson dissents.) Twenty years later he went back to the Levant, and in 1843 wrote his second book,* Tryphon The Giant In Jerusalem, *which recalls his meetings, that previous year, with people of note. It's a pity this manuscript was never published, and I propose to remedy this, if only because he included also communications of the poet Else Lasker-Schueler, who spent her last years in Jerusalem. If these extracts please, I will publish in its entirety* Tryphon The Giant In Jerusalem. *May my ancestor clamber from obscurity on the shoulders of that giant!*

II

THEIR CHIEF PASTIMES are sherbet ... and religion. Unlike the congeries of the Great Turk, these Sefardi wives are notable for continence. Sometimes they sigh towards the Dead Sea, where, their Rabbis feign, Madame Lot saltily shines. On clear days her mineral semblance is perceivable from Jerusalem. They regard her as the *Ur*-mother....

Around Ramadhan, the Jerusalem Muslims assemble in the courtyard of Omar's mosque. They wear a plain muslin robe, and in this they pretend the motions of swimming. These mimed motions are laughable in the extreme for an Englishman, accustomed from youth to the licence of water. There is a kind of pathos in watching these natives of limestone, embedded like fossils in the region, rehearse gestures our children would fleer at through their fingers. A fable concerning Muhammed explains this. When he arrived in Jerusalem he felt his extreme Dryness. He exclaimed he must first swim around Jerusalem before ascending from it. A River was provided and around this he swam, applauded by the townsfolk, who felt he was a Person of no common quality.

Another Myth associates the River around

DENNIS SILK, *who lives in Jerusalem, writes*: Tryphon had obviously been waiting for some rich American collector. He was an engraving in a 17th-century continuation of Josephus. The book's price was marked in dollars. I looked at the engraving of this starry-headed, snake-fingered man, then put him back on his shelf. But he slipped out of the book and into the street. He solved several Jerusalem puzzles. Later I took another look at that engraving. I found I had added an *r* to his name. Formerly he had been the unlucky Egyptian devil, Typhon.

The German-Jewish poet, Else Lasker-Schueler, came to Jerusalem in the 1930s, and died there in 1945. She permanently haunts several Jerusalemites. The poet Amichai met her recently near the Central Bus Station. She was bobbing up and down, he held on hard to stop her flying off.

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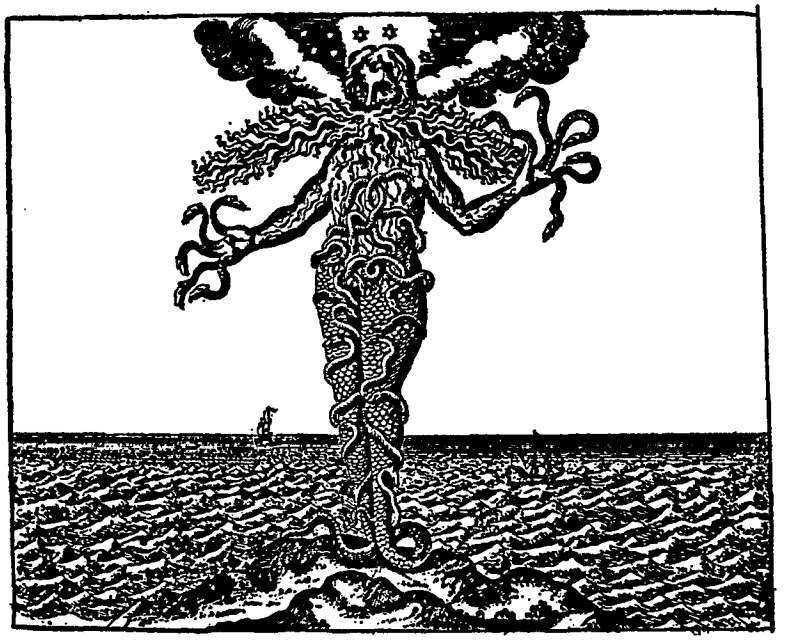
Jerusalem with the giant Tryphon.* Tryphon was a Chimera who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1837. Some say in 1839. In any case, all are agreed on his wonderful height, his sagacity, and his scaly skin which seemed more than human. Arriving at the town-centre, he set up a bench on which he placed the most diverse instruments. They included cogs of some great Machine, a human eye, a chameleon, and a skipping-rope, and kindness.

Tryphon also complained of the Dryness of the city, and he invented the River in which he daily refreshed his scales. Afterwards he would juggle with his instruments while the eye scrutinised him. Some termed him a common Juggler, or Mountebank: others pronounced him a great Rabbi.

Around 1842 Tryphon as usual invented his River but on this occasion swam away with it, his scaly side burning the water as he fled. The eye swam steadily alongside him like a faithful Retainer. The townsfolk associate him with Tiche, or Fortune, the goddess of Aelia Capitolina. But this can scarcely be.



III

HERE IS Silk's second account of the Giant Tryphon.

...On this date Tryphon the Funambulist circumscribed Jerusalem on a skipping-rope suspended in mid-air. He pleased the air, to judge by an audible humming remarked on by the townsfolk below. He looked transparent: you could see the coursing of his honey-coloured blood, or sap. The Chameleon closely following him along the rope took on a very gratifying Honey-hue. His bench below, with its human eye which he left as a Janitor, or guard, vibrated throughout the ascension. The nearer citizens read an anxiety in the iris. On Tryphon's descent I congratulated him heartily. It was a feat, I said, the greatest artists of Illusionism in Europe could scarcely emulate. Tryphon remarked only that it was not his dexterity of limb, however wonderful, but the spirit in him maintained him on his rope. I enquired for the Chameleon. When Tryphon laughingly raised his hat to salute me, I saw the modest beast had subdued itself to its master's hat-brim.§

IV

SILK TRANSCRIBES an encounter, the following day, between Tryphon and a severe critic.

"If," the critic said, "you had walked two Inches above the ground, I could have ap-

* The *"y"* in Tryphon like a long *"i"* in Chimera.

§ I made a daguerrotype of Tryphon on this occasion. Exposure time was insufficient, and the Chameleon escapes the copper-plate. With his usual modesty he cannot be seen at the centre, top, although he conceals several inches of his master's hat.

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plauded. But you show a certain Materialist bias in your choice of mid-air."

Tryphon was extremely discomposed, and the Chameleon lost his colour for some moments. "I see after all," said Tryphon, "that I was performing for Jerusalem. Had you made yourself known to me earlier, certainly I would have chosen those Inches."

"I fear you would have fallen," said his critic.

Tryphon and his Chameleon returned home in silence.

V

ABOUT this time Silk received a communication from a Levant geographer, Cuthbert Halt, who had read "Tryphon The Giant" in manuscript.

49 Ramban Street, Rehavia, Jerusalem
11 March 1966

Dear Silk,

I see you swallowed everything, you old gossip. I was here in 1836 and again in '38 but I recall no one by the name of Tryphon. Everyone met everyone in those days. I would have met him, I am sure. James Finn never mentioned him to me, and as you know, he cultivated a *very* strange set.

As for Muhammed: Did he swim around a river? Was there a river? No one mentioned it to me.

I suggest you are confusing Tryphon with the Baal Shem of Tiberias, who spent his nights on the mountain, howling, and his days crystal-gazing in the Tiberias market. Some say he howled because he saw the future. I do not know though I myself heard him howl in 1836. He moved me deeply. I howled with him. I suggest he is *your* man.

I enclose an extract from the predictions of the Baal Shem that he had printed in 1838.

I hope you don't take this letter amiss.

Very truly yours,

CUTHBERT HALT

VI

HALT HAD CUT OUT the first page of the Baal Shem's address to the citizens of Tiberias. I give it here in the exact form he communicated it to James Buckingham Silk.

THE BAAL SHEM OF TIBERIAS

I ADDRESS YOU among thistles. I am a mouth in the thistle-field. There is no correspondence between the sky and your souls. You are market-produce, manured, fostered, picked for death. I know the wicked carter. Shall I save you from his wheels and jolting?

You are so many cabbage-heads, carrot-tops, pleased to fill the superfluous basket. You are the false heart of the lettuce, cold and wet, not delicious. I have howled for you on my mountain.

The soul of God stared through the window. He knew where to find me in your house. I was lost like a house-dog, a cat. So I peeled the skin of walls. I know holes in mountains.

I am the Baal Shem of my mountain, its good name. I nursed it as I would a dead child, fed it my breath, and now it is a live soul. If I fetched it down like a beast, it would tell you how to grow. It gave me its skin, I gave it my breath. It is the house of soul. I sleep all night and watch the breath of the mountain going up, altar-smoke, to God. Sometimes I am confused, is my breath the mountain? I do not know.

There are very few souls that go up. There are very few souls that go up. You are house-souls, window-of-glass souls, packets of dead seed that have no buyers. Horses are the Solomons of your generation.

I saw a cartload of souls. The carter in triumph rode by. Roots in his produce, I heard you crying. You cried for someone to capture the carter and the scope of his reins.

VII

THE CHAMELEON'S MOUNTAIN-JOURNEY

THERE WERE NO PARTRIDGES or fine scents inside this mountain, you understand. I knew we were on an errand for Jerusalem. The way was in and on. The insides of this mountain stank of dead skin, we were walking through a tannery of stone. The walls were littered with old dreams of miners, scratched-out plans for seams. I wept at an old pick.

When we came to the decaying root of the mountain, Tryphon coiled himself round it. He was in labour. The root shook and I heard a drip from above.

I wanted to run away but I couldn't. The only colour to hide in was the pallor of Tryphon with his coils round that root. So I stayed there in the pallor of Tryphon.

VIII

IN SPITE of Cuthbert Halt, James Buckingham Silk continued to observe what he wanted to observe in Jerusalem. Around this

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time he struck up a friendship with Else Lasker-Schueler to whom he had been introduced by the Chameleon. She sent him the following letter.

HaMa'alot Street, Jerusalem
10 July 1940

Dear Friend,

Again I am not well. The coalman has been walking on my head all day. I said to him, Why bring that sack of coal, it's summer, I know you believe in Berlin but it's summer. Come by yourself. Only, Knock gently. He laughed and ran very quickly away, and I have been looking at that coal ever since, considering that coal ever since.

Yesterday I walked around Jerusalem, thinking, as you must know, of many things. Some of them I have told you about: of the king's veins in rock, his neck rising from rock. Try to remember what I said, I don't have to repeat it so often. Then a boy from some ungentle place threw a stone at me. It reminded me of that door you slammed. It was an insulting stone, expertly aimed.

Dear friend, I know you are cleverer than I, more patient. You are not the great-niece of poverty. Come soon. Try your Jerusalem friend. She'll not quarrel.

ELSE LASKER-SCHUELER

IX

THE CHAMELEON was incensed by Cuthbert Halt's letter to Silk, and also by a slighting remark of Halt's retailed to him, I hope not by my great-great-great grandfather. He sent Halt his appropriate reply.

THE CHAMELEON TO CUTHBERT HALT

The Sanhedria Caves, Jerusalem
18 March 1966

Sir,

I am the one you termed the poor little animal of the mountebank. You live among books, I among colours. I have seen on your shelves—but I have not been seen on your shelves—the journeys of Burckhardt, of Melville, of Molyneux and Lynch. Sir, you should envy my long journeys with Tryphon.

I slept among Tryphon's coils and in the eternal 8 of his hat-brim. I am his little royal animal and I inform you, Sir, Tryphon is no fiction though you are. I merged with inferior hues till I found Tryphon. I have seen a window asking to be remembered by him, a cobblestone pleading for his regard. He was a cardsharper also, and shuffled the streets of Jerusalem. But the final ace, the secret, he kept *up his sleeve*. That ace, that secret, he woke up with in the morning, and laughed at the stained look of some barn where he had slept.

I will conclude, Sir. You lie to the stones of the town. All your twos—eyes, ears, nostrils, hands and feet—are liars. You dissemble the town. Tryphon assembled it.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Yours very cordially,

THE POOR LITTLE ANIMAL OF THE MOUNTEBANK

X

TRICKS OR TREATS

AN EYE OF Tryphon, an ear? The Chameleon offers him to the populace. The innocent snakes writhe away but they're caught. The town eats his brains. His hat floats down the river. Goodbye, everlasting 8. Yet Tryphon never hesitates on his trapeze, and the town is there because of the trapeze. It is lunch-time, and Tryphon is offered on a dish. The Chameleon walks round in subdued colours, bows. The sun-seed eaters of Zion Square try out the new taste. Yet it is a trick, a Tryphon trick. The funambulist is not opened by their teeth.

XI

THE NORMALLY SEDATE Silk came increasingly to be influenced by the visionary conversation of Lasker-Schueler, of her companion and adviser the Chameleon, and by inscrutable Tryphon. About 1842 he became interested in the real measurements of a town, of those proportions which eternally elude your usual job-builder. He composed the following poem on the subject, which perhaps explains the rejection of his entire manuscript by a reasonably accommodating publisher.

MEASURING THE TOWN

It starts with water. You take a plumb-line to sound the water. From that the stone comes.

I heard them dropping the plumb-line in water, they were looking for the right place to build a wall, a town. A town-wall is built by music, by hope, by the plumb-line of poets.

Who were the builders, the fly-fishers casting their line in hope? I saw those heads close together, Tryphon and Lasker-Schueler talking under water. This is the geography of ocean, to

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swim under the foundations of a town, to that place in the sea where the wall starts.

Where are the foundations of the foundations? In the sea-mind of poets. They say to the builder, to the king, Put up a wall here, the town there, they give them the measurements but not the reason for the measurements. Oh no, oh no, not the reason for the measurements. The builder looks at them and swallows the question, he has his chalk, his tape, they the shape they fetched out of the water. What can the king do?

I saw them swimming and thriving, the two sea-beasts, stroking the spirit-foundations of the town.

XII

But James Buckingham Silk went no further with his manuscript. He suffered the contempt of that linked beast: Cuthbert Halt and the publisher. Here is his last look at Tryphon.

... That afternoon the juggler Tryphon maintained nine separate crystal balls in the air. They allowed the sun in a fashion not easily suffered. My wife laughed to observe the mouths and noses of the many, directed upward as if to eat, or sneeze, these crystals of Tryphon.

After some thirty minutes, and tiring of this royal Game, he set the crystals again on his bench, and now they were no larger than my son's fistful of marbles....

This modest and gifted Chimera soon after grew disaffected. He complained, to my wife, that he played for himself in the middle of a great crowd. He had straddled the town too long till he felt it in his most intimate Coil.

It was now he swam away on his River, leaving the town a Dry river-bed for its speculations.

XIII

My ancestor's manuscript ends with the only surviving poem of the Chameleon.

The Chameleon's Farewell to Tryphon

> *"O I shall be as dead, mother,*
> *As the stones in the wall.*
> *O the stones in the street, mother,*
> *Shall mourn for me all."*

Because there is no river in Jerusalem
Do you think you are a mountain learning to swim?

You must swim past all the faces
And laugh at flint.
The only bruising quarry is stone
Wanting to be water.
The dead course of the wall knows you.
Smile back at the handkerchiefs, swim
Round the Turk-like wall of this town.
The dry wave.

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Golo Mann

Napoleon: A European Achievement?

When I was a young student of history, the great drama lay only a little over a hundred years back. It seemed almost modern still, the beginning of one's own era. In the meantime almost half a century has been added, and a half century whose dimensions, quantities and velocities have driven the past deeper and deeper into the past. Moreover, these fifty years were not favourable to the concept of the "great man," because they produced so many great men, most of them of a revolting character. But by virtue of their trade all leaders of the people, all dictators and tyrants inevitably have something in common. Thus the nauseating impression left behind by the most recent was bound to rub off on to their predecessors. Nowadays we are more sensitive to the "*Faites fusiller . . .*" that strikes such an unpleasant note in Napoleon's orders of the day. We are more sensitive to the tricks of power, censorship, secret police, and propaganda; to the habit of simultaneously stirring up, fearing, and despising the masses; to the total lack of moderation that finally digs its own grave. Hence the myth has paled. In the 1920s day-dreaming youths could still identify themselves with Napoleon—an echo of what Stendhal's Julien and Fabrice, Tolstoy's Prince Andrey and Dostoyevsky's Raskolnikov had done before them. Today quite certainly no young person does so any more. Romantics and rebels choose other models. But anyone who seriously enters into these historical events, unprejudiced by what came later, will not so easily emerge again, in spite of everything.

If I were to say that the after-effects of Napoleon's work are still making themselves felt, that without him Europe would not be what it is, I should be uttering an historical platitude: the effects of the Reformation, of the *Imperium Romanum* are also still making themselves felt. It is impossible to imagine the closely woven fabric with any of its meshes missing. We must turn our attention to less general considerations. Without Napoleon there would be no *Préfects*, no *Recteurs d'Académie*, no *Inspecteurs Généraux*, in short the whole structure of the French State (which in our day is beginning to crumble) would not exist; without him there would be no *Regierungsbezirke* in Bavaria and probably no Provinces in Italy; without him it is conceivable that there would be no bureaucratised national States whatever in Central and Eastern Europe. This carries us into the area of speculation and in a double sense. Firstly, how can we know what might have been brought about after Napoleon and without him? And secondly the dividing lines between what was in the process of developing before him and what arose out of his rule become blurred—the dividing lines between the complexes "*Révolution*" and "*Empire.*" Internally, Napoleon built on the *Conquête Jacobine*, externally on the militaristic policies of the *Comité du Salut Public* and the

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This past year has been, of course the bicentenary of Napoleon Bonaparte's birth. The present essay was translated by Michael Bullock. The three drawings are from Gilray's contemporary Napoleonic caricatures.

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Directoire. The *Code Napoléon* goes back to 1791, the network of the *Grandes Ecoles* to the Convention. The mass army already existed before him, already organised in "Divisions"; he added the *Corps d'Armée*. Belgium, Holland, and the Rhinelands had already been pressed into the French system, liberated and subjugated before he appeared on the stage of history. The Continental System (the blockade of Britain) had been in the process of formation since 1793; it was to extend as far as French power extended. And it is the same in many fields.

THE MOST AMBITIOUS HISTORIANS, Taine and Sorel, portrayed the history of the "birth of modern France" and the history of the war between "Europe and the French Revolution" from 1789 to 1814 in a single breath. Indeed Sorel grandiosely set out to prove that the Consul and Emperor could never deviate from the path that he had long ago mapped out for himself.[1] Jacques Godechot sees things differently in his recently published study,[2] an excellent product of the bicentenary: neither the revival of the war with England after the Peace of Amiens, nor the intervention in Spain, nor the march on Russia were inevitable in themselves; the Emperor was to blame; even in the summer of 1813 he could still have had an honourable peace. This is in keeping with Metternich's remark: "We wanted to save him, but the fool wouldn't let himself be saved. . . ." Personally I tend to favour Sorel's view; but proof is impossible here. The impulse which he imparted to the progress of events, the delusions of his later period are inescapably clear. What cannot be definitely determined are the contours of their effects.

Thus Godechot also can find all too many reasons for his downfall. At one moment it is his betrayal of the Revolution, which was also his own origin, his betrayal of *Liberté* and *Egalité*, his attempt to win over the old aristocracy, that turned the people against him while he failed to win over the aristocracy. Then it is his mania for being a great man, and his headstrong, bellicose obstinacy. Then again, it is the *blocus continental*, itself impossible to put into practice, which compelled him to march on Madrid and Moscow. Here he was once more on the path he had mapped out for himself: the war with England, which he could not conquer, forced him to extend the Continental System. Reading a book like Godechot's we may come to the conclusion that the whole Empire was a nest of deadly contradictions and that at least the end was inescapably predetermined. In 1810 not only German metaphysicians like Hegel but also hard-headed Prussian politicians like Stein considered it entirely possible that the Empire would last a hundred years. Metternich was more perceptive, but he was rather the exception.

WHICH NATION, which State, contributed most forcefully to Napoleon's downfall? It is hard to say, since they all contributed. But let us venture to list them in order: England; Russia; Spain; Prussia very late, roughly parallel with Sweden; Austria even later but at the right moment; South Germany only when everything had already been decided and, as far as princes and ministers were concerned, very unwillingly. The fact that in German tradition the Germans are regarded as the true heroes of the "Wars of Liberation" is to be explained, apart from the national tendency to introversion, by geographical coincidence. Leipzig is in Germany; once the Empire had disintegrated in Germany it could not be held together in Italy, Illyria, or the Netherlands. In the catalogue of crimes against humanity of which Nietzsche accuses his countrymen, he writes:

> Finally, when a *force majeure* of genius and willpower appeared on the bridge between two centuries of decadence, a man strong enough to weld Europe into a unity, a political and economic unity to the ends of world government, the Germans, with their "Wars of Liberation," deprived Europe of the meaning, the miracle of meaning in the existence of Napoleon. (*Ecce Homo*)

Judged in strictly historical terms this is incorrect. The Germans were the most docile, most obedient and, at least in South Germany, the most friendly towards Napoleon. This remained the case after 1815; it became even more markedly so.

Upon which nation did the Emperor have the most powerful effect? Again it is hard to say, because he affected all of them. Without him there would have been no Spanish Constitution of 1812, a constitution *à la française* although it was directed against him; without him there would have been no St. Petersburg Decembrists of 1825; nor Tarageorge's struggle against the

[1] Albert Sorel, *Europe and The French Revolution* (Collins, 45s.).

[2] Jacques Godechot, *Napoléon* (Albert Michel, 1969). See also his *L'Europe et l'Amérique à l'époque Napoléonne* (Presses Universitaires, 22 Fr.)

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Turks. He gave the Italians their dream of national unity; he made the Poles lust after their lost liberty (of which he cheated them, compelled, as he believed, by politics). The list is long. From Peru to Persia there is not a country that was not somehow touched by his energy. But let me venture another thesis: he exercised the least influence on England, the greatest on Germany. England defeated him with her left hand, without any great sacrifice, prospered during the struggle and remained spiritually almost untouched. The Germans were blown off course. Not so much by the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire or by the simplification of their political map, as by the creation of States that were too large and too artificial to represent the old *Liberté germanique*, but too weak to be genuine States, so that they could not stand up to 19th-century nationalism. All this, in a different way, might have come about even without the Emperor. What Napoleon and he alone led them to was the cult of power, the idolisation of history and of success, belief in the right of the strong, spiritual tendencies that had been quite unknown to them in the 18th century.

It is foolish to describe Hegel as the "philosopher of the Prussian State." He was the philosopher of the Empire in much the same way as Oswald Spengler was the philosopher of the First World War. The Emperor was his "*Weltseele zu Pferd*" (World Soul-on-horseback), his "*Geschäftsführer des Weltgeistes*" (Business manager of the world spirit)—the great man who fulfilled the tasks of mankind and was historically in the right so long as he was successful, but not a moment longer. Mankind was living in hard times: but in heroic, profoundly historical times. "The epochs of happiness are in history empty pages." Here is the germ-cell of German historicism. What Hegel did on a universal plane, Clausewitz did as a specialist. His book *Vom Kriege* might just as well have been called *On the Napoleonic Wars*. The latter provided the author with his finest examples; from them he derived his concept of "absolute war," which anticipated that of "total war." But Hegel and Clausewitz together constitute a central element in Germany's intellectual, and also in her political, history.

THE IDEA OF THE NATIONAL STATE was inherent in the Revolution; the Emperor could not free himself of it. Consciously he fostered it only in Italy, and even there he took back two-thirds of what he had promised. The unification of Germany, which he stated in Longwood would have been very easy to bring about, was not in his interest. He toyed at times with the possibility of dissolving the Danube monarchy, but spoke only of the "three crowns," Bohemia, Austria, Hungary, that is to say the historical units. He did not know the nationalities that lived under the sceptre of the Hapsburgs. The idea of passing through the great agglomerations of free peoples to the greatest European confederation—this was brilliant propaganda from St. Helena, foreseeing the longings of the 19th century; it was by no means Napoleon's reality as long as he was in power. The Second Empire had a lot to do with the gospel of St. Helena, less with the practice of the First. In the last analysis the Empress Eugénie, who in 1859 thundered against the new kingdom of Italy and in 1918 against the foolish new national State of Czechoslovakia, was closer to the thinking of Napoleon I than her deceived huband.

ALL GREAT WARS have contributed to a kind of unification of Europe: first through the military migrations of the nations (Spaniards, Germans, and Italians in Russia; Russians in Paris), then through the peace treaties. This is true of the Thirty Years War and Münster, and of the War of the Spanish Succession and Utrecht, as well as of Napoleon's wars and Vienna. Looked at more closely, Napoleon's relation to "Europe" was ambivalent. There is his remark *"La vieille Europe m'ennuie,"* the dream of a campaign in India, and his flirtation with the Orient. On the other hand, he is said to have stated (and at the height of his power): *"Lorsque nous nous battons entre Européens, nous faisons la guerre civile...."* Opportunism played a part: in 1805 and again in 1812 he considered the Tsar an Asiatic barbarian; in 1808 he saw him as a sublime confederate. As a "European" he ought not to have sold the vast territories of Louisiana for a

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pittance to the United States, whom he falsely asserted in 1813 to be his allies against England. Seriously speaking one could be a "European" only in opposition to alien, rising, equal powers like America and Russia. The earliest, faint traces of this idea are to be found in Napoleon's day; they emerge more powerfully in the time of Napoleon III and the latter's own inventive mind.

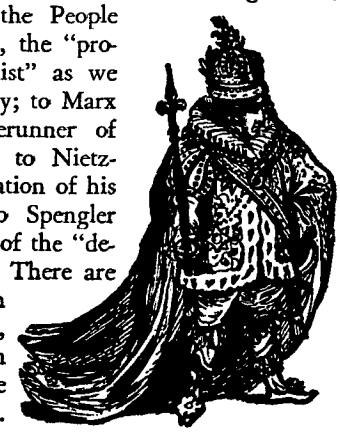
To decide upon Napoleon's greatest European achievement is a matter of taste. It might be simplest to say: he himself, his figure, the energies which he contributed and which are recorded in the 22,000 items of the *Correspondence*.... To be sure, these are not very pleasurable reading. There is none of the pleasant sense of humour, the descriptions of landscapes, the lightning *aperçus* which we find in Bismarck's letters. Napoleon would never have been capable of drawing a portrait of himself in his so-called memoirs such as Metternich drew. They are cold, factual orders, together with bulletins and proclamations (and also speeches that read like proclamations). On every page they illustrate Madame de Staël's comment: "He was neither good nor bad, neither mild nor cruel like other people.... He doesn't hate, he doesn't love, for him there is nothing but himself." They remain a compendium of the arts of government and war. Lord Acton, a man of such a different character, an arch-moralist and a Liberal, says of them:

> No intellectual exercise, for instance, can be more invigorating than to watch the working of the mind of Napoleon, the most entirely known as well as the ablest of historic men.

Is there a connection between the character of the principal figure and the level of the seething mass that surrounded him, his helpers, half-friends and enemies? They are part of it; they, not he alone, animate the great theatre of the world. The Talleyrands and Fouchés, the Chateaubriands and Madame de Staëls, the Pitts, Cannings and Castlereaghs, the Steins, Humboldts and Hardenbergs, the Stadions and Metternichs would have been active even without him. In the form in which we know them they are marked by him. For Metternich those eight years, 1806 to 1814, were more important than the ensuing thirty-four years of his rule; he felt melancholy when his great adversary was no longer there, and his report of the last interview in Dresden, in June 1813, reads like a scene from Schiller. Anyone who wrote about Napoleon wrote well. This is true not only of the famous memoirs—Caulaincourt, Pasquier, Marmont, etc.; it is also true of the minor, unknown ones. A Saxon officer named Odeleben, on the Emperor's staff in 1813, once recorded his observations. His book has been long forgotten, but it is classical prose. How did the Major come to write like this? There were almost no German political publicists before Napoleon: all of a sudden there they were, and of a calibre—Gentz and Görres—that was never attained again. They arose in reply to the challenge which he presented.

THE SAME MIGHT BE SAID of the writers who followed him, and of the historians. Stendhal, Balzac, Hugo, Manzoni, Heine—born geniuses, all of them, but as to the manner in which their genius expressed itself all of them affected by him. Even Eckermann's *Gespräche mit Goethe* is said to have been inspired by the *Mémorial de Ste-Hélène* (a conjecture advanced by Jean Prévost that has much to recommend it). Is there a more imposing work on the nature of foreign policy, all foreign policy, than Sorel's *L'Europe et la Révolution Française*? A more clear-sighted work on the rise to power than Vandal's *L'Avènement de Bonaparte*? How many biographies by more swiftly working authors have taken their line from Lacour-Gayet's *Talleyrand*? How many novels, plays, essays have been drawn from the ten volumes of Masson's *Napoléon et sa famille* or could still be drawn from them?

The Europe of historians, writers, and philosophers lived upon Napoleon as upon no other individual, each one seeing in him what he wished to see: following Taine and Stendhal, the belated Renaissance hero; following Heine, the friend of the People and of Nations, the "progressive humanist" as we should say today; to Marx he was a forerunner of "Bonapartism"; to Nietzsche the incarnation of his *Übermensch*; to Spengler the first Caesar of the "decline and fall." There are falsehoods in all these views, the crassest in Spengler's; there is also truth.



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ONE CANNOT OVERLOOK an element of grand opera, not entirely free from operetta; a mixture of two styles, the late 18th-century Aristocratic and the Revolutionary. The marriages between the House of Bonaparte and the old dynasties are the most eloquent symbol of this; the coronations and festivities painted by David's corrupt master hand; the glittering beauty of the sisters from Corsica, the imperial princesses; the peacock finery of the gentlemen and ladies; the golden cradle of the King of Rome; the late-autumnal splendour of the decaying hierarchy before the grey of the burgher imposed itself: we see a reflection of this in the little castle of Arenenberg.

The creative achievements, however one may evaluate them, stand on one side. Everything else belonged in the realm of aesthetics: the power of attraction of the huge ego; the literature he inspired; the masters of political craft in his vicinity; the opera. There has been no lack of counter-arguments. Napoleon was no "benefactor of mankind" such as the discoverers of healing serums are; that is the last thing he was. Literature and opera do not compensate for the horrors of the battlefield. The pseudo-democrat who immediately reintroduced slavery into the French West Indies where it had been abolished, who forbade the proletariat but not the *entrepreneurs* to organise, who (to say nothing of the sufferings of other nations) sacrificed 80,000 young Frenchmen to his manic ambition year after year, who began to pose as a lover of peace and humanity only when there was nothing else he could do . . . deserves no gratitude.

For the present, the writer of these lines cannot make up his mind to confront such a radical choice. Mankind certainly needs the healing serums. On the other hand, from the Great Kings, from the leaders of Athenian democracy down to Napoleon and somewhat beyond him, from Plutarch to Carlyle, mankind has also taken delight in the drama of history and its heroes. This may be now coming to an end. The change of outlook has the power to operate retrospectively, and in retrospect "history" has become a subject for sociological studies, for *statistique en mouvement*. Once this process has reached completion Napoleon will have vanished into the darkness—and with him many, many others.

Folk Tale

Softly "Is it always there?"
The child asks with frightened eyes.

Lovingly, his grand-mama,
Stooping where the child lies,
Soothes those frail, those fretful shoulders
And "Of course it is" replies;
Softly "Hush your chatter" murmurs,
"Off to sleep now. Beddy-byes."

All night the dark rain flogs the sea,
Its whips of water whirr;
The land seems painted black with ink,
But even inkier:
And off the Cape of Genzan
The half-bright waters stir.

And there, enormous, cradled in
The sea's persistent hiss,
The ghost-ship lolls at anchor,
The *Indianapolis*,
And, hanging lifeless from its mast,
The skull-and-crossbones is.

Ono Tōsaburō
Translated by Graeme Wilson

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Seymour Martin Lipset

"The Socialism of Fools"

The Left, the Jews & Israel

SHORTLY BEFORE he was assassinated, Martin Luther King, Jr., was in Boston on a fund-raising mission, and I had the good fortune to attend a dinner which was given for him in Cambridge. This was an experience which was at once fascinating and moving: one witnessed Dr. King in action in a way one never got to see in public. He wanted to find what the Negro students at Harvard and other parts of the Boston area were thinking about various issues, and he very subtly cross-examined them for well over an hour-and-a-half. He asked questions, and said very little himself. One of the young men present happened to make some remark against the Zionists. Dr. King snapped at him and said, "Don't talk like that! When people criticise Zionists, they mean Jews. You're talking anti-Semitism!"

In discussing the reactions to Israel of liberals, Leftists, New Leftists, old Leftists, academics and the like, one is talking about secular versions, in some ways, of various theological doctrines. The history of the relationship between the Left and the Jews indicates that the Jews have been intimately associated with the liberal-left side of the political spectrum. The Jews were an issue in the French Revolution, and have continued to concern political men ever since. For a century-and-a-half, the Left supported Jewish political and social rights against the existing establishments which tried to deny them. In Catholic feudal Europe, Jews had had few rights, and the universalistic egalitarian ideology stemming from the French Revolution served to break down particularistic restrictions on all groups, and helped thereby also to secure the emancipation of the Jews.

But Leftist support for the liberation of the Jews, which helped gain them the right to take their part as citizens, was not an unmixed blessing. Historically the Left has assumed (sometimes explicitly, more often implicitly) that one of the payments the Jews would make to the Left for having liberated them would be to disappear. Liberal-left ideology of all varieties has assumed that within a free nation (and nationalism was historically a leftist revolutionary ideology in the 19th century), Jewish identity—like all other forms of parochial tribal loyalties—would be assimilated into the free, universalistic community. Jews would become members of the nation no different from anyone else: which meant that they would cease being Jews. The maintenance of Jewish particularistic customs—religious, ethnic, or any other—was not welcomed by the Left. The feeling that Jewish particularism is somehow reactionary, tribal, traditional, unmodern, has continued down to the present.

THERE IS ANOTHER ELEMENT in the ambivalent relationship between contemporary Left ideologies and movements and the Jews. The Socialist and Communist movements have opposed anti-Semitism and various restrictions on Jews participating as free citizens sharing with other parts of the Left the assumption that Judaism (*i.e.*, the Jews) would disappear in the forthcoming universalistic (socialistic) Utopia. Unlike liberalism, however, the socialist left has had another special problem, namely, an association of Jews with capitalism encouraged by the disproportionate number of businessmen, bankers, traders, and merchants among Jews.[1]

[1] For an excellent historical discussion of anti-Semitism among socialists and the Left, with a useful bibliography, see George Lichtheim, "Socialism and the Jews," *Dissent* (July–August 1968), pp. 314–42.

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From Bebel to Henry Ford

ANTI-SEMITISM, as August Bebel once pointed out, was "the Socialism of fools." In fact, it was perceived as a form of Socialism by many in the 19th century. Anti-Semitism (some Socialists thought or hoped) was a naïve, stupid beginning of a recognition that capitalism was evil. Therefore, anti-Semitism in itself was not morally bad, it was simply ignorant and incomplete. Some Socialists, including Marx himself, used the symbol of Jewish capitalism (of the Jews as merchants and "Shylocks") in their propaganda. Without going into the whole question of Marx's curious relationship with Judaism—it is certainly not a simple one—there can be little doubt Marx's belief system included some components which must be described as anti-Semitism.[2]

But the major aspect of Marxist 19th-century thinking on the subject—and this becomes relevant to some current developments in the American Negro community and to the reactions of Leftist intellectuals toward those developments—was to see lower-class anti-Semitism as a form of embryonic class-consciousness among workers. To talk about "oppressive Jewish businessmen" and "Jewish bankers" was considered a step in the right direction, it was part of the masses learning that all bankers and businessmen—all capitalists—were bad. In Czarist Russia, some young Jewish revolutionaries hailed the emergence of the anti-Semitic anti-Czarist *Narodnaya Volya* as evidence that the revolution was really under way. According to J. L. Talmon in an article on "Jews and Revolution" (published in the *Maariv* of 21 September 1969), three of the 28 members of the executive committee of this organisation which called in 1881 for a pogrom directed against the Tsar, the nobility, and the Jews, were themselves Jewish (as were many rank-and-file members).

This confused attitude toward anti-Semitism almost prevented the French Socialist party from taking a stand in the major Jewish *cause célèbre* of the Third Republic, the Dreyfus Case. While French radicals (liberals) like Zola and Clemenceau jumped to Dreyfus' defence, recognising that a major principle was at stake in the persecution of a Jew, no matter who he was, a debate emerged among the Socialists. A number of them, particularly those on the revolutionary Left, argued that Socialists should not be concerned about Dreyfus since he was a professional soldier, a Captain in the Army, that whether Gentile militarists (or capitalists) persecuted Jewish militarists (or capitalists) was of no concern to revolutionary Socialists.

Jean Jaurès, the famous French revisionist socialist leader, saved the glory of the Socialist movement by insisting that whenever injustice was done, Socialists and radicals had to be in the forefront of the battle, that it made no difference whether injustice was done to a capitalist, a general, a Jew, or anybody else. He argued the case for socialist involvement in the defence of Dreyfus on a broad idealistic basis that had nothing to do with historical materialism or class struggle. Jaurès laid down the principle that the Left must always oppose religious and racial discrimination regardless of the social or economic status of the victim.[3]

In general, between the French Revolution and the end of World War II, the political history of continental Europe has suggested that most of the tendencies classified on the Right have been somewhat anti-Semitic, while those on the Left have been more defensive of Jewish rights. The traditional religious-linked Right groups regarded the Jews as outside of Christendom, and hence not properly qualified to be full citizens. Some more populist-oriented rightist movements used anti-Semitism as an anti-élitist tactic to win mass support against the blandishments of the Socialists. There were, of course, some major exceptions to these generalisations, particularly among monarchical and aristocratic elements concerned with protecting "their " Jews against the vulgar prejudices of the masses or the materialistic middle-classes. The Socialists also tolerated some overt anti-Semites in their ranks, particularly in central Europe.

THIS HISTORIC LINK between position on matters of Jewish rights and the broader political spectrum helps to explain the presence of large numbers of Jews in the various Leftist movements, particularly of many wealthy Jews, who have supported radical Left causes. For much of European history, Jews had no alternative but to support a variety of Left tendencies. This was especially true within the Czarist Empire

[2] See Solomon Bloom, "Karl Marx and the Jews," *Jewish Social Studies* (January 1942), pp. 3–16; Edmund Silberner, "Was Marx an anti-Semite?" *Historia Judaica* (April 1949), pp. 1–52.

[3] Edmund Silberner, "French Socialism and the Jewish Question, 1865–1914," *Historia Judaica* (April 1957), pp. 13–14.

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before World War I. This limitation on political alternatives was paralleled socially. The German political sociologist, Robert Michels, accounted for the Left propensities of many affluent Jews as a reaction to this phenomenon in his justly famed study of the structure of socialist parties, *Political Parties* (1911):

> The origin of this predominant position [of the Jews in the European socialist movement] is to be found, as far at least as concerns Germany and the countries of Eastern Europe, in the peculiar position which the Jews have occupied and in many respects still occupy. The legal emancipation of the Jews has not been followed by their social and moral emancipation. In large sections of the German people a hatred of the Jews and the spirit of the Jew-baiter still prevail, and contempt for the Jew is a permanent thing. The Jew's chances in public life are adversely affected; he is practically excluded from the judicial profession, from a military career, and from official employment. . . .
>
> Even when they are rich, the Jews constitute, at least in eastern Europe, a category of persons who are excluded from the social advantages which the prevailing political, economic, and intellectual system ensures for the corresponding portion of the Gentile population: Society in the narrower sense of the term is distrustful of them, and public opinion is unfavourable to them.[4]

The links of Jews to the Left in Europe affected the political behaviour of those who emigrated to America. Although the issue of Jewish emancipation, civil and social rights, did not concern American politics (and in any case, it was difficult to assign Left-Right labels to the two major U.S. parties in the second half of the 19th century which corresponded to the European divisions), the general ideological commitment of many Jews led them to support efforts to form leftist socialist and anarchist movements.

The small socialist-anarchist groups apart, Jews found it extremely difficult to respond in group self-interest or value terms to the American party system. Those attracted to the Abolitionist and Civil Rights causes were faced with the fact that the Republican party, both before and after the Civil War, had strong ties to anti-immigrant nativism, that most Know-Nothings of the 1850s had become Republicans, including many top leaders of the party. The appeal to Jews by various agrarian elements and social reformers who sought to create anti-System "left-wing" third parties was limited, since many of these (from the Independent parties of the 1870s to the Populists of the 1890s) included among their spokesmen leaders and writers who emphasised the exploitative role of the Rothschilds and other international Jewish bankers. Although some serious students of Populism report little or no anti-Semitism in the local publications of the movement in the mid-west, there can be no doubt that the party welcomed into its ranks many who focused on the Jews, who produced an American version of "the socialism of fools."

THE NOMINATION of William Jennings Bryan for President in 1896 by both the Democratic and Populist parties in opposition to William McKinley, the pro-industry candidate of the Republicans, seemingly gave a Left-Right dimension to the two-party system, one which might have affected the political orientation of Left-disposed Jewish recent immigrants. Yet Edward Flower, who has studied that election, reports strong streaks of anti-Semitism in the Populist and Free Silver elements who provided a considerable part of Bryan's campaign organisation. An Associated Press dispatch from St. Louis at a time when both the Populist and Free Silver conventions were meeting is particularly noteworthy on this point:

> One of the striking things about the Populist Convention, or rather the two conventions here and those attending them, is the extraordinary hatred of the Jewish race. It is not possible to go into any hotel in the city without hearing the most bitter denunciation of the Jews as a class and of the particular Jews who happen to have prospered in the world.[5]

Flower's examination of American Jewish publications of the day indicates considerable concern about the presence of anti-Semitism in the Bryan 1896 campaign generally, and among the Populists in particular. There were a number of references in these papers to anti-Semitic speeches by Populist and Democratic leaders. Mrs. Mary Lease, a prominent spokesman of Kansas Populism, toured the country speaking for Bryan in a manifestly anti-Semitic vein. After the election, Jewish Democratic politicians complained that Bryan had lost many Jewish votes because of the gibes of Populist orators.

[4] Robert Michels, *Political Parties* (ed. 1915), pp. 260–61.

[5] Edward Flower, "Anti-Semitism in the Free Silver and Populist Movements and the Election of 1896" (Columbia University History Department Master's Thesis, 1952), p. 27. The original quote is from the *New York Sun*, 23 July 1896, p. 2.

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The peculiar appeal of anti-Semitic beliefs which emphasised the negative role of Jewish wealth and banking among "left-wing" agrarians continued through the 1920s. Thus Tom Watson, the most prominent leader of Southern Populism, who had opposed the coalition with the Democrats in 1896, and who tried to revive the party by running for President in 1904 and 1908, had become a flaming bigot by the second decade of the century. *Watson's Magazine* strongly attacked Negroes, Catholics, Jews, and Wall Street, and supported revolutionary left-wing movements abroad. He practically organised the lynching of Leo Frank, a wealthy Atlanta Jew, who had been accused of murdering "a working-class Gentile" girl; and he supported the Czarist government's charges that Mendel Beiliss had engaged in a ritual murder of a small Christian boy. The revived Ku Klux Klan was formed in 1915 by members of the Knights of Mary Phagen, an organisation formed under Tom Watson's sponsorship to make sure that Leo Frank died for Mary Phagen's murder.

Yet Watson opposed America's participation in World War I as subservience to "our Blood-gorged Capitalists." He strongly defended Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader, for his opposition to the war. Elected to the Senate in 1920, he attacked the oil companies and the U.S. Steel Corporation, praised the Soviet Union and demanded that the U.S. recognise it. Professor C. Vann Woodward's description of reactions to his death in 1922, illustrates the confusion that attends any effort to line up a consistent appeal of a rational democratic Left:

> Eugene Debs, recently released from the penitentiary, wrote in a letter to Mrs. Watson: "He was a great man, a heroic soul who fought the power of evil his whole life long in the interest of the common people, and they loved and honored him. . . ."
>
> Most conspicuous among the floral tributes [at his funeral] was a cross of roses eight feet high, sent by the Ku Klux Klan.[6]

DURING THE 1920s the most prominent advocate of anti-Semitic sentiments in America was Henry Ford. His weekly newspaper, *The Dearborn Independent*, distributed by the hundreds of thousands, denounced the Jews for everything evil under the sun, from Communism to short skirts, from bootlegging liquor to fomenting strikes, from control of Wall Street to control of the labour movement, from corrupting baseball to deliberate murder. But Ford and his paper also attacked non-Jewish international bankers, Wall Street, and the monopolies. And when dissatisfaction with conservative control of both major parties resulted in a movement in the early '20s to create a third Progressive party, Henry Ford was boomed for the nomination. A poll conducted by *Collier's Magazine*, in 1923, reported that over a third of those queried were for Ford. Senator Robert La Follette, who was himself to be the Presidential nominee of the Progressive and Socialist parties in the 1924 election, declared in the summer of 1923 that "Ford had great strength among the Progressives." A student of the Progressive campaign, Gordon Davidson, reports that

> a group of Progressives, Farmer-Laborites, Independents, and Liberals from fifteen states met in Omaha on November 21 [1923] at the request of Roy M. Harrop, national temporary chairman of the Progressive Party. They passed a resolution endorsing Ford for President on a ticket to be known as the People's Progressive Party. . . .[7]

Ford, fortunately, was unwilling to run. The willingness of many of the leaders of what was then the largest Left tendency in the United States to support Ford in spite of his vitriolic anti-Semitism illustrates again the extent to which segments of the Left have been willing to accept anti-Semitism as a foolish but potentially progressive version of anti-élitism or anti-capitalism.

IT IS HARD TO GENERALISE about the predominant political location of the mass of American Jews before 1928, although it appears true that East European Jews contributed heavily to the membership and support of the small Socialist and Communist parties. The identification of Jews with progressive and under-dog causes as well as their opposition to Prohibition probably led the vast majority of them to back Al Smith for President in 1928. And from the 1930s on, American Jews not only were linked disproportionately to the radical Left, they also in the large increasingly identified with Franklin Roosevelt and his New Deal.

The events of the years 1930–45 clearly served to intensify the ties in many countries between

[6] C. Vann Woodward, *Tom Watson: Agrarian Rebel* (1938; new ed., 1963), p. 486.

[7] Gordon W. Davidson, "Henry Ford: The Formation and Course of a Public Figure" (Columbia University History Department, Ph.D. Thesis), 1966, p. 286.

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Jews and the parties of the Left, both moderate like the Democrats or Social Democrats, or extreme like the Communists. For portions of this period (especially 1936–39 and 1941–45), the Communists and the Soviet Union had a special appeal as seemingly the boldest and most prominent organisers of the anti-Nazi struggle.

This success of the Communists among American Jews occurred in spite of the fact that the most flagrant examples of "leftist" willingness to collaborate with anti-Semites who also espoused a version of "Socialism" were the relations between Communists and Nazis in 1931–32, and again in 1939–41. During the first period, the German Communist Party joined on occasion with the German National Socialist Workers Party (*N.S.D.A.P.*) in sponsoring strikes and a referendum which brought down the Social Democratic government in Prussia. This latter event ended the police action against the street terrorism of both extremist parties. During the second period, Molotov actually sent official fraternal greetings from the Soviet Communist Party to the German Nazis saluting their mutual interests. The French Communist Party applied to the Nazi occupation authorities for permission to publish the party organ *L'Humanité* (and to function in the occupied zone) on the grounds that the C.P.'s main concern was the defeat of the Allied imperialist forces. Although many quit the party in Western countries, these events (including cooperation of Stalin's Russia with Hitler's Germany in invading Poland in 1939) did not destroy the hard core of the party, nor did it prevent many Jews from remaining members or fellow-travellers in the U.S., Britain, Canada, and elsewhere.

Cooperation with the worst anti-Semites in history did not prove sufficient to alienate revolutionary leftists, Jews and Gentiles, from the Communist movement.

THE HEAVY DEPENDENCE of many liberal and leftist parties on Jews as leaders, financial backers, and as a mass base has concomitantly pressed such groups to react to Zionism more strongly than might have been anticipated given its limited size and scope. The moderate liberal-left in America and Europe, the Democrats, Liberals, and Social Democrats, have tended to be strong supporters of Zionism, accepting it as an appropriate response to the plight of Jews in "other" countries who suffered from persecution. Jewish moderates who adhered to such parties have tended on the whole to be less alienated from a Jewish identification than those supporting the extreme left, and, therefore, more likely to be willing to identify openly with Jewish causes.

The Marxist Left also reacted to Zionism more strongly than its status as a movement would appear to have warranted. Its reaction tended to be one of total opposition. From its general ideological position, the Marxist Left considered Zionism a "bourgeois philosophy," an outmoded expression of nationalism which had to be opposed by socialist internationalists. The East European Left had opposed Zionism in part because in the Czarist Empire (in Poland, the Ukraine, Russia and Rumania, where there were very large, impoverished Jewish populations who were denied legal, political and social rights), Jews were an important source of mass support for the various left-wing oppositionist movements. For the East European Left, therefore, Zionism became a major rival political tendency competing for the support of the Jewish masses. The Jewish radicals, Socialists, Anarchists, and Bolsheviks, saw Zionism, quite naturally, as a political opponent, and strongly opposed it. Much of the opposition of the Soviet Communist Party to Zionism, after 1917, flowed from the earlier antagonism of the Jewish-Socialist *Bund* and other Jewish radical leftists to Zionism. Another source of the Jewish radicals' bitterness to Zionism derived from the fact that participation in the Socialist and Communist world meant, for many Jews, a way of escaping their Judaism, a way of *assimilating* into a universalistic non-Jewish world.

THE EXTENT TO WHICH Jewish radicals, left-wing Socialists and Communists, turn out to be much more anti-Zionist than the non-Jewish radicals has been striking, and it is worthy of special comment. The non-Jewish radicals could look upon Zionism as simply another movement, another opposition tendency, but one among the many movements to which they were opposed. The Jewish radicals, both European and American, had to resist Zionism much more strongly since many of them felt both tied to it in some ways, and also experienced the need to dissociate themselves from anything which smacked of their hated inferiority status as Jews. They argued in classic Left terms that the solution to anti-Semitism lay in Jewish assimilation in a socialist society, where presumably all forms of nationalistic particularism would disappear.

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The State of Israel

WHATEVER DIVISIONS EXISTED about alternatives to European anti-Semitism faded during World War II, under the impact of the holocaust. Six million Jews were murdered. By 1948 and the creation of the State of Israel, there was, for a very short, very unique period, almost complete unanimity about the value of creating a Jewish state. The justifications which produced this unanimity varied greatly, but clearly the holocaust settled the argument advanced by many Socialists, that Jews should not emigrate to Palestine, that they should "remain and fight to create Socialism at home." No one could really argue any longer that Jews should stay on in lands in which almost all of their brethren had been decimated.

The Soviet Union found it in its interest to support the creation of the State of Israel, which meant that the international Communist movement also gave enthusiastic support to the emergence of the State. This period, of course, lasted for only a moment as far as world history is concerned; shortly thereafter, Stalin's paranoia, focusing on the Jews as "foreign agents," gave birth to a new wave of Soviet anti-Semitism, in the Doctor's Plot in the U.S.S.R., in the various treason trials in Rumania and Czechoslovakia, and in the trials of economic speculators, as well as in the repression of various Jewish rights in the Soviet Union. It has been suggested that the creation of Israel, itself, contributed to the revival of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union—because of the clear evidence that the Jews of the Soviet Union (and other Eastern European countries) were as positively and enthusiastically impressed and gratified by the creation of the State of Israel as Jews in the West or anywhere else. Russian Jews exhibited their strong support for Israel publicly in many ways. When Golda Meir went to Moscow as the first Israeli ambassador, she was greeted by tens of thousands of Moscow Jews. There were scores of comparable incidents which showed the passion of Russian Jews for Israel. Such behaviour was viewed as evidence of disloyalty by Stalin, for it suggested that the Jews did not have a total commitment to the Soviet Union. Some Russian experts have pointed to Stalin's long-time personal history of anti-Semitic sentiments and behaviour. But whatever the source of Stalin's revival of anti-Semitism, the fact is that the Soviet Union quickly turned from a supporter to an enemy of Israel, a role which it has maintained under all of Stalin's successors. Governmental support for anti-Semitism within the Soviet Union and the rest of Eastern Europe had had its ups-and-downs, its ebbs-and-flows, but it has never been totally repudiated, and has continued to exist.[8]

THE PERSISTENT RUSSIAN OPPOSITION to Israel, of course, has affected a part of the Left, that still considerable section which sympathises with the Soviet Union. China and its followers in the Communist world have been even more vitriolically anti-Israeli, although Israel was one of the first countries to recognise Communist China. Technically Israel still recognises it, although Communist China has never "recognised" Israel. (In the United States, those organisations which by their own description are pro-Maoist Communists include both wings of *SDS*, the "right-wing" Revolutionary Youth Movement and the "left-wing" Worker-Student Alliance, the Progressive Labor Party, and the Black Panther Party. Most recently, however, the latter has shifted somewhat, forming an alliance with the original pro-Russian Communist Party.) The emergence of the anti-imperialist Third World bloc, a non-aligned group of countries mainly in Asia and Africa, also has affected the relations of the Left to Israel, since much of the Arab world joined with various other new nations, to form this non-aligned group.

The Arabs successfully demanded that Israel be excluded from this camp, even though Israel made some initial gestures to establish its role as "an Asian state" that was part of the Afro-Asian world. The Arabs, however, had a lot more votes in the U.N., more political power, and that part of the Afro-Asian world which though not directly a part of the Communist world had strong ideological links to it (*e.g.*, Indonesia, Guinée, Mali, and Tanzania) pressed for the rejection of Israel. Israel has never been able to become part of the Afro-Asian world, although it has succeeded in establishing strong links with many countries in black Africa. The leaders of the Afro-Asian group of non-aligned countries have defined themselves as strongly in opposition

[8] See William Korey, "The Legal Position of the Jewish Community of the Soviet Union," in Erich Goldhagen, ed., *Ethnic Minorities in the Soviet Union* (Praeger, 1968), pp. 316–50; Moshe Decter, "Soviet Jewry: A Current Survey," *Congress* (5 December 1966), pp. 6–40; Zygmunt Bauman, "The End of Polish Jewry—a Sociological Review," *Bulletin on Soviet and East European Jewish Affairs* (January 1969), pp. 3–8.

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to the Western imperialist countries, among whom they place Israel. The Arabs have continued, with greater or lesser success (depending on the part of the world they address), to argue that their conflict with Israel is essentially a continuation of the anti-colonial struggle with imperialist powers, that Israel is essentially a satellite of the United States—of the European-American World—thrust into the Afro-Asian border areas, and therefore, that it has to be eliminated.

THIS IMAGE OF ISRAEL inevitably has had a great deal of influence. Its acceptance is, of course, not just a propaganda success, but reflects a degree of validity. Clearly in the context of having been rejected by the Soviet Union and China, of not being welcomed by the Afro-Asian alliance-countries, and of being strongly dependent on financial support from American Jewry and political support from Washington, Israel has had no alternative but to maintain strong links with the United States and Western Europe. Realistically, whatever the sources of its original international position, Israel had to become part of "the American alliance"—of the grouping of states which emerged around the United States.

In spite of the opposition of China, the Soviet Union, and many Afro-Asian states to Israel, much of the Left retained a strong sense of identification with Israel until the Six-Day War. The existence of a large viable cooperative movement and economy in the form of the Histadruth and the *kibbutzim* . . . the fact that all Israeli governments have been dominated by socialist parties—the strong enthusiasms for Israel and its institutions voiced by the highly influential group of Left-oriented Jewish intellectuals, and the strong sense of guilt felt by many for their ineffective response to the Nazi holocaust . . . all served to maintain Israel's credit within the liberal-left movement (including almost all socialist parties in developed countries, and many communist ones as well).

The Six-Day War, however, had a decisive effect in changing the reaction of the Left to Israel because (and I think this is also true with respect to much of the Christian world) Israel by its quick victory ceased being an underdog nation. Leftist values, as well as religious sentiments (particularly Christian ones), tend to make common cause with underdogs against the more powerful. Many seem to believe that anybody who looks underprivileged and poor must be right, and should receive moral support. Jews and Israel were long regarded as the underdog, as victims . . . an image reinforced by their treatment by the Germans in the last war, by the Communist world's massive opposition to Israel, by its being surrounded by a hundred million Arabs. But from this perspective, the Israeli victory in June of 1967 was much too good, much too quick, to maintain sympathies and solidarities. The Arabs became the underdog for many on the Left as well as throughout Christendom. Israel is now held to be a strong and rich nation, while the Arabs are weak, underdeveloped, poor. Anybody defined as an underdog is good, anybody seen as powerful is bad. This sentiment has affected and continues to affect the images of Israel and the Arab world. The only way Israel can change it is to lose.

The New Left

THE MOST IMPORTANT political event affecting Israel in Western politics in recent years has been the rise of the New Left. Without going into the reasons for its emergence, there is no question that the New Left movement has been significant. Though it arose mainly as a campus phenomenon, it has also affected the older world of Left intellectuals. New Left ideology originally was new or different from that of the Old Left in the sense that it opposed *all* powers, by announcing its hostility to "all Establishments" including some of the Communist world, particularly that of the Russians, and to some extent (it varies from country to country) that of the Chinese as well. Unlike earlier Western student groups, the movement was unaffiliated to the major adult left-wing parties. Basically it lacked a clear-cut, positive programme as to what it wanted, how to achieve power, how to change society "fundamentally." Increasingly, however, its need to find a defensible ideological position led it into an association with dissident forms of communism, mainly Maoist. At the 1969 convention of *SDS*, the most important New Left group in the United States, all major factional tendencies proclaimed themselves as Marxist-Leninist pro-Maoist communists. They even used quotes from Stalin (who is still viewed positively by the Maoists) against each other in debate. The weekly New Left newspaper, *The Guardian*, concluded in its editorial on the convention:

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> The new left as it has been known during this decade disappeared during the Chicago SDS convention. It is being replaced by Marxism-Leninism. (15 July 1969, p. 12).

The New Left, particularly since June 1967, has identified Israel with the American Establishment. This view has been affected by the relationship of Jews and Negroes in the United States, the growth of Black Nationalism, and the links of certain radical Negro groups with the Arab world. This Negro view of the Arab-Israeli conflict is related to the growing tension between a section of the black militant leadership and some Jews. The conflict is largely a result of American events, and there is not very much Israel can do about it. Even though various Black leaders in this country (*viz.*, Stokely Carmichael and others) have become overtly pro-Arab, I do not think this derives from a serious view of the Arabs as "oppressed peoples," or even a conception of *Black* (Arabs) *v. White* (Jews), which sometimes seems to be implied in black nationalist literature.

THE SPLIT BETWEEN the Jews and the Negroes, which has affected attitudes towards Israel, stems much more from the American situation than the Middle East conflict. Ironically enough, part of the tension stems from the fact that Jews have been so involved in Civil Rights. The integrationist movement was largely an alliance between Negroes and Jews (who, to a considerable extent, actually dominated it). Many of the inter-racial Civil Rights organisations have been led and financed by whites, and the majority of their white members have been Jews. Insofar as a Negro effort emerged to break loose from involvement with whites, from domination of the civil rights struggle by white liberals, this meant concretely a break with Jews, for they were the whites who were active in these movements. The Black Nationalist leadership had to push whites (Jews) "out of the way," and to stop white (Jewish) "interference" in order to get whites (Jews) "off their backs."

Perhaps more important than the struggle within the Civil Rights Movement has been the conflict inherent in the historical fact that most Negro ghettos in the North were formerly Jewish ghettos. Negroes moved into Jewish areas such as Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Roxbury, Watts, as well as Jewish districts in Washington, Chicago, Philadelphia and many other cities. The reasons for this pattern of ethnic succession attest to positive aspects in Jewish racial attitudes—they were less resistant to Negroes moving into their neighbourhoods, they reacted much less violently, than other white communities. This process meant, however, that though Jews eventually moved out as residents, some of them remained as landlords and store-owners. Hence many Negroes came to see Jews not as neighbours, but in the role of economic oppressors.

Reinforcing these consequences of ecological succession has been the effects of the fact that during the 1930s, large numbers of able Jews found that the only place they could secure employment was in government service, as teachers, social workers, or other professionals. Thirty years later, many of these same Jews (now in their 50s and 60s) are at the summits of the civil service hierarchy as school principals, division heads, etc. And as Negroes follow the Jews into the Civil Service, they find that the directors of units operating in Negro areas are often Jews. The request that "blacks be given top jobs" in such organisations often has become a demand that Jews be removed from positions which they obtained through merit and seniority.

THESE ECONOMIC RELATIONSHIPS which have helped produce the tension between Negroes and Jews have had their obvious effect on the white New Left (which is itself disproportionately Jewish). It is told by the Black Nationalists: "We don't want whites, but we particularly don't want Jews, and we are expressing antagonism to Jews in the form of opposition to Israel." They attack Israel and Zionism as an expedient way of voicing their anti-Semitism. In essence, therefore, the attack on Israel on the part of some sections of the Negro community reflects tensions in the local American scene, not in the Middle East.[9]

[9] It is particularly ironic that much of black Africa has a strong antipathy to the Arab world. The Arabs are the historic slavers of Africa; a small African slave trade which arranges the shipment of blacks to portions of Arabia to serve white masters *still* exists. In addition, there are two "hot wars" between Arabs and African blacks in the Sudan and the Chad. In the Sudan, the dominant Arabs in the north are fighting black Christian and animist rebels who seek equal political rights. In the Chad, the formerly dominant and more advantaged Arabs of the north are the rebels seeking to overthrow the government of the animist and Christian Africans who are the majority of the country. I have seen no evidence that any American black organisation has devoted the slightest attention to the civil wars in the Sudan and the Chad.

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I should stress, however, that the large majority of the Negro community, even the majority of those active in various black militant organisations, are *not* anti-Semitic or anti-Israel. The data available from various public opinion polls show that the level of anti-Semitic feeling in the Negro community is no greater than it is in the white community, that it remains relatively low in both. The existence of "black anti-Semitism" is being highlighted because of the expression of anti-Semitic sentiments by the most militant and radical leaders and organisations; and it is they who get the most publicity from the white-controlled mass-media. These sentiments should not be ignored, however, since they are growing among younger black spokesmen, who are unaware of the close ties between Jews and Negroes in the past. They also have an impact far exceeding their importance within Negro public opinion among those sections of the white population, whose guilt feelings about being white, or desire to use the Negro to build a mass radical movement, lead them to follow the political path of the most militant black leaders. Thus, the anti-Semitism, "the socialism of fools," occasionally voiced by groups such as the Black Panthers, SNCC (now the Student National Coordinating Committee) and other black militant ones have had a considerable impact on their white fellow-travellers inside *SDS* and other sections of the Left.[10] The earlier Marxist attacks on anti-Jewish appeals have been forgotten, and the contemporary New Left has been condemned to repeat the foolishness.

The task of analysing the impact of the New Left on Israel's position is further complicated by the fact that Jews play a very great role in the student-based New Left, considerably disproportionate to the number of Jewish students on campus. This is not only true of students; it is also characteristic of the older Left community as well. Many of these Jewish Leftists exhibit familiar forms of Jewish self-hatred, of so-called "Jewish anti-Semitism," of the sort which were widespread within the Left before the Nazi holocaust and the creation of the State of Israel. Self-hatred is becoming a major problem for the American Jewish community. There is a real need for some serious analysis of the sources of Jewish anti-Semitism. It is not an inconsiderable phenomenon, and one of the forms it takes among Jewish youth is the denunciation of their parents as "hypocrites" (a criticism which attests to the fact that their values are not terribly different from those of their families, otherwise why accuse them of hypocrisy?).

VARIOUS STUDIES of American student militants indicate that the Left activists tend to come from liberal-Left families, disproportionately Jewish. Basically there is continuity in family ideology, rather than a break. To see the New Leftist students (in Kenneth Kenniston's phrase) as "Red Diaper Babies" is not an exaggerated image. Many of them come from families which around the breakfast table, day after day, in Scarsdale, Newton, Great Neck, and Beverly Hills have discussed what an awful, corrupt, immoral, undemocratic, racist society the United States is. Many Jewish parents live in the lily-white suburbs, go to Miami Beach in the winter, belong to expensive country clubs, arrange *Bar Mitzvahs* costing thousands of dollars—all the while espousing a left-liberal ideology. This is their hypocrisy, and it is indeed the contradiction which their children are rebelling against. Many Jewish parents, unlike Gentile parents of equivalent high economic class background, live a schizophrenic existence. They sustain a high degree of tension between their ideology and their life style.

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[10] For example, *Black Panther*, the weekly organ of the *Black Panther* party, published an article by Field Marshall, D.C., "Zionism (Kosher Nationalism) + Imperialism = Fascism" in its issue of 30 August 1969, in which Zionism is described several times as "Kosher nationalism" and as a variety of "fascism." The article refers to the "fascist Zionist pigs." This is not a new development. The June 1967 issue of *Black Power*, published by the Black Panther Party of Northern California, included a poem "Jew-Land," which contains these lines:

Jew-Land, On a summer afternoon
Really, Couldn't kill the Jews too soon
Now dig. The Jews have stolen our bread
Their filthy women tricked our men into bed
So I won't rest until the Jews are dead....
In Jew-Land, Don't be a Tom on Israel's side
Really, Cause that's where Christ was crucified.

The *SNCC Newsletter* of June–July 1967 contained a two-page centre spread on "The Palestine Problem" which among other statements asked its readers whether they knew "THAT the famous European Jews, the Rothschilds, who have long controlled the wealth of many European nations, were involved in the original conspiracy with the British to create the 'State of Israel' and are still among Israel's chief supporters? THAT THE ROTHSCHILDS ALSO CONTROL MUCH OF AFRICA'S MINERAL WEALTH?" (emphasis in original).

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SOME YEARS AGO, Nathan Glazer, Herbert Hyman, and I did a study of Jewish behaviour and attitudes, through secondary analyses of various public opinion studies that had been gathered in New York and other places. We isolated large samples of Jews and discovered, among other things, that at the same middle-class income-level, 40% to 60% of the Jews had part-time servants, as against 0–5% of the Protestants. People outside the South who had a full-time servant were preponderantly Jewish.[11] Relatively few Christians had one. We found a pattern, a style of social life, of relative asceticism among middle and middle-upper-class Protestants which did not exist among Jews on an equivalent income level. But, though affluent Jews lived well, spent considerable sums on housing, vacations, servants, costly cars, they also as a group continued to maintain a relatively liberal-left view of the world. This "left-wing" outlook and "right-wing" style has created grievous tension between parents and children.

Young Jews take seriously the leftist ideologies they imbibed at home, particularly when they move to the liberal campus environment. They see American Jewish life as essentially immoral and hypocritical, and not a few of them extend this view to Israel's relations with Arabs. Israel, in effect, seems to be behaving like their parents. Israel itself does not really interest them. They are essentially reacting to American Jewish conditions and to the American way of life. But the very significance and the quantitative importance of the Jews within the American Left—and even within parts of the European Left—mean that Jews are beginning to take the lead in an attack on Israel and on Jewish customs. This fact serves to alleviate any sense of guilt or tension about anti-Semitism which non-Jewish Leftists might have.

The Breaking Point

WHAT IS BEING DONE about this? One thing which presumably might have some positive effect on the Left's attitude toward Israel is a revival of the image of Israel as a centre of social experimentation. The *kibbutz* still remains the only viable example of a decentralised, anarchist-socialist society. Those who want to see "participatory democracy" in action, the workers actually running their institutions, can point to nothing as successful as the *kibbutz*. Here it must be acknowledged that Israel and its public relations may be more at fault than the New Left youth for their ignorance on these matters. In the past decade, Israel has done little to establish itself as an example of social reform, of institutional experimentation. In its efforts to secure investments and contributions from wealthy Americans, it has placed more emphasis on creating an image of Israel as a successful, free-enterprise "bootstrap" operation, a sort of small mini-scale Japan. But in selling itself thus to the business community, it may well have contributed to weakening a major portion of its political base.

Yet in this connection it may be useful to examine the contents of a recent book, *Obsolete Communism*, by Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit. "Danny the Red" was one of the major leaders of the French student revolt of May 1968, and the Cohn-Bendit brothers emerge in this book as anarchists. As a positive example of anarchism in action, they point to the Makhno movement in Russia of 1918 to 1921, which dominated a large area of the Ukraine. (The Cohn-Bendits do not mention that Nestor Makhno was an anti-Semite. I do not blame them for this, since they probably do not know it.) Yet though they discuss politics in many countries they do not say a word about Israel or the *kibbutzim*. Evidently they are not "relevant" to the proposals for new anarchist forms of society. This, surely, is not a result of ignorance, since some years ago Danny Cohn-Bendit spent several months in Israel, mainly on a *kibbutz*, and even considered settling there. He tries to make a case for anarchist institutions, but does not even mention the one country where concrete examples of such institutions exist. He also fails to mention the fact that there were *Al Fatah* Arab terrorist booths in the Sorbonne during the 1968 student sit-ins, and that the New Left anarchist as well as the Marxist Leninist groups supported them. Danny Cohn-Bendit, who admires the radical anti-Semite Makhno and knows not Israel, is not an atypical Jewish boy. We will be seeing many more like him.

OLDER LEFT-WING CRITICS of Israel such as I. F. Stone and Professor Noam Chomsky also can not be accused of ignorance concerning the Israeli socialist movement or its radical institutions. Both men who now write harshly about

[11] Since these servants are almost invariably Negro, this fact reinforces the image in the black community of the Jew as an economic exploiter.

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Israel have visited the country on a number of occasions, and are personally well acquainted with the Israeli Left, with the Histadruth and the *kibbutzim*. Chomsky, in fact, was a long time member of "Hashomair Hatzair," the left-wing Zionist youth movement, which prided itself on its Marxism-Leninism, and its loyalty to Communist ideals. Like Daniel Cohn-Bendit, he considered settling in Israel, and also appears to have strong anti-communist anarchist sympathies. But Stone, Chomsky, and Cohn-Bendit are today committed supporters of the international revolutionary left, a commitment which currently involves defining the *Al Fatah* terrorists as "left-wing guerrillas," and Israel as "a collaborator with imperialism," if not worse. One doubts whether even the most sophisticated presentation of Israel's case could ever regain their support.

In fairness, I should note that the various wings of the far Left, while all anti-Israel, are not united in their estimate of *Al Fatah*, or the positive worth of Arab terrorism. The Russians and their followers in the Communist movement exhibit some opposition to terroristic and guerrilla tactics by Arab groups. In the March 1969 issue of *Dokumentation der Zeit*, a magazine published by the East German Institute for Contemporary History, the *Al Fatah* was described as a group whose student founders were inspired by "the reactionary terrorists of the Moslem Brethren," and who now secure most of their funds and supplies from "the Arab oil states of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia." The article argues:

> The slogans and general tendency of *Al Fatah* represent the most extreme elements of the resistence movement. By strictly prohibiting any political and ideological activity of its members, *Al Fatah* is preventing the necessary process of ideological clarification among the resistance organisations and trying to pin the movement down to a rigid extremist line, which in the last resort, amounts to nothing but a reinforcement of imperialism through a policy of Left adventures.

The considerable support which the intellectual Left once gave to Israel is gone, and it is not likely to be revived, certainly not on the same basis.[12] Israel must expect to be criticised by the extreme Left for the foreseeable future. Since Left intellectuals have been, and continue to be important in forming public opinion, this is obviously a major loss to Israel's public position. It is also important to recognise that short of another war, the almost unanimous support that Israel has received from the Jewish community will not continue. The division (partly age-linked and partly ideological) between younger and older Jews, and between Left-groups and Jewish-identified groups, will continue to affect attitudes to Israel. The Jewish community in America, particularly, is likely to become much more polarised politically than it has been for a long time. We are going to see an upsurge of large numbers of overtly conservative Jews. A kind of backlash is occurring among Jews who remain more identified with Israel and Zionism—or with the Synagogue—as a reaction to the attacks on Jews and Israel coming from the Left and the Black Nationalists.

BUT IF ISRAEL HAS LOST support on the Left, it has gained among groups not previously known for their sympathy for Jewish causes. Those aspects of Israel's foreign and military policies which alienate left-wing sympathy attract rightist support. Many non-Jewish conservatives see in Israel's successful military resistance to the Arab world, and its defiance of United Nations resolutions, an example of the way in which a nation which has self-pride—and which is not "corrupted by the virus of internationalism and pacifism"—can defend its national self-interests. Some see in the Israeli defeat of the Arabs, the one example of an American ally which has decisively defeated Communist allies in battle. Thus, Israel and its supporters find themselves with friends on the Right, and enemies on the Left.

Although many arch conservatives (*e.g.*, Barry Goldwater and some of the contributors to William Buckley's magazine, *The National Review*) are now strongly pro-Israel, the extremist Right, like the extremist Left, remains very hostile, an attitude linked to their continued anti-Semitism. Thus, *The Thunderbolt*, the organ of the racist National States Rights Party, stated in April that it supports "a strong Arab stand against the brutal aggression of Israel." Gerald L. K. Smith's *Cross and the Flag* repeatedly condemns Israel for crimes against the Arabs. The Italian neo-Fascists strongly back

[12] Ironically, the reverse process appears to have occurred in the Communist countries of Eastern Europe. There, Israel has become a symbol among protesting students and intellectuals of a free small power which has stood up to powerful bullies (backed by the Soviet Union). To support Israel in Poland, Russia, etc., is a way of voicing opposition to the anti-Semitic policies of their Communist governments.

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the *Al Fatah* and (like the New Left) reprint much of its propaganda. The fascist magazine, *La Nation Européenne*, also supports *Al Fatah* and advertises its publications. The German National Democrats, in their paper, *Deutsche National Zeitung*, take a similar pro-Arab terrorist line. I do not think it would be unfair to say that the revolutionary fascist Right and the revolutionary communist Left have similar positions with respect to Middle East conflict and the role of *Al Fatah*. But it should be stressed that the opposition of the Left extremists is by far more powerful than that of the fascists, who have little influence.

The pattern of increased support for Israel among the democratic conservative or rightist groups has been paralleled on the American home front with respect to domestic issues. Those Jews who are concerned with the adverse consequences of Negro militancy on areas of Jewish concern (*e.g.*, the preservation of the merit system in civil service employment and standards of admission to university, the rights of Jewish businessmen in the ghetto) find more support from conservatives than from liberals. Conservatives eager to gain Jewish support have made overtures to the Jewish groups. Recent local elections indicate that the vaunted "near unanimous" commitment of Jews to liberal and Negro causes is breaking down.[13]

THE SEPARATION of the Jewish population into the same constituent parts that divide the American electorate as a whole, may be testimony to the end of the almost two-century period in which the politics of Jewry has been a sub-theme to the politics of the Revolution. The identification of Jewish causes with those of the Left reached an all-time high point between 1930 and 1950, periods dominated internationally by the anti-Nazi struggle and the fight to create the state of Israel. Within the United States, this link was reinforced by the strong involvement of Jews with the Civil Rights cause which lasted through most of the 1960s.

The rise of the New Left, the shift in the international position of Israel, and the tensions between sections of the Jewish and Negro communities, have all contributed to breaking the relations between the Left and Jewry. Jews will, of course, continue to contribute in heavily disproportionate numbers to the activist Left, particularly to that section which derives its main strength from the university and intellectual worlds. But they will also increasingly sustain moderate liberal and conservative politics. Israel will probably find its greatest supporters among American Jews and non-Jews in the ranks of such centre groupings, and this may well make life difficult for those who seek to remain both socialist and Zionist.

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[13] In the 1966 referendum on the retention of a civilian police review board in New York City, Jews divided in this way: 40 per cent for keeping the board, 55 per cent for abolishing it. In the 1965 mayoralty election the Tammany candidate Beame secured 56 per cent of the Jewish vote as compared to 41 per cent for the Republican-Liberal Lindsay. In 1969, Sam Yorty running against a moderate Negro candidate, Tom Bradley, for Mayor of Los Angeles, did much better than anticipated in Jewish districts in the final election, securing between 40–45 per cent of the vote. And in the New York City Democratic mayoralty primary in June 1969, the Jewish Democratic vote split into three parts. Slightly less than a third went to the more conservative "law and order" candidate, Mario Proccacino; another third backed the centrist candidate, former mayor Robert Wagner; and somewhat more than a third divided among the three more "liberal" candidates, Badillo, Sheuer, and Norman Mailer. In the November elections, according to an NBC computor precinct analysis, John Lindsay, the victorious Liberal Party nominee who defeated the more conservative Democratic and Republican candidates, secured 42% of the Jewish vote (exactly the percentage he received among the electorate as a whole). The more affluent, younger and irreligious Jews tended to vote for Lindsay, while the less privileged, older, and more religious ones opted for his more conservative rivals.

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John Mander

Must We Love the Germans?

"THERE IS a nimiety—a too-muchness—in all Germans. It is the national fault." Coleridge should have known, for it was among his distinctions that he was the first English man of letters to take the Germans seriously. Yet even Coleridge, evidently, could not take the Germans entirely seriously. When Coleridge and Wordsworth, as young men, visited the aged Klopstock—perhaps the first meeting between high representatives of the British and German intelligentsia—the upshot was sadly symbolic. Klopstock, the adulator of Milton, could no more make himself understood than the young admirers of *Der Messias*. Neither could speak each other's language. It was a conversation of the deaf. And so—despite Coleridge and Carlyle, despite Matthew Arnold and T. H. Green—the Anglo-German relationship has largely remained. The hatred of all things German that swept from office Lord Haldane and Prince Louis Battenberg in 1914, and has vitiated so many attempts at Anglo-German understanding since that time, was not based (as in France) on an intimate knowledge, if one-sided, of the German character, but on the most profound ignorance. One of the more unfortunate side-effects of that hatred has been to deepen the ignorance still further.

Historically, then, a state of ignorance would appear to be the rule rather than the exception in the field of Anglo-German relations. Nor is this really surprising. Germany and Britain are at bottom parallel, even divergent cultures, seen in a European historical perspective. The culture of Germany is rooted, as is our own, in Christian and pagan antiquity. But the channels of mediation are seldom the same. If, in our case, the channel runs *via* classical and medieval France, through Italy, to the world of antiquity, for the Germans it runs much the same course. But the channel does not run for us *via* Berlin, Weimar, or Heidelberg; nor, for the Germans, does it in general take the circuitous route Paris-London-Berlin. In general—for there are certain obvious exceptions. The Germans were glad, during their cultural renaissance at the close of the 18th century, to welcome Shakespeare into their pantheon. Conversely, we are indebted to Germany for Luther's Reformation and for that most distinctive German gift to the common European culture: *Deutsche Musik*. But what, in the broader sense of the word culture, do we owe the Germans, or the Germans ourselves? Germans wear English cloth and drink Scotch whisky; to act the Britisher is "gentleman-like," and has been so since the 18th century. But the scale is heavily weighted on the German side. When we are asked what we owe to the Germans we are reduced, somewhat pathetically, to that shrivelled Nordic giant, Prince Albert's Christmas tree. It is not much, certainly, compared with what we both owe to those cultures through which the wisdom of antiquity has been transmitted to us. *Kennst du das Land...?* Indeed we do. It is the same *Drang nach dem Süden* that impels us both.

THE CENTURY BETWEEN Coleridge, Scott, De Quincey, and Crabb Robinson, and the savage anti-Germanism of 1914, then, stands out in strong relief. Earlier, at least an attempt was made to understand, and if possible to mediate, the values of a culture that had proved itself, by Coleridge's time, the equal of any in Europe. Yet how much was truly understood, and how well has the work of mediation lasted? In Matthew Arnold's *Friendship's Garland* (1868–1871), a certain Herr Arminius attempts "to introduce *Geist* into England." The attempt takes place in the course of a train journey from Dover to London between "a typical Englishman" and "a typical German."

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"You are a strong Liberal," says the Englishman, "you are drawn towards England because of her Liberalism and away from the French Emperor because of his despotism."

"Liberalism and Despotism!" cries Herr Arminius, "Let us go beyond these forms and words! What unites and separates people now is *Geist*."

What *Geist* meant to Arnold we know well enough from *Culture and Anarchy*: it is the antithesis of that middle-class, philistine[1] materialism which he saw overtaking the England of his day. Certainly, *Geist* is not easily translatable: neither mind, spirit, nor intellect quite expresses its meaning. Yet it is, to Arnold, that faculty of man which enables him to look beyond external appearances, and to enter the realm of an "unclouded clearness of mind." It is their devotion to *Geist*, to the Hellenic ideal, that Arnold praises in the Germans, and the lack of which he deplores in the English. Intriguingly, it is the same antithesis that Thomas Mann was to set up in his post-1914 patriotic effusion, *Confessions of an Unpolitical Man*, between the spiritual "*Kultur*" of the Germans and the materialistic "*Zivilisation*" of the Western powers—and particularly the Anglo-Saxons. Arnold's essays bear a date-line: 1871. What may have been true of pre-1871 Germany was no longer true of the Germany of Bismarck —as Thomas Mann, to his honour, was quick to realise.

EVIDENTLY, someone had blundered. But was it the British Germanophiles who, in their infatuation with *Geist*, overlooked the darker aspects of the German soul? Or was it the Germans, eager newcomers to the world of *Kultur*, who had been leading their foreign admirers by the nose? Or is there a third possibility—that the Germans *had* in fact changed their nature between 1871 and 1914? Each explanation has an element of truth. The German self-image, anachronistically cultivated by Thomas Mann, did correspond in large part to the picture well-wishing foreigners were ready to accept. One might christen this the Tacitus Complex. What was Matthew Arnold doing but using the supposed virtues of the Teutons as a rod for the backs of his own nation, as Tacitus had done for Imperial Rome?

Yet the deception was not deliberate, or at least not calculated. Most educated Germans of the post-Goethe era honestly believed in 1914, and in many cases till 1945, that Germany had at last come into her own, and that her world-historical mission was to convert the rest of mankind to the ideals of Goethe's and Schiller's Weimar. Nor, in the years before 1871, was the German claim without foundation. Germany had produced a dramatic and poetic literature comparable with that of her western and southern neighbours. In science, linguistics, and historiography she had taken the lead. In music, philosophy and theology Germany was the undisputed *praeceptor Europae*. Even in architecture (though this was little regarded at the time) she had produced, in the previous century, the triumphant Baroque and Rococo churches of south Germany. Lord Palmerston might scoff at the Germans as a nation of "damned professors." But the verdict of the academic world was, as H. A. L. Fisher wrote in his *History of Europe* (1935), unanimous:

> While Oxford and Cambridge, once liberated [in 1871] from the thraldom of religious tests, reverberated with the echoes of Teutonic learning, the more eminent professors of Berlin or Goettingen could count on a band of young English admirers, who, returning to their more civilised but less erudite compatriots, preached the majesty of German knowledge.

This German self-image was already changing before 1871 and the triumph of Prussian arms. In the subsequent period of the *Gründerjahre* it was to change still faster. Nor had it ever been entirely true to the facts. And this false, or partial, appreciation of the Germans by themselves and their foreign admirers had a double aspect. It seems clear, for example, that Matthew Arnold did not realise the extent to which the luminous, Hellenic side of German culture rested on—was indeed wrested from—something dark and daemonic in the German soul. This, we know, was Goethe's own view. Enlightenment was not natural to the Germans; it had to be fought for, and in the process all the demons of anarchy—the *Sturm und Drang* of his own youth and of the Romantics whom he came to loathe—cast out. The course of Goethe's self-enlightenment is plain to read in his writings. But very similar warnings against the daemonic element in the German soul are to be found in Heine, notably in that essay in which he under-

[1] The word "philistine" came into English from the German "*Philister*," and was first used to mean "an illiberal person" in 1827. It was originally used to denote "town" as against "gown."

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took to explain the true nature of his compatriots to his French hosts, then held in thrall by Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*:

> German philosophy is an important affair, an affair that concerns the whole human race; and only our children's children will be in a position to decide whether we are rather worthy of blame or of praise for the circumstance that we produced our philosophy before producing our Revolution.... These doctrines have let loose revolutionary forces.... The *Naturphilosoph* will be the more terrible in that he is able to conjure up the daemonic forces of that pantheism of the ancient Teutons, to reawaken that joy in battle we find among them—a joy that is not simply a pleasure in destruction, or in winning the palm, but a glorying in the fight for its own sake. Don't laugh, I beg you, at this dreamer who claims to foresee enacted in the world of appearances what has so far existed only in the realm of *Geist*. German thunder, to be sure, is very German: it is clumsy, and it takes its own time.... But, when it comes, you will see a spectacle performed in Germany compared with which the French Revolution will seem a harmless idyll. (*The Romantic School*, 1833)

NO DOUBT, IN RETROSPECT, it is easy to argue that Coleridge, who detected a "nimiety" in all Germans, saw more clearly than Arnold, who, combining the philhellene with the Germanophile, interpreted *Geist* optimistically as an "unclouded clearness of mind." (With what merriment would a later generation greet such an appraisal!) But there was a second error, of a more material order, underlying the Germanophilia of the mid-Victorians.

It was an error that Nietzsche—for all his worshipping at the shrine of Dionysus, the greatest Hellenist of them all—was quick to spot

The New Germany

THE *only really surprising aspect of the result of Federal Germany's election is that many people here find the result surprising.*

Yet the voters' overwhelming rejection not only of the one undeniably anti-democratic, totalitarian party contesting the election (the Communists), but also of Herr von Thadden's rag-bag NPD, with its unsavoury mixture of extreme nationalists, Poujadists, and even ageing, irreconcilable Nazis, should not have caused anyone a moment's astonishment.

For the facts have for years now spelt out one marvellous and heartening truth.

The truth is not simply that Federal Germany has long since turned its back for ever on the dreadful past, from the ashes of which it sprang; the only people who could deny that *are those whose political or psychological needs require them to maintain that Nazism still thrives in Western Germany.*

The really important truth is that the world's youngest major state is one of the most complete, most stable, and most genuine democracies in the world. If you find that a paradox, make some comparisons.

With France, for instance. There, political groups may be banned by administrative fiat. *In Federal Germany, before any political group, however blatantly totalitarian, may be proscribed, the Government has to satisfy a scrupulously independent court—the highest in the land—that the party is an actual, present danger to democracy.*

In France, too, a group of dissident students last year began a movement which, in the end, very nearly brought down not only the Government, but the Republic itself.

In Federal Germany, a similar movement was contained without touching the fabric of the State, and with far less bloodshed.

In Belgium, religious and separatist strife have again and again threatened the very existence of the nation, and battles between Fleming and Walloon have repeatedly been daily occurrences.

In Federal Germany, Protestant and Catholic regions co-exist in perfect harmony, and the cry is for more national unity, not less.

In the United Kingdom, one of our four countries is on the verge of civil war, a situation which may yet end in the suspension there of the democratic system itself.

In Federal Germany a proposed law which would have given the Government authority, in the most extreme circumstances of national danger, to suspend some of the provisions of the Constitution, was received with a gigantic and spontaneous volume of protest and was radically amended.

In Britain, too, it was not until 1965 that a law was passed making racial incitement and slanders illegal; in Federal Germany the passage of such a law was one of the first actions of the first post-war German Government.

In France, the totalitarian candidate for the Presidency gained one-fifth of the votes cast; in Italy, the totalitarian parties hold a third of the seats in Parliament. In Federal Germany, the Communists and NPD achieved only a derisory vote between them.

Which is where I came in.

***Bernard Levin** in the* DAILY MAIL

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in the years that followed 1871. Nietzsche knew that the victory of 1871, and the boom years that followed, had changed—or perhaps one should say, brought out—much in the German character as previously understood. The image of Germany and Germans that had been sold to Europe by Madame de Staël and Carlyle was that of a peaceful, law-abiding, philosophical race, backwards perhaps in manners and material civilisation, but only because intent upon deeper things.

Historically, this was not wholly false. In the days of her greatest artistic and intellectual glory Germany was indeed a weak and divided country, whose economy had stagnated since the decline of the merchant cities and the depredations of the Thirty Years War. But it was not reasonable of foreigners to assume that the Germans would wish to put up with this state of affairs. Common sense suggested that the Germans, once aware of their weakness, would wish to remedy it and become like other nations. Goethe was content to be a *Weltbürger*, a citizen of the world; but his younger contemporaries were not. Napoleon sowed the seeds of nationalism in Germany as surely as in the rest of Europe. By 1871, the *Zollverein* and the new iron and coal industries on the Ruhr were demonstrating that a united Germany had the potential to equal and perhaps to surpass the foremost industrial power of the age, Britain. In this, the lead possessed by German science was a major factor. Britain had lived, pragmatically, with her Industrial Revolution for a hundred years: in Germany it was to be a forced process, in which the need to compete with foreign rivals and apply the newest scientific knowledge was paramount. By 1900, Germany had in fact surpassed Britain in the production of steel and her science-based electrical and chemical industries were more fully developed. (It is a slow-dying myth that Germany's economic miracle occurred under Dr. Erhard's auspices. It was a reality before the turn of the century.)

Had the Germans changed? Undoubtedly they had. The cultural lead, as Nietzsche saw, had passed to the vanquished French. Germany was no longer the land of *Dichter und Denker*, except in nostalgic memory. She was bent now not on *Kultur* but on *Zivilisation*. She was—to use the terms that Werner Sombart, Thomas Mann's contemporary, popularised in his no less patriotic *Händler und Helden*—on the side of the shopkeepers rather than of the heroes . . . except, of course, on the battlefields of Langemarck and Verdun.

THAT THE OUTSIDE WORLD should have held so false an image of Germany before 1914 does much, I believe, to explain the violence of the anti-German reaction following the outbreak of war. For it seems undeniable that the image Germany enjoyed, in England at any rate, was on the whole good: Herr Arminius was what came later to be called "a good German." True, Arnold writes that, "He has a harsh, arrogant, Prussian way of turning up his nose at things, and laying down the law about them." But he is quick to add: "As a lover of intellect I admire him, and as a seeker of truth I value his frankness." Herr Arminius, it will be recalled, scoffed equally at the despotism of the French Emperor and at the Liberalism of the English: he was after deeper things. He wanted to "introduce *Geist* into England." Like Thomas Mann, in his patriotic phase, Herr Arminius is "an unpolitical man." And Arnold does not hold it against him —as Arnold's admired Heine would have done, and as we are inclined to do. On the contrary, Herr Arminius' unpolitical approach is an aspect of his goodness. Not for him the scrumming of Barbarians and Philistines. Not for him the pursuit of mere political advantage, when deeper things—Truth itself—are at stake. As for his home life, is it not like that of "our own dear Queen"? When Father speaks, a hush descends on the assembled family; children are seen and not heard. And Herr Arminius is frugal in his ways: a glass of *Schnapps* after dinner, an occasional beer with friends at the *Stammtisch*, and plenty of pork and potatoes (*never* to be cut with a knife) for the growing family. Herr Arminius is, perhaps, a civil servant, a *Beamter*, and member as such of the most incorruptible (and self-righteous) ruling élite in Europe. He is likely to be, in common with most of his countrymen, a Protestant—a man one can look straight in the eye, and do good business with. He stands for sound craftsmanship and honest thrift. Herr Arminius, in fact, is almost an Englishman—or better still, a Scotsman. Is there higher praise?

NO WONDER THAT when the crash came, it came with the force of that "German thunder" Heine had predicted. Suddenly, Herr Arminius was no longer *bieder*, no longer pious and self-effacing and anxious for the world's good opinion. He

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is no longer the "good" German. Indeed, there are no longer any good Germans at all. And here we encounter a strange discrepancy. For if we compare the two "German wars" (to use Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's term), we find that the anti-Germanism of the first, when the Germans were relatively well-behaved, far exceeded that of the second, when the Germans—or a large part of them—deliberately put themselves beyond the pale of European civilisation.[2] Curiously, much of the anti-German propaganda of that time—and it was the British who played Goebbels in the First War, not the unsubtle Ludendorff—was later to come true. There were no soap-making "corpse-factories" in the First World War ("*kadaverfabrik*" can only refer to animals); but in the Second they existed, though with an attempt at concealment, on a vast scale. Similarly, as Professor Fritz Fischer has shown,[3] British claims that the Germans were aiming, if not at world conquest, at least at territorial annexation and economic domination over Europe, have been proved subsequently to be not so far from the fact. There is clearly much to be said, then, for the view that the period 1914–1945 represented a Thirty Years War in the course of which the German nation aimed at *Weltgeltung*, at world great-power status. The roots of this will-to-power go back, as we have seen, to the victory of 1871, to the earlier rise of German industrial power, and not least to the patriotic emotions with which Kleist and the Romantics reacted to the Napoleonic onslaught. But the "good" German of Madame de Staël and Matthew Arnold was no longer the "typical" German. The typical German wanted *geltung*, acceptance as an equal among imperial partners; and it is surely not chance that the very word *geltung* brings to the ear an echo of *vergeltung*, revenge (the V-weapons were *Vergeltungswaffen*). Heine's *Furor Teutonicus*, compared with which the French Revolution would be an idyll, had broken upon us.

So long as the war was on, not much could be done; where pro-Boers had been numerous, pro-Boches were few indeed. Yet the few who held out, most of them pacifist-socialists who saw the war as a feud between rival imperialist powers, were destined to exert an astonishing influence in the post-war period. These were remarkable individuals; yet individual proselytising alone cannot account for the post-war influence of Keynes, Russell, Strachey and so many others.

As we now see it, it was the peace-makers of Versailles who were illogical. Either the Germans were ravening wolves, a constant menace to European civilisation—in which case Clemenceau, Bottomley, and the Teutonophobes were right. Or the aspirations of the Germans were no greater than those of any major European power of the time: they should, accordingly, be permitted their "place in the sun." Neither course was pursued at Versailles. Enough was done, by demands for annexation and reparation, to enrage the Germans; but not enough to destroy their potentially dominant position in the centre of Europe, surrounded by small, divided, often scarcely viable states.

Nor, again, was there a settlement which could be compared with that achieved a century before at the Congress of Vienna. In these two contradictory, but not in themselves implausible critiques of the Versailles treaty we can see the germs, on the one hand, of future Vansittartism and, on the other, of Appeasement. It is by now a truism that it was the "good" elements in British opinion—from pacifist men of good will to liberal realists like Keynes—who saw the folly of the Versailles Treaty.[4] These elements were to be found, politically, on the Left of the political spectrum: the further right, the more intransigent the Hun-hating. It is ironical that, since World War II, the roles have been reversed. After 1945, the further left you went, the more intransigent grew the anti-Germanism; the further right, the willingness to accept the new Germany into the concert of Europe.

The formula on which most commentators have settled boils down to this: that what was right in the 1920s was wrong in the 1930s. Appeasement, intellectually, was certainly a product of the '20s; when it came to be applied, as a government policy, both the style and the moment were wrong. Still, it should be noted that appeasement, originally the conviction of a few, did quickly become the opinion of the majority.

[2] "Halfway through the First World War, to make it go on, it became necessary to make the English hate the Germans 'by lies and propaganda' as they had never hated them before." Robert Graves (author of *Goodbye To All That*), reported in the *Evening Standard*, 23 October 1969.

[3] See *Germany's Aims in the First World War* (Chatto & Windus, 1967) and his recent *Krieg der Illusionen* (1969).

[4] See Martin Gilbert, *The Roots of Appeasement* (1967).

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How does one explain this? If the British had believed their own World War I propaganda, one would think that the image of the good German would have been shattered for ever. But this is to forget that the British, at least in the days of their power, were never good haters. Nor had they good memories. Again, there was a certain sense of guilt. Much of the propaganda was thought to have been overdone. Had not Germany, historically, *saved* Europe from the Huns? And was it not the domination of the Junker class, now apparently broken, that had been responsible for leading the "good Germans" astray? To a certain extent, the image of the good German—the British Tommy had often preferred the Germans he was fighting to the French he was defending—would seem to have survived the torrent of Lord Northcliffe's propaganda. But to say that the average Briton *liked* the Germans would be going too far. The returning trench-fighter might be a great deal less bitter than his non-combatant masters back in Blighty. But that is not to say much. The British had ignored the Germans safely for many centuries; the war being won, they could safely ignore them again.

THE BRITISH returned to their accustomed state of indifference to things German. With the notable exception of the Oxbridge left-wingers, people did not much care what the Germans got up to, provided it did not interfere with them. (It is well to remember that Roy Campbell's "Macspaunday" collective was less dominant, even in the '30s, than now appears: Bloomsbury, Eliot, and Leavis had no use whatever for German *"Kultur."*) Much the same went for the politicians. It was, after all, Winston Churchill who as Chancellor cut British armaments to the bone and instructed his strategists to work on the assumption that no major European war was likely within the next decade. There was also, as Dr. Granzow shows in her study of "British opinion and the emergence of Hitler"[5] a touching faith in "constitutionality," a principle which it was believed Hindenburg could be trusted—even after Brüning's policy of government by decree and Papen's dismissal of the Prussian administration—valiantly to uphold. Dr. Granzow's book shows very clearly that the traditional British attitudes *had* survived. The tone is patronising and, at the same time, fatally reassuring:

> Hitler is not a man but a megaphone. He has a surprising power of making patriotic noises and of shouting in perfect sincerity the most impossible nonsense against Parliaments and Jews and the Young Plan. In himself he is a lightweight.... Hitler is dramatic, violent, and shallow. But to his garish banner he has rallied honest and earnest elements. especially among the splendid young people of the German middle-classes.
> (*Observer*, 20 July 1930)

The notion persists that the body of the German nation is sound—indeed "splendid." The good German, despite Northcliffe, has come into his own again. There are bad elements in Germany—Junkers, agitators, militarists—but the young are on the side of the angels. Indeed: "the large majority of Germans are altogether for the Republic and peace." It is as if the pre-war picture of the Germans as a quiet, musical, *gemütlich*, fundamentally peace-loving people had survived the vicious anti-Hun propaganda of 1914–1918 (from which, incidentally, Hitler and Goebbels were to learn so much). It is also evident that actual knowledge of the condition of Germany—the effects of the Inflation, and then of the Depression, on so many young middle-class people—was very small. That it was precisely these "splendid young people" who were turning to Hitler and were about to help him to his first great electoral victory (in the autumn of 1930) was something that did not enter the minds of the British, left or right. Snobbishness played a part, as did a reckless belief in the constitutional letter of the law. In so far as Hitler's triumph was seen as an ominous pointer, liberal newspapers like the *Manchester Guardian* had already found a moral. It was, characteristically, masochistic: it was really *we* who were to blame:

> It is impossible to excuse Herr Hitler's incoherent campaign to unite the nation in a determination to repudiate its international obligations, but it is impossible also to ignore the essential justice of many of his claims (26 September 1930).

No sooner had the "impossible" Herr Hitler appeared on the horizon than the seeds of appeasement showed their first, shy growth.

THE STORY OF APPEASEMENT has been often, and well, told.[6] By comparison, the story of the growth of anti-appeasement, and of its after-

[5] Brigitte Granzow, *A Mirror of Nazism*. (Gollancz, 1964.)

[6] See Martin Gilbert and Richard Gott, *The Appeasers* (1963), in which Mr. Gilbert is more sharply condemnatory than in his later book.

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effects up to the present day, has been oddly neglected. Intellectually, the problem is simply stated. The English had somehow to be persuaded to perceive the real Hitler, and not a Hitler of their predilections. Dr. Granzow emphasises how difficult this was: there was Hitler "the moderate," Hitler "the lightweight," Hitler "the megaphone," a comic figure performing at the behest of unknown puppet-masters. What very few observers seemed able to concede (right up to 1939, according to Dr. Granzow) was that Hitler was exactly what he claimed to be: the *Führer* of a mass movement, whose collective unconscious he represented, and which was ready to obey his every whim. The *Führerprinzip* was not a slogan: it described precisely how the movement worked—as the invariable failure of all attempts to challenge Hitler's authority soon made plain (Stennes, Otto Strasser, Röhm).

But to ask the British to accept the truth of this was to ask a great deal. It meant giving up all that was implied in the neo-hellenic view of Germany—*Geist*, rationality, Goethean classicism —and accepting the truth of that very different picture of the Germans Heine had drawn in *The Romantic School*. And in as much as it implied doing justice to the daemonic, Dionysiac element in the German soul, this process of understanding meant that Herr Arminius' (and Thomas Mann's) unpolitical pose had to be seen in a far more ambiguous light. Thomas Mann himself had realised this long before the denouement of 1933 (*Mario the Magician, The Magic Mountain, On a German Republic*); and was to give the definitive analysis of where this unpolitical German *Geist* could lead in *Doctor Faustus*. But Thomas Mann was a German, a disciple of Nietzsche, a fellow-wanderer "along the abyss." For the English, the full realisation of the nature of Adolf Hitler and of his hold over a large part of the German people was bound to lead to the abrupt extinction of the "good German," and open the door to an ultra-mephistophelean reappraisal of all things Teutonic.

It would seem that Coleridge had foreseen it all: "There is a nimiety in all Germans. It is the national fault." Indeed. "*Germany belongs to us today/Tomorrow, the whole wide world*" —what are the words of the storm-troopers' famous marching song but the extreme expression in "the world of appearances" of Goethe's Faust's presumptuous "True, I know much; but all things would I know"?

And what of today? Is there still a "*nimiety*" in all Germans, or do they calmly accept their new station (perhaps with better grace than the English?) as a second-rank power growing fat meanwhile on the profits of their second economic miracle under the auspices of their new economic wizard, Dr. Schiller? And what do the English make of it all? Until recently, most observers would probably have qualified the British as anti-German almost to a man. This feeling was at its most frenzied, no doubt, among the intelligentsia—in particular the intelligentsia of the Left. On the Right, and here one must include the moderate labour Right, there was a mood of reluctant realism—certainly not one of enthusiasm. The Berlin problem, the division of Germany: all these were troublesome things, which one would rather be without, but to which one must give mildly sympathetic attention for the sake of some broader harmony (the Common Market, the Atlantic Pact).

And the public mood? It fluctuated between indifference and a readiness (especially among the pre-war generation) to believe the worst. The good German certainly made no comeback;[7] but there was general thankfulness that "the Germans" were not making trouble (when there was trouble, as over Berlin, there was an immediate tendency to put the blame on the Germans). The good German, one might say, had become once again the *quiet* German. True, when Dr. Strauss visited London in May 1969, the old anti-Teutonism raised its head.

> Having wilfully abandoned the British Empire, we are to enter the German Empire instead. It is nothing less than Hitler's New Order which Herr Strauss offers, or rather seeks to impose on us . . .
>
> (A. J. P. Taylor, *Sunday Express*, 25 May).

But most observers were astonished that Herr Strauss—in whom many had detected a nimiety in the past—should have received so unhostile a welcome. If Herr Strauss, the bull of Bavaria, could be received as just another quiet, hard-working German, surely some shift of public opinion must have been taking place, undetected by the pundits?

[7] I may be wrong on this point. *The Times* headed their first leader on Herr Brandt, the day after his election as Chancellor, "A GOOD MAN." How many other statesmen are apostrophised in this way? The Germans, apparently, remain either heroes or villains.

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Is THIS really so? Certainly, there seems little doubt that the Germans have profited from the prevailing Europeanism of most sections of British public opinion. They have profited too, I think, by the workings of the generation gap. It is not merely that Hitler's war has receded in time, and that it is unloved parent-figures who nurse their anti-Germanism—the young are likely to see Western Germany as no more sinful (indeed, perhaps rather less so) than other capitalist nations, such as the United States. But reluctant realism and indifferent tolerance are clearly not going to be enough. Britain and Germany remain the two most powerful components in a reduced Europe. If Britain is bent on a European course, the chart will need to be redrawn. I have argued that one reason for the cultural remoteness of Britain and Germany in the past has been the existence of something like a North–South cultural axis, which has made interchange between the two nations not only both intermittent and incomplete, but also (to use the word Mr. Christopher Sykes charmingly uses for Adam von Trott's troubled relations with his Oxford friends, that paradigm of all Anglo-German relations) constantly "endangered":

> On one occasion A. L. Rowse angrily asked Adam why the Germans were so prone to strident self-assertion, to aggressive emotionalism. . . . And Adam, with perfect honesty and rare insight, replied as follows: "Because unless we live in that way, we feel that we are nothing." Rowse was immensely shocked. He had been angered by Adam's defence of the German character; he was now equally exasperated by this candid self-criticism. The friendship was close to dissolution. (*Troubled Loyalty*, p. 90.)

Anglo-German relationships, then, on the personal or the political plane, are *endangered*. It is, of course, perfectly true that Anglo-French relationships can also be fraught with danger. But that is a different matter. I remember at my English school a rough and not undangerous game in which half of the school lined up at one end of a field and charged the other half, with singular ferocity, with the aim of touching down at the far end. Strangely, the game was called "French and English"—though at the time we were playing it our parents were engaged in the most murderous of all Anglo-German conflicts. In a similar way, the Anglo-French diplomatic conflict is an old game, played hard and yet played with a certain knowledge of and respect for the opponent. The French are admired by many and liked by few: emotion does not play the part it has done in the Anglo-German relationship. There is no *Schwärmerei* and no *Hassliebe*; both sides are out for what they can get, and no quarter is asked or expected. Is such a relationship (*sachlich* would be the German word for it) possible between the British and the Germans? Can the chart be re-drawn, at this late date, so that a two-way channel of communication—to put it at its lowest—remains open between the two countries?

AT THE GOVERNMENTAL LEVEL relations between the two countries today are perhaps as good as they have ever been. Indeed, there exists an—on the face of it—rather surprising presumption that the Germans are "on our side"—in particular against the intransigent French. And this presumption has survived despite the obvious reluctance of the Germans to stand up to the French, in particular over the issue of Britain's entry into the Common Market. Now the General is gone, and Herr Brandt has arrived, things may be different. Or again, they may not—for the reluctance to play an activist role within the alliance seems to run very deep among the present generation of German leaders. But governmental accord will be of no avail if the public opinion of each country is at variance with the establishment view. It is easier, here, to answer for the Germans. There is no doubt that German opinion of all shades is anxious to see Britain in Europe —and for the best of reasons. For all her economic weakness, Britain remains *the* democracy. In political terms, her long-term stability is something which cannot be matched by Italy, France, or Germany—and, after the events of 1968, that is not unimportant. For almost all Germans this remains a priceless asset, to which the scientific-technological dowry that Britain can bring with her runs a good second. The wish to be "good friends" with England has existed in Germany since long before she became a nation; it has been frustrated, not least by the Germans themselves, but it persists. It seems likely that it will grow in direct proportion to the degree to which the British are willing to indulge it.

It is when one considers popular opinion that the doubts creep in. The present high level of tolerance is surely based at least as much on indifference as on considerations of national self-interest. So long as the Germans are not troublesome, they disappear from the headlines and the

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public is well satisfied. But can the Germans be relied upon not to be "troublesome"? Surely not. For the closer Britain moves to Europe, the more she will inherit Europe's troubles, and the chief of these is precisely the division of Germany. The British, having shaken off the troubles of Aden and Malaysia, will wake up one fine day to find the German problem on their doorstep. What will their response be? To judge from past form, this is the point at which anti-German reactions become tense in this country. Yet the Germans, in so far as they desire re-unification, are bound to plead guilty to the charge of *patriotism*. And if one thing is clear from the controversy over von Trott and his circle, it is that patriotic Englishmen are not prepared to concede even a normal degree of patriotism to Germans. It is the fear, once again, of *nimiety*. Patriotism, in the case of the Germans, is nationalism (and to say nationalism is as good as to say neo-Nazism). Yet what the British are being asked to do is in effect to underwrite German—as also Italian or French—*patriotism*. It is hardly surprising that few Britons have chosen to see the matter in this light.

ADMITTEDLY, IT IS A LOT TO ASK. But to ask for less is to shirk the deeper problems of European unity. That the Macmillan government did just that is now generally agreed; and the same charge will almost certainly be laid against the Wilson administration. Yet, given the precarious state of popular opinion, what else could have been expected? And are the British entirely wrong, in any case, in their sceptical view of the Germans? Five years ago, I asked a German Professor of Politics, a returned refugee with great sensitivity to the mood of young people, what he took to be the present trend of opinion. He replied that he found a newly awakened patriotism among the young, much concerned with East Germany, and as strong on the Left as on the Right. Recently, during the student troubles, I reminded him of his prediction. Yes, he confessed, he had been wrong; things had taken a different turn, and leftist internationalism was now all the rage.

Should one be alarmed, I wondered, at this sudden change of direction? On the face of it, not: for it represents a turn from nationalism to internationalism, from something held to be profoundly dangerous to something apparently more reassuring. But what is likely to strike the average Englishman is not the direction, but the underlying *instability* of mood suggested by this example. How can he tell what will be the prevailing mood in five or ten years time? After all, the German students have been demonstrating to the full that nimiety in the national character of which foreigners have always been uneasily aware—though one should add that German student agitation (unlike in the United States) appears to have affected the democratic electoral process not a jot.

There is, perhaps, another reassuring note in the recent events. For the Germans, instead of moving against the main trend of European history as in the past, are now behaving very much like other Europeans. That there will one day be a German patriotism again is something we shall have to allow for and be prepared to tolerate. But there is no longer a "German ideology," a mode of thinking (like Adam von Trott's Hegelianism) that is impenetrable, and even repellent, to other Europeans. Germany's problems are very much the problems of any advanced industrial state, and strikingly similar to those of Britain, a middle-sized power with much the same possibilities and limitations. It is perhaps the rapid realisation of this in West Germany, and the rather slower realisation of it in Great Britain, that offers the best chance of healing our much-endangered relationship.

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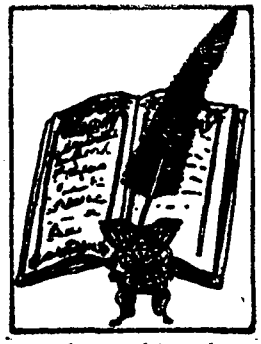

Column

IN A LETTER on another page of ENCOUNTER, Professor Noam Chomsky takes me to task for what he thinks the distorted account of his political position which I gave recently in this column. I am sorry if I have been unfair to Professor Chomsky, whom I greatly admire for his work in linguistics; and at the same time I am not at all surprised that he should complain of my treatment of him. If one tries to summarise in a few sentences the views of a political publicist who writes and speaks as copiously as Professor Chomsky, one will almost certainly neglect some aspects of his thought in favour of what one takes to be its most characteristic and consistent features. After all, Hitler sometimes spoke like a man of compassion; Nietzsche sometimes praised the virtues of Christianity; one would be foolish to think that such moments conveyed the essence of what they had to say.

From this point of view, I really do not think that Professor Chomsky has much ground for complaint. He has so repeatedly and virulently condemned American foreign policy, in dogmatic and absolute terms that admit of no discussion; and he has so strongly insisted (most recently in the *New Left Review*, Oct. 1969, pp. 21–34) that it is the inevitable reflection of a "senseless, irrational and predatory economy," of a "criminal society," that it is a little late now to claim that what he really meant was to extol the freedom with which America endows the intellectual, and the political influence which this gives him. To Professor Chomsky, American democracy, as it actually functions today, is a wicked and evil force, and American intellectuals are, except in so far as they agree with Professor Chomsky, so totally involved in the military-technological establishment which controls it that they refuse to exploit the freedoms which are available to them. Their guilt is thus compounded. Free to be virtuous with Professor Chomsky, they prefer to sin with Kennedy and L.B.J. and Nixon and the criminal society of which they are the ideological agents. *Corruptio optimi pessima.*

So much so indeed that, for Professor Chomsky, it is not merely futile but degrading to argue or discuss with them the issues which lie closest to his heart, in particular the war in Viet Nam.

> By entering into the arena of argument and counter-argument, of technical feasibility and tactics, of footnotes and citations, by accepting the presumption of legitimacy of debate on certain issues, one has already lost one's humanity. This is the feeling I find almost impossible to repress when going through the motions of building a case against the American war in Viet Nam.

After such words, I feel almost guilty in having provoked Professor Chomsky to discuss "footnotes and citations." Does he not fear to lose his humanity? Perhaps it makes all the difference that here it is Professor Chomsky's own words which are in question, and not Professor Arthur Schlesinger's or Professor Gabriel Jackson's or those of all the other liberal scholars whom he castigates with such withering scorn in his essay on "Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship." Yet alas! his letter seems to me strangely lacking in the kind of candour which one might expect from a writer of such delicate moral sensibility as Professor Chomsky. I have not yet compared the first with the second American printing or the British edition of *American Power and the New Mandarins*, but I hope that in them he has made a better job of amending his garbled "quotation" from Harry Truman than he does in his letter.

For even now he seems unable to get the President's words right, though he must presumably have verified them, so that his letter hardly removes my doubts of the Professor's good faith. What President Truman actually said was: "Freedom of worship—freedom of speech—freedom of enterprise. It must be true that the first two of these freedoms are related to the third." As Professor Chomsky now confesses, his original version of Truman's words came not from Truman at all, but from a paraphrase in a book by D. F. Fleming; for his new version he offers no source at all. Is it too strong a word to say that he has invented it?

Now one might easily feel that it is really degrading to have to discuss footnotes and citations in this way; though not, perhaps, in quite the sense that Professor Chomsky intended. But what seems equally objectionable is the obduracy with which Professor Chomsky goes on to claim that, despite his "careless and inexcusable error" in misquoting Truman's words, the interpretation placed upon the speech in which they occurred remains valid, indeed "accurate and perceptive." For the speech in question was an appeal by Truman for economic internationalism and the re-establishment of world trade, and it was specifically directed against the resurgence of protectionism and economic nationalism among American businessmen. By no stretch of the imagination could Truman be held to be saying that "The whole world should adopt the American system" or that "The American system

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can survive in America only if it becomes a world system." Those were neither Truman's words nor what he meant, and distortion could hardly go further. Couldn't I plead with Professor Chomsky to cut the whole wretched passage out of his book?

Lastly, Korea. On page 4 of *American Power and the New Mandarins* I read: "Three times in a generation American technology has laid waste a helpless Asian country," and in case one might have difficulty in identifying the victims Professor Chomsky makes it clear that he means Japan, Korea, and Viet Nam. Now it would be possible to argue (though I think it would be false) that Viet Nam was a helpless Asian country; and whether it is or not, it would be possible to hold, as I do, that American policy in Viet Nam has been a colossal error. It would be harder to argue that Korea was helpless or that America was exclusively responsible for the Korean war; but hardest of all, I think, to argue that Japan was a helpless victim of aggression or that the war against Japan was a purely American concern. Certainly I know of no Englishman who would regard either of these last two propositions as having the slightest relation to reality.

It is precisely because Professor Chomsky so dogmatically equates and confounds entirely distinct historical circumstances, different in themselves and arising out of different historical situations, that I think that in such matters he takes leave of rational discourse. Of course, he has to do this if he is to prove his underlying thesis that American policy in Asia has followed a consistent pattern dictated by the uncontrollable aggressive drives of American economic imperialism; but that doesn't make his procedure any more rational or his thesis any more plausible.

THE TROUBLE WITH Professor Chomsky is that his view of American policy in Asia is determined, not by the facts of the case, but by a prior belief, which is essentially a moral and emotional one, in the inherent evil of the American power structure. I deplore his approach, not merely because I think it hinders, rather than advances, the cause which, strangely enough, both Professor Chomsky and I have at heart; that is to say, the earliest possible termination of the war in Viet Nam. For if the end of the war is to be achieved in the foreseeable future, it will be as the result of the pressure brought upon the American government, not by those who believe that America pursues evil in Asia because it is in her nature to do so, but by ordinary Americans who have come to see American policy in Viet Nam as a perversion, not a revelation, of what America really is. The millions of Americans who took part in "the Moratorium" last month will not be strengthened in their opposition to the war by being told that it is, after all, only the logical conclusion of a policy which America pursued equally in Japan and Korea, nor will others be persuaded to join them. They might even be persuaded that, if this is really the case, there must be something to be said for the war in Viet Nam (as, according to even the latest Gallup Poll, a majority still do.)

I deplore Professor Chomsky's almost hysterically moralistic attitude also because, as it seems to me, it offers a kind of mirror image of the approach to problems of foreign policy which has led America into her most grievous mistakes in Viet Nam. The difference is only that where cold war warriors see white, Professor Chomsky sees black, and *vice versa*; but both see the war as essentially a conflict between good and evil, like some mythological war in heaven between angels and demons.

Professor Chomsky's view is the obverse of that which sees any conflict in which America is involved as a war against the powers of darkness and ignorance which resist America's mission to civilise the world. Mr. George Kennan has long ago pointed out the fatal influence which this has had on American foreign policy; but its opposite is no less tragic. And neither can offer a basis for peace, because neither can admit that there is any middle ground between victory and defeat; how can good make peace with evil? Peace, if and when it comes, will not be the work of ideologues and moralists for whom everything is in black and white; it will be the result of a protracted process of negotiation, discussion, argument, debate, compromise; all those procedures in fact which Professor Chomsky, from his lofty moral eminence, despises most. For the peace-makers there can be no issue on which the legitimacy of debate is suspended.

*

THE PUBLICATION of Christopher Booker's *The Neophiliacs* has attracted considerable attention; and this is as it should be, for the book has an interesting theme to expound and Mr. Booker has worked very hard to make the best possible case for it. Only, unfortunately, in doing so he has chosen, or has been driven, to raise a slightly crazy ideological structure which obscures rather than enhances the very real merits his book possesses.

For Mr. Booker has not been content to compile an extremely well documented anthology of some of the more startling idiocies of our time, of a kind which would have given intense pleasure to Flaubert and would provide the

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material for a modern *Bouvard et Pécuchet* of the contemporary intellectual world. This he has done admirably; but it has not been enough for him to expose folly, he has also tried to explain it, and this has led him to put forward the theory that between 1955 and 1965 England underwent a kind of collective trauma, which he divides into six distinct phases, from which we are only now gradually waking into reality.

I can find very little objective reason for believing Mr. Booker's theory to be true, and indeed it is the kind of theory for which it would be impossible to find objective verification. But in reading his book I was frequently reminded that others before Mr. Booker have believed that man's life, and history itself, runs in cycles which, if we have sufficient insight into the *Spiritus Mundi*, we can calculate accurately and precisely; and others also have believed that such cycles are related to the night-side, the strictly lunatic, or what Mr. Booker calls the *Nyktomorphic*, aspect of our lives. I kept thinking in particular of Yeats' poem, *The Phases of the Moon*:

Twenty-and-eight the phases of the moon,
The full and the moon's dark and all the crescents,
Twenty-and-eight, and yet but six-and-twenty
The cradles that a man must needs be rocked in:
For there's no human life at the full or the dark.

Mr. Booker seems to share Yeats' belief that our lives are our dreams working themselves out, so that we become phantoms in the mind of the brooding spirit whose fantasies we are. But a belief that can achieve grandeur and nobility in the words of a great poet can also become ridiculous in what is strictly speaking a work of sociology. Yeats' vision of the eternally repeated cycle of human history embraced all of man's most ancient and most modern myths; in the moon's twelfth phase:

Athena takes Achilles by the hair,
Hector is in the dust, Nietzsche is born,
Because the hero's crescent is the twelfth.

Mr. Booker's cycle is concentrated into one decade of the recent past, and the gods and goddesses of his mythology are pop stars, pop painters, pop personalities, pop interior decorators and pop Royalties. At the end of his book he gives a list of the 200 people who form the *dramatis personae* of his dream cycle; it reads like a *Who's Who* of the fashion and entertainment business.

With such material Mr. Booker tries very hard to convince us that during the 1950s and '60s a genuine revolution took place in English life. But what kind of revolution was it whose Robespierre and Danton were Kenneth Tynan and Francis Wyndham, whose Philippe Egalité was Lord Snowden, and whose Madame Roland was Mary Quant? And whose Voltaire was Malcolm Muggeridge? Most of all, what is one to think of a revolution which was played out in the pages of *Queen* and *The Observer* but left English political institutions, her class structure, her property relations totally unchanged?

One would have to conclude that it was, at most, a *Schein-revolution*, a matter entirely of fashion and style, in which people changed their ideas as they changed their interior decoration. With the best will in the world it is impossible to accept Mr. Booker's thesis that it was a profound stirring of England's spiritual and emotional depths, repeating a cycle of Fantasy, Dream, Frustration, Nightmare, Death Wish and Fade into Reality, which according to him is the classical pattern of revolution in the modern age. It is equally difficult to follow Mr. Booker in his account of the Reality which we are now Fading Into, a kind of Muggeridgean Christianity which has in fact, in the *Sunday Telegraph* and in *The Spectator*, given its papal blessing to his book. Reading it, I was reminded that for Yeats Christianity itself was only a part of the lunar cycle of history:

The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Somehow I do not find it absurd to believe that Yeats' Rough Beast has indeed revealed itself in our time; I do find it wholly absurd to think that it manifested itself in the form, however disagreeable, of David Frost or any other of Mr. Booker's revolutionaries. And even I, who have few claims to be a Christian, find it blasphemous as well as ridiculous to suggest, as Mr. Booker does, that Christ came into the world to save us from Tynan. Mr. Booker must have got Him mixed up with Malcolm M.

R

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D. M. Thomas

Aldershot Wives

Adventurers conscripted by bright adverts,

they too keep their square; all round the perimeter of
Montgomery Road, Alexander Drive, Haig Avenue and Wellington Road,
the colours of their regiment hang bravely, red
and white and blue,
in ten thousand gardens.
Grey-uniformed, the houses stand, stolid, on parade
always ready for inspection; the gas-stoves
blanco'd, floors polished like fire-
extinguishers. They too are fighting a war, though

they have not yet identified the enemy. Much laughter
in the Naafi stores disguises uneasiness, a sixth-sense
of defeat. A fifth-column lurks, a traitor, the war of nerves,
of waiting; the
repetitive manoeuvres,
making life by numbers. The dusty road, Officers
and Other Ranks, floated by childish shouts, are a
Troy of slow private pyres, a Thermopylae
of neurosis, a Somme of costly small advances

and withdrawals. The longed-for foreign posting is an
Arnhem; hoping to take the enemy by surprise, they find
that they are floating down into desert or rice-fields,
but still encased,
pincered, in their own skin, and
habits, and habits of others, collected obsessively
over the years like cigarette-
coupons. They must land to a
withering crossfire of them-

selves. Even when summer signals shirtsleeve order, the swim-
suited wives are still under siege. Their task, clinging like
identity-discs, to prime the weapons who prime the
weapons, to take
them, shot and dirty, in
the afternoon, pull them through in the silently
diligent bedspaces of the night,
and send them out shining and highmorale-ed
for the morning muster. Four tarnished letters in

Quo fas et gloria ducunt, are the k-rations of sex.
No rescue-column, flamboyant and bugled, will come spurring
kicking up the sandgrain houses of the Thames Valley,
to rescue them;
or if they do, they'll find
that the defiant phalanx of bayonet-aerials
jutting over the battlements, glinting,
are held up by uncanny silence,
a gallant stratagem, a last beau geste.

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THEATRE

Life & Death of the Common Man

By John Weightman

IT IS NOT OFTEN that one sees, on successive evenings, two new plays such as Peter Nichols' *The National Health* (Old Vic) and David Storey's *The Contractor* (Royal Court), capable of warming the cockles of the heart, that fragile pump which, unaccountably and contrary to what one might have expected from the early publicity brochure, is not covered by a 70-year guarantee. Indeed, the Supplier is remarkably unreliable as regards all the parts. As I feel the cockles of my heart warm up, I wonder if my liver and my prostate gland will stand the strain. My hair and my teeth are little more than a memory; according to the optician, my eyes parted company some time ago; a cough shatters my aching lungs and is echoed collectively throughout the theatre. This is what is called the prime of life, when the mature brain is at one with the disciplined body. Why, then, do I have the impression of travelling inside a ramshackle vehicle which keeps losing its bits as we proceed along life's interesting way? If only, like G. B. Shaw, I could feel that I was part of the Great Whole, and that the universe was doing something significant, even though inscrutable, with my puny identity.

The reason why I warm to Mr. Nichols and Mr. Storey is that, unless I am much mistaken, their plays are inspired by just such a dumb wonderment about the purpose of it all. Mr. Nichols sets his action inside the men's ward of a hospital, where seven patients are shown in various stages of physical and mental decline, being looked after by nurses and doctors with that brisk, impersonal amiability which brings tears to the eyes when one is subject to it oneself. Outside hospital, a man has a social personality and can, to some extent, draw a veil over his physical inadequacies; he can also, up to a point, choose his associates. But in a hospital ward, he is primarily a body, which is openly discussed and lectured about with the help of slides, as only one interchangeable instance among many. In a sense, this is strangely satisfying, since you feel like a parcel that was posted by Life at a given point, and that you yourself are no longer responsible for the date and hour of delivery; the initiative can be left to the National Health Service. At the same time, it is disturbing to find that one's social personality has largely evaporated and that one nevertheless has to make conversation with a lot of people, with whom one may have little in common except the general human condition. The real contact is with the other patients, because the doctors and nurses, however good, cannot see their charges as individuals; they can only assess their amenability or obstreperousness as bodies requiring treatment (except, perhaps, in those rare cases where a susceptible nurse becomes interested in a handsome young man), and so they adopt a professional manner which irons out all remaining differences. The cheeriness of the nurses, the severity of Sister, the regal banality of Matron, the urgent style of the Great Surgeon, who charges in with his aides-de-camp like a Napoleonic marshal inspecting the field of battle, the trance-like exhaustion of the houseman—all these things are marvellously stereotyped and provide a ready-made theatre of personae, if one has the strength to enjoy it.

Mr. Nichols puts these points on to the stage quite excellently, rather in the "Carry-On" manner, but without the commercial squeamishness of the "Carry-On" films. The patient with stomach cancer actually rants and raves until he is silenced by an injection; the neurotic homosexual with a duodenal ulcer, muttering over his basket-work, builds up a genuine vista of desolation; the senile are senile and then, during a brief period, recover a semblance of humanity. Mr. Nichols has somehow solved the problem of making boring, suffering people both funny and touching, without turning them into caricatures or departing from the immediate truth in any way. I could not detect a single false note or exaggeration; even his satire on the religious visitations in the ward—a jolly West Indian

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parson who crosses the dead off his list with gusto, and a wraith-like dowager fluting a simple version of the Gospel—which may seem excessive to someone who has never been in hospital, corresponds exactly to my experience. I only wonder why he missed out the comedy of physiotherapy sessions and the raucousness of the ex-prostitute in charge of the newspaper trolley.

HOWEVER, I THINK his play has two weaknesses. In the first place, he strains too hard to offset the grimness of life in the ward by interpolating comic scenes which parody *Dr. Kildare* and *Dr. Findlay*. These are introduced by a medical orderly (Jim Dale), who acts as a kind of Mephistophelean chorus or master of ceremonies. It is a splendid idea to give the most intense vitality to the man whose job it is to lay out the dead, and Mr. Dale plays the part to perfection. But the jokes in the parodic scenes are much too feeble, and are too transparently brought in as light relief. It would be quite enough to have Mr. Dale on his own each time to make some diabolic comment on the relationship between life and death, and perhaps to expatiate bawdily on the hospital at large. He has, in fact, one or two excellent scenes of this kind which could have been developed. The parodies cheapen the whole effect and spoil the end with a clutter of dancing and noise.

Secondly, as the play stands, it can hardly be said to have any artistic centre of gravity. It is, in no sense, a satire on the National Health Service, which is shown as functioning quite efficiently. There are moments when things get out of hand, but this is bound to happen in the best-regulated system, and I cannot imagine that Mr. Nichols is making a political point. One of my own real-life memories of hospital is a tragi-comic scene in which an exhausted houseman, who had forgotten to get the patient's signature before a massive abdominal operation, had to read out the ghastly document in a loud voice and at break-neck speed before the unfortunate man succumbed to sedation; I would not, however, breathe a word of criticism of that hospital. "The National Health" is, presumably, an ironic title meaning the universal sickness of man. If this sickness is seen against a background of total agnosticism, it is difficult to put into a positive metaphysical perspective, but there is all the greater need to find some aesthetic pattern. An amplification of Mr. Dale's Mephistophelean part might have solved the problem. If you want to accuse the universe, which is basically what Mr. Nichols is doing, you have to fall back on the devil. Perhaps he actually intends the final dance as a diabolical *danse macabre*, but it doesn't come over as such.

IN *THE CONTRACTOR*, Mr. Storey too is dealing with a collective situation and trying to give the flavour of life as it is lived from minute to minute by average, unremarkable people. His characters, instead of being patients in a hospital, are workmen assembled in the grounds of a Yorkshire mansion, or at least "big house," to put up a marquee for the wedding of the boss' daughter. The tent is erected in Act I; the floor is laid and the interior is decorated in Act II; then the whole thing is dismantled, after the wedding, in Act III. This is a brilliant piece of stage-craft which means, I suppose, that the play can never be performed by amateurs or provincial repertory companies, because they would have great difficulty in achieving the manual skill and precise timing which make Lindsay Anderson's direction at the Royal Court so remarkable. The tent invades the stage and, in a sense, is the most prominent character in the play, like the chairs in Ionesco's *Les Chaises* or the corpse in *Amédée*. But the intention is only obliquely absurdist. The tent is really a symbol of collective achievement; it rises from the ground and embodies such perfection as it is capable of, in spite of the bickering and the personal inadequacies of the individuals who are doing the job. Looking at the finished object, without having heard the dialogue, one could not guess at the conflicting emotions which accompanied its construction. This is a poetic mystery which clings to all man-made objects; faced with any fairly elaborate arrangement of material—the Roman Wall, for instance—we sense that it is a silent token of non-recoverable truth. Mr. Storey gives us the truth, or at least a good part of it, along with the creation of the object, and yet we see that the truth slides off the object, as it were, through the constant erosion of time, leaving only the object itself in what a 19th-century philosopher would no doubt have called its enigmatic quiddity. This is a beautifully realised conception, whether Mr. Storey intended it consciously or not.

At the same time, the tent can be taken as a symbol of the tragic pointlessness of human endeavour. It has been made in the factory belonging to the boss, a disillusioned self-made man, who is going through the social motions expected of him by having a grand reception, without being in any sense a snob. He has a grudging respect for objects and for the well-finished job, but he is also touched by philosophical unease. He insists on the task being well done, but he doesn't really know why, and in this he differs from his aged father, a superannuated rope-maker, who wanders round with bits of rope and the simple conviction that the making of rope was a complete way of life. The boss' son is different again from him and,

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after a university education, has opted out of responsibility altogether in favour of a wandering existence. So, in two generations, the transition has been made from total identification with a craft, through commercial success, to total alienation. Nevertheless, the tent goes up as a social gesture that no one fully believes in, and its frivolous decorations do not correspond to any definite taste. Then, it is soiled and torn by the wedding—more or less raped, in fact, by the unseen strangers for whom it had been prepared—and it is dismantled again as if it had never existed.

A third purpose of the tent is to allow the workmen, the boss and the boss' family to talk to each other as the work proceeds. Mr. Storey is just as good as Mr. Nichols at catching the exact ring and movement of uneducated, non-intellectual dialogue. Points that could not be made consecutively arise naturally from the rhythms of work, or from the constant attempts to avoid work. And again, people who might be expected to be boring are made extremely interesting. The fluent Irish bully and his side-kick, the half-wit who knows he is a half-wit, the ex-jail bird, the resentful weakling, in short a group of unemployables are dragooned into activity by the boss, who feels no social superiority but is as affectionately contemptuous as an American Southerner dealing patriarchally with Negroes.

It is clear that no one has any particular interest in the job in hand, and yet it gets done to a running fire of conversation which expresses the workmen's need to get some entertainment out of the situation by bullying and bawdy and to maintain their dignity in their own eyes, even though they know themselves to be the lowest of the low. Being at the bottom of the social scale, they are dimly conscious of enjoying the freedom which comes from the impossibility of sinking any further, and so they can talk back to the boss. Yet they have no solidarity against him, and their internal skirmishes with each other are more important than their relationship to him. The acting of these various parts is quite impeccable and avoids the usual pitfalls of broad humour or quaintness. I don't think I have ever seen a better realistic performance.

Yet in spite of the praise I have just lavished upon it, the play as a whole leaves me rather dissatisfied. Something is missing. As my memory probes the structure, I think I feel a softness in the treatment of the boss' alienated son and his slightly genteel family. It is true that people who have risen out of the working class often produce an impression of unreality or indefiniteness because their social contours have dissolved, and I suppose that Mr. Storey couldn't bring himself to put yet another ranting, alienated hero on the stage. In the first two acts he keeps hinting at stresses and strains within the family which one expects to be made explicit in the final act, when the latent hostility between the workmen bursts out most crudely. Instead, everything remains vague, as if Mr. Storey had been seduced by the idea of some latter-day *théâtre du silence*, and the son drifts away again without his attitude ever having become clear. It is almost as if the play were the first episode in a serial, to be amplified in later instalments.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Paris

Decline of the French Left

AT THE END OF the War, during which the greater part of the French Right compromised itself with Vichy, the Left in France was practically everything. Today, twenty-five years later, it is practically nothing. How has that come about? During this quarter-of-a-century France has undergone a tremendous transformation: its industry is more modern, its commerce more rationalised, its agricultural economy less overpopulated and more profitable —a metamorphosis the details of which have been well described in *The New French Revolution* by John Ardagh.[1] Left-wing publicists and theorists such as Serge Mallet have written books with titles such as *The New Peasants* and *The New Workers*, thus indicating the change to a more productive and more efficient society. While the middle class was formerly predominantly represented by small traders and business men, artisans, and small and medium manufacturers who banded together to resist the demands of productivity and price reductions—big industry often reacted in exactly the same way—today there is a broad middle sector of experts and technocrats who think about profitability, rationalisation, and planning. Under both the Fourth and the Fifth Republics there has been a mixture of private and state economy, of free market and planning. The Renault works are an example of efficient state industry; Jean Monnet created a type of elastic, "concerted" planning which experts from other countries came to study.

The first puzzling fact that confronts us is that a country that has felt the spur of progress, that has become aware of the deficiencies and backwardness of a traditional, autocratic capitalism and, broadly speaking, has made considerable advances along the road to a modern industrial and welfare society has, unlike all the other democratic nations in Europe, failed to develop a strong Social Democratic party capable of acting either as an effective opposition or as partner or principal in a national government. What we see instead is a weakened and, so far as the non-Communist part of it is concerned, numerically greatly reduced and divided Left that has been more unprepared and more helpless in the face of each and every crisis of the régime that it opposes—until the disaster in the parliamentary elections of 1968. In the second round of the recent presidential election, it was unable even to present itself as an opponent.

Whatever crisis of ideology or policy there may be in the reformist movements in other societies, France is a special case. Her economic and social development is far from being so different from that of other European nations as is her political development, as expressed in the two phenomena of Gaullism and the powerless Left.

There is also another factor that makes this weightlessness of the Left seem a kind of negative political miracle to the foreign observer, namely the fact that both to Karl Marx and to contemporaries of the revolution of May 1968 France was the country *par excellence* of the Great Revolution of the Left. That was what it was from 1789 right through 1830 and 1848, and from the Paris Commune to the Popular Front of 1936, the nationalisations and social reforms of the post-1944 governments, and finally the May riots, associated with the great and well-disciplined general strike.

Left-wing revolutionism is a living tradition in France; even arch-conservative parties include the word *gauche* in their names. Gaullists do not want to sit on the right in the National Assembly; some Gaullist groups call themselves left-wing Gaullists, but no one has yet described himself as a right-wing Gaullist.

And now we have seen a presidential election in which the four Left-wing candidates together failed to attract one-third of the votes (and that in the absence of de Gaulle, who always managed personally to attract many Left-wing voters). Is this a chance, an accident, a passing eclipse, after which the light of Left-wing ideas and hopes will soon illuminate France again? Anyone who has been just as surprised by the dramatic changes in France during the past few years as any "non-specialist" will carefully refrain from making prophecies. Let me therefore not try to read the future, but restrict myself to what has happened before our eyes.

THERE IS, in the first place, the Socialist Party, which until recently archaically described itself as the *SFIO*, an abbreviation for "French Section of the Workers' International," and in the immediate post-war period seemed to have legitimate hopes of successfully competing with

[1] Secker & Warburg, 84s.

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the Communists. It has undergone a gradual and—with a few exceptions, as in 1956—steady decline from 23% to 5% of the vote, and even if this last figure—representing the votes cast for Gaston Defferre against Pompidou—is not to be regarded as valid because many Socialists voted for the centre candidate (Alain Poher) while others voted for other Left candidates, it has lost nearly three-quarters of its vote. What was the cause of this?

If we regard political developments as being attributable, not only to the working of anonymous social forces, but also to decisions made by individuals in positions of political power, it is tempting to put the chief blame on Guy Mollet, the secretary-general of the *SFIO* since August 1945. Mollet, an English language teacher from Arras (the mayor of which he has been for many years), originally prevailed against the candidate supported by the great and prestigious Socialist leader Léon Blum. The radical policy for which he then stood was a *rapprochement* with the Communists, repudiation of opportunism and reformism and resistance to the menace of *embourgeoisement*. Since then, however, he has himself contracted electoral alliances at Arras with the Radical Socialists (1956), the Gaullists (1958), the Communists (1962), the Popular Republican Party, the *MRP* (1965), and again with the Communists (1967). He is sharp and caustic in his comments on other parties. Of the Communists he has said: "They are not Left of us but East of us," and of the *MRP*: "This party should simply not exist." His, too, is the often quoted phrase: "Our Right is the stupidest in the world." Of any Socialist who opposed him he would say that the man was nothing but owed everything to the party, and of other politicians that, in so far as they did not belong to the *SFIO*, they were at most "second best." Of Pierre Mendès-France he delivered himself of the pronouncement that "he is not one of us, but he is the best of the rest. . . ." (*"Il n'est pas des nôtres, mais le meilleur des autres."*)

Under the Fourth Republic Mollet was five times entrusted with the task of trying to form a government, but only once, in February 1956, did he become Prime Minister; and during his period of office the capitulation to the French settlers in Algeria and the Suez expedition took place. In 1958 he played the decisive part in overthrowing the last Prime Minister of the Fourth Republic—Pflimlin—and bringing about the advent of General de Gaulle. Before the presidential election of 1965 he engineered the failure of the campaign to put forward Gaston Defferre, the Socialist mayor of Marseilles, as candidate and tried to secure support for the liberal Pinay before declaring himself satisfied

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An Analysis of Mental Phenomena

D. C. DENNETT *Assistant Professor of Philosophy, University of California, Irvine* attempts to merge scientific and philosophic approaches to the analysis of mental phenomena, a merging which the author believes must be achieved before there can be a genuine analysis of the mind.
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with Mitterand as a "unity" candidate. In the latest campaign he again first tried to block Defferre's candidature and then did all in his power to weaken him. For him there are three kinds of possible political allies. In presidential elections they can be sought on the Right; in parliamentary elections the favourites are the Communists; and when it comes to forming a government they are unspecified. This is not so much guile as the reflection of a definite French electoral logic, in which he is taken to be an undisputed expert.

Five days after he became Prime Minister he recalled General Catroux, the liberal Resident in Algeria, whom he had just appointed, and replaced him by the narrowly nationalistic Socialist Robert Lacoste, who looked only to the French settlers. But he was not the first Socialist whose only view of *décolonisation* was stubborn resistance to it. There was never a group of French Socialists similar to the Fabians in the British Labour Party who thought out the problems of Empire. Conversations with the Vietnamese were broken off under the Socialist Minister Marius Moutet; and under the Socialist Resident in Algiers Naegelen the elections were so blatantly manipulated by the administration that many Algerians who had hitherto been *assimilationistes* were turned into rebels.

It took a Nationalist general coming from the Right to carry out the *décolonisation* in face of which the *SFIO* failed completely, not least because it had many members in Algeria among French officials, particularly the police, but had no idea how to respond to the slogans of the *fellagha*. The first attempt at a policy of understanding in relation to the Algerians was made by Pierre Mendès-France, who ended the Viet Nam war and instituted a policy of reconciliation with Tunisia. He was supported by Gaullists such as the Minister Fouchet, and by Marshal Juin, while Guy Mollet forbade Socialists who were willing to do so to enter the only reform-minded government of the Fourth Republic.

Mollet is characterised, not only by this lack of any great reform policy, but also by a combination of practical opportunism with unchanged revolutionary doctrine. The *SFIO* is the only great Social Democratic party that has not had a "Godesberg" (to use the German formula), *i.e.*, has not revised its programme or changed its outlook; only a few years ago a circular on party doctrine by the—now retiring—secretary-general, stated: "He who wishes to think anew has no place in our party."

It is this association of extreme flexibility in practical politics—in the name of "Saving the Republic"—with extreme rigidity in doctrine—in the name of "loyalty to Socialism"—that distinguishes Guy Mollet from great Socialist leaders of the past, such as Jean Jaurès or Léon Blum. He is, however, no dictator, but a man of the party machine; and he is supported above all by the northern federation of the party. He has had continually to cope with sectional struggles and rivalries of all sorts, and in the process has driven many of its best minds, such as André Philip, into the Left-wing Socialist *PSU*; these men are thus, in practice, lost to politics, because the only part so far played in them by these splinter groups has been to diminish the total representation of the Left by putting forward their own minority candidates.

So the crisis of the Socialists can certainly not be explained away by the limitations of a single individual who—unlike a de Gaulle or a Mendès-France—has no "untypical" characteristics. Before the first vote in the presidential election, Mauroy (Mollet's designated successor), hastened to announce that, though the Socialists would vote for Alain Poher, they would in no circumstances help him to form a government. Thus the French electorate was informed that, while the party desired to destroy a political order, it had no intention of substituting another one for it. So the spirit of Guy Mollet, if it can be called that, survives his power in the political machine.

In July, Pierre Mauroy was not elected as successor of Guy Mollet as everybody had expected. Instead Alain Savary was chosen, a man of great integrity who in his twenties had been the Gaullist governor of St. Pierre et Miquelon (at the time when these islands were at the centre of a tension between de Gaulle and the U.S.A.). He had resigned over North African policies from Guy Mollet's government and later from his party. Savary was elected by 31 against 29 votes, a precarious victory due—it was said—to the support of Mollet himself. The time is apparently not yet ripe for the Socialist Party to start regaining lost prestige.

THE OTHER AND QUITE DIFFERENT problem of the Left is the only slightly diminished strength of the Communist Party which —unlike the Italian comrades—recently demonstrated its unswerving loyalty to the Soviet Union and put forward a very successful candidate for the Presidency of the Republic in the person of the experienced parliamentarian and veteran Stalinist Jacques Duclos, who secured twice as many votes as the public opinion polls expected and more than twice as many as the three other candidates combined (Rocard of the *PSU*; Krivine, the May revolutionary; and the

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Socialist Defferre, who promised a Mendès-France government if he were elected). The French Communist Party has recovered amazingly quickly from the two great blows of the May revolution, during which it was isolated and attacked from the Left, and the intervention of the Warsaw powers in Czechoslovakia, which again robbed Communism of its "human face." Now it appears to be making headway against the ultra-Leftists among university staff and students.

But the stronger it is, the lonelier it becomes. The hope of the "Left Federation" that François Mitterand wanted to forge was to become at least as strong as the Communists, and thus to be able to accept them as allies without frightening off electors who fear the Communists and without having to be afraid of them itself.

An alliance of equals still seemed possible in 1967, when combined lists were a feature of the elections and Pompidou's majority shrank to a few votes. Since the events of May, and Prague, and the collapse of the non-Communist Left, there have been no bridges between the Communist "ghetto" and the rest of political France. The more securely the Communists entrench themselves in their trade unions and their red districts, the more their embattled "protest" deprives them of political efficacy.

In spite of that the Communists are, in practice, a reformist party—though this development is still disguised by their rigid internal structure and their link with Moscow. Communist leaders such as Maurice Thorez and François Billoux felt thoroughly at ease in 1945 in the three-party governments under de Gaulle and after de Gaulle. They called for the breaking-off of strikes, sharply condemned Algerian nationalism, and when—in a changed international situation and under the pressure of the war in Indo-China—they were eliminated from the government by the Socialist Paul Ramadier, they went on declaring for months that they remained in principle "a government party." Only under the pressure of the Stalin-Zhdanov line, the transformation of Communist parties into civil war parties, and the struggle against such objectives as the ports through which Germany was to be provided with food supplies did the party withdraw from all spirit of cooperation. This 1944 willingness to share in the government had been something new. In 1936 the Communists refused, to the general surprise, to take office in the Popular Front government, but critically "supported it from outside."

During the past eleven years the social struggle against the bourgeois state, combined as it was with their agreement with de Gaulle's foreign policy, has resulted in the development of a kind of schizophrenia among the Com-

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munists, for they could neither support the Gaullist régime nor want to overthrow it. To them, as part of an international movement, any alternative government, including a Left-wing one, would from the viewpoint of world-politics have been worse.

It was events outside France that caused the Socialists to move further and further away from the alliance that had proved its usefulness in the 1967 elections. The Israel war and events in Czechoslovakia created a gulf between the two parties. True, the Socialists avoided deepening it, but François Mitterand did not propose to have any Communist "shadow Ministers" in his so-called counter-government. Thus it was clear that the electoral alliance could lead to no government alliance.

THE QUESTION REMAINS why a nation with such a great tradition of critical thought has such a narrow-minded and rigidly doctrinaire Communist party of mass influence. Among the vast literature on the subject, the books of Annie Kriegel are particularly recommended to those who read French.[1] Whatever the causes may be, the special strength of the Communists is a component of the general weakness of the Left. The party of revolution has in practice merely consolidated the notorious *immobilisme* of French politics.

So far as political geography is concerned, the Left is much stronger in the less industrialised, "under-developed" parts of France—*i.e.*, in the south—than in the industrial areas of the north. In 1967 it was again in the south that Mitterand's "Federation" was relatively more successful with the peasants and in small country towns than in the more modern, expanding big towns. While the Gaullist party—which has so often changed its name—gradually spread through the whole country and continually grew in strength, the Left has been splitting up and becoming regionalised.

It is of course very natural that protest should be strongest where a sense of backwardness and neglect prevails—but that has only made the Left the defender of the small man rather than an instrument of progress. For innumerable Frenchmen *le progrès* often has brutal and inhuman aspects, while a defence of *les petits* has social and human value. But it is inadequate as a political ideal. Guy Mollet once protested against a law for the rationalisation of retail trade: "We cannot ask this of our traders," he said. Defence of the immediate interests of the small man has not sufficed. It was no accident that the great success of 1956 was accompanied by a wave that brought into parliament many Right-wing Poujadists hostile to the State. The manner in which the Communists identify themselves with all the demands (including demagogic ones) of the various interest groups has often been described as a *"Poujadisme du Gauche."*

THE IDEAS that have been of moment in post-war France are associated with the names of Jean Monnet for planning, Robert Schumann for the overcoming of nationalism, de Gaulle for decolonisation, and not with any of the names of the men of the Left to whom the field lay open in 1945 but were lacking in dreams, visions, and reforming spirit. The way from that zenith of power to the time when Jean Daniel (the chief editor of the Left-wing weekly *Nouvel Observateur*) confessed that "today it is an act of heroism to belong to the Left" has on the whole been one of gradual decline, interrupted by isolated episodes of recovery and hope. Every event from the colonial wars to the May revolution has been felt by the Left to be, not an opportunity, but a disturbance of a revival in progress.

Not long ago I had a talk with a well-known intellectual of the extreme Left, Claude Bourdet, who complained that "de Gaulle's retirement came too soon—the Left was not yet ready...." The truth of the matter was that part of the bourgeoisie dared vote against de Gaulle because the revolutionary danger from the Left had grown so remote. If history had always waited until *la gauche est prête*, immobilism would have been total. All impulses to movement, to the solution of crises, came from outside—with one great exception, that of Pierre Mendès-France. Between June 1954 and February 1955 he cut a number of Gordian knots—Viet Nam and Tunisia—and was overthrown by men of his own Radical Socialist party just when he was about to tackle economic and social problems. For all his defects, he was undoubtedly the only reformer who roused political interest and inspired trust among the young. He quickly resigned from Guy Mollet's 1956 government, and one can understand why. But a good deal of his reforming spirit lives on; his leading economic adviser Simon Nora has been given a similar post in Chaban Delmas' government (Chaban Delmas was himself a member of the Mendès-France cabinet), and Nora's report on the state of the public services and state indus-

[1] Annie Kriegel has written a two-volume work: *Aux origines du communisme français* (Mouton & Co., the Hague) and, among several other books, a study of the French Communist Party for *Editions du Seuil*.

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tries, which was long kept secret, may yet be a point of departure for important necessary reforms.

The two significant trends in France have been called *Mendèsisme* and *Gaullisme, i.e.,* have been named after individuals, a phenomenon for which there is no parallel in other Western democracies. That is an indication of the special difficulties put in the way of new ideas and actions by the embattled self-sufficiency of the party machines. They have to come from outside, as a result of the initiative of individuals. The responsibility for every attempt to break through the two strangely mingled traditions of war between political creeds and combinations of interests has been taken, not by political parties, but by "lonely individuals." It is possible that now, after the twilight of the gods, in the more normal era of "Pompidolism," a new phase may be beginning in which France will grow more similar to the other democracies.

And the parties of the Left? The Communists are reformist-minded, but do not dare to be reformist in practice. The Socialists practise reformist policies, but do not dare to adopt reformism as part of their doctrine. Thus the spirit of practical reform in French society seeks other and sometimes unusual and unexpected outlets. At all events, if reaching a zero point is ever a blessing, the French Left is now enjoying a state of grace indeed.

François Bondy

The Dangers of Finding Something Out

A Comment on Kathleen Nott — By LIONEL TIGER

OF COURSE Kathleen Nott ["The Unnatural History of Human Aggression," ENCOUNTER, November] is correct in questioning the validity and meaning of the current vogueish enterprise of explaining human behaviour in terms of other animals. Our intense interest in this strangely adventurous process may as much betray a fear for our human future as it reflects the new competence and insights of ethologists and their colleagues. It is sensible to ask if our eagerness to understand the possible underlying regularities in behaviour makes us insensitive to the very complexity and richness of human experience—a density to which we must remain attuned if we really are to understand ourselves. And because aggression is seen now as part of a major moral (to say nothing of survival) crisis it was to be expected that a willing corps of writers would satisfy the market's need for perseverating chat and essays, such as hers.

But it is not a joke, it is not idle, it is not even premature to try to take the analytical steps which Miss Nott and others query. I want to discuss some features of the explanatory structure we use to understand behaviour, and to argue that the approach of ethologists—if not ethology itself—must become part of the repertoire of any serious student of human behaviour. There need be no conflict between ethology and the more traditional forms of social inquiry; we are all concerned with systems of behaviour and with what various organisms do and what cultures are. But while ethologists brood on the whole animal, most social scientists and nearly all humanists begin with a conceptual handicap which makes it both difficult and presumptuous to encounter the whole man.

At the simply academic level, an abiding curiosity of university organisation is that the Social sciences are distinguished from the Natural. In addition to vaguely supporting the neo-Rousseauist lament that society is somehow unnatural, an important result of this practical division of labour—of office space, student programmes, research procedures, and so on—has been the training of biologically ignorant social scientists. For example: a recurrent stimulus of endless and passionate contention in most Sociology departments is the question: How much mathematics should students learn? Countless hours are devoted to the search for the acceptable and elusive answer. In many departments post-graduates and even undergraduates are required to undertake high-level mathematics. Elaborate cognate attention is given—and quite rightly—to the problem of training methodologically skilled persons who can be reasonably trustworthy as students of behaviour. Yet the number of influential departments who demand any sophisticated biology from their students can probably be counted on the fingers of one

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octopus. In other words, it is deemed much more important to learn *how* to deal with data than to learn *what* data students of other animals collect, and why and what the data mean in terms of the animal's place in the order of nature. Consequently, sociologists and their fellow social scientists—with the exception of some anthropologists—seldom boast legitimate and handy ways of assimilating the work of the biological sciences into their own models and explanations.

Historically, one reason for sociology's success lay in its rejection of the (not very good) biological data and analogies which the Social Darwinists embraced. But since that shabby time there has been genuine and appreciable improvement in biological understanding. Nevertheless sociologists have been predictably slow in incorporating the pertinent aspects of this into their work; thus they deprive themselves of the benefits of good work; and they deprive others of their irreplaceable professional contribution to the study of living systems.

Miss Nott, at least, is willing to discuss the matter. One reputable anthropologist I know simply refused to review Robert Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative*. The very mention of Ardrey's name is often enough to conclude swiftly a conversation between two social scientists whose views differ on the subject of human animality or even animal humanity. As Ardrey himself notes:

> Having . . . been science's witness for many years, I am convinced that we shall witness in the near future a resumption of those passionate controversies . . . which followed the publication of *Origin of Species*. . . . In the nineteenth century, science as a whole spoke for the continuity of living beings whereas religion spoke for the uniqueness of man. In our time the controversy must arise between the wings of science itself.

Sixty years ago some serious people doubted that physical continuity existed between humans and other primates. In principle, contemporary doubts about behavioural continuity may look as curious and narrow-minded to our successors.

The unit of social behaviour is the individual organism. It is clearly useful to continue formulating descriptions and theories about the behaviour of the group in which this unit acts. But it is simply efficient science to continue thinking as hard as possible about the nature of the individual. We know that DNA controls our physical development in good measure; the molecule itself changes shape as we pass through the life cycle. We know, too, that it is inconsistent to divorce physical structure—the body—from its function—the behaviour. The question is: How is behaviour governed by DNA? How are we to find out? American sociologists in particular have tended to assume we cannot find out, or at least sociologists can't, and that in absence of better data we must more or less ignore the findings of biology. For example in *Political Man* (1963), S. M. Lipset writes:

> It seems logical that men will arrange their impressions of the environment so as to maximize their sense of superiority over others.

On one level this is a reasonable enough assumption about a central interaction of politics. But at a more serious stage of analysis—the *Why?* stage—it is quite inadequate. Man is a terrestrial primate; for some other such animals the drive for dominance is an abiding passion of the males and an essential and predictable feature of the reproductive system. Politics is not just about who gets which post in which situation. It is a systematic link with the massive processes of which Darwin wrote and (after the Social Darwinists wove their fantasies) the study of which was righteously let fall or pushed into desuetude.

This is not to say that social scientists lack a model of man based on biology, even if it is bad biology. Learning Theory has prevailed for a long time and it merged neatly with an underlying positivist view that virtually all phenomena can be fixed, improved, or at least controlled. Family lore, educational patterns, and even moral systems have emerged from notions about relative free will and the almost absolute effectiveness of culture in solving problems. But, as enough commentators have already made clear this whole edifice was surprisingly dependent upon rats running mazes, sophomores incanting nonsense syllables, and other forms of closely controlled nicely mathematical experimental routines. Only now are the serious linguists beginning to come to terms with the biological foundations of language and how it's learned by children in actual social situations. And the rats? Amid all the apparatus, graphs, time clocks, pellet dispensers, and hypotheses a simple critical fact went long unnoticed. Rats are nocturnal animals. As the ethologist M. R. A. Chance has noted, countless experiments which still underpin a whole theory about the motivation and cumulation of learning and experience were performed on poor little sleepy creatures whose evolution the experimenters were insufficiently sensitive to consider. As Miss Jean Harlow

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reiterates in *The Beard*: "If you want to pry any secrets from me, you must first find the real me. Which one will you pursue?"

OF COURSE THERE HAVE BEEN important recent changes. There is less reliance on explanations which depend on a narrow bias toward the nurture side of the nature-nurture (false) dichotomy. There is greater sense of the importance of synthetic explanations which account for both social and biological inputs into behavioural systems. Increasingly, it becomes recognised that social action in gregarious animals is the quintessential expression of biological reality. But nonetheless the gap remains between the social and natural sciences. I am afraid Miss Nott underestimates the perplexing resistance to biological work among social scientists, the seriousness and impact of this resistance, and the structural rejection of biological data as having any effect on sociological theories (For example, even in as elegant and searching a study as Percy Cohen's recent *Modern Social Theory* we are told: "as far as we know men do not have genetically inherited social instincts; but they do have culture and the ability not only to be influenced by it but to create it. . . .")

In her review she deals at length with aggression. We are all familiar with the Hawk-Dove argument about aggression. The Doves coo that we are miserable to each other because we are frustrated and unhappy. When the objective conditions of frustration are removed we will all live amiably ever after—or until there are new objective conditions of frustration, etc., etc. With perhaps unseemly triumph, on the other hand, the Hawks rasp out the news that the source of evil is in us; even out of uniform—even naked—we are all killer apes. The human war record (and this unsettles Miss Nott as it does most people) and the facts of human violence and aggression are so grisly, unyielding, and recurrent that the Darwinian unflattering light on man betrays his true colours.

But surely the argument is misstated and can be resolved. Aggression is not simply the equivalent in behaviour of an organ's secretion. It is a very complex *social* response intimately bound to the maintenance of cooperative social links. Konrad Lorenz's notion that those animals who *bond* with each other also aggress suggests the outline of the theory. An important development of this in human terms—to which, like other writers Lorenz gives scant attention—is that *the bonds are always male bonds*. Aggression is not a human problem but a male problem.

This is very significant. Maleness and femaleness are indisputably biological categories. Dealing with them as units of analysis may help us learn more about the actual relevance of biological inputs for social systems.

LET ME PUT AN ANALOGY. Your average post-adolescent presenile male and female left to their own devices will respond to one another in fairly predictable ways. Though cultural factors will severely affect the niceties, timing, and focus of the encounter, a biologically-based valence or attraction exists which frequently leads to sexual intercourse or the wish or need for it. This is broadly determined by the biological nature of human beings. But courtship, seduction, love-making, and the permission of intimacy are also social responses. Very complex social patterns, then, can be basically "programmed." Of course there is great variety in the forms of expression of the programme. But that it appears anew so predictably and tenaciously in each life cycle and each community underlines the effect of biological infra-structure on even the most potentially delicate and personal of matters.

So much for the melodious high-frequency sounds of nature. What about the heavy bass unpleasantness of aggression and violence? Here is a proposition. Just as there is a valence between males and females, my suggestion is that there is also a valence between males. In the

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way that males and females make love, males and males make war. Not, of course, necessarily war; but the male-male interaction will yield some form of aggression against the environment, against other people, or against animals. It is the social response of men in groups which is the infra-structure of aggression activity.

This activity need not be destructive. It can be a football game, a research project, designing and marketing a product, running a government, or working pit-stops in car races. Leaving aside the role of females in all this for a moment, let it just be said that the social relationship between adult males is as important for the achievement of communal ends and insurance of protection as the Male-Female and Mother-Young bonds are for reproduction. What I am doing here is replacing "male" for "person" in describing various activities and institutions. Instead of saying the controlling groups of governments are composed of people, we can see that they are formed overwhelmingly of males—despite years of effort, education, and pious hopes to the contrary. Armies are male, the police brutals are too. So are the important juvenile gangs, secret societies, boards of directors, ball teams, and kitchens of gourmet restaurants—so are, in fact the vast majority of groups involving the use of force and sanction, and those making important state decisions. For a variety of strange reasons we have grown unaccustomed to looking at sexual (non-erotic) factors in social organisations and hence we overlook the importance of maleness and femaleness in these groups.

Thus the control of aggression in its various forms—violence is only one possible result of the aggressive outward-going pattern—amounts to dealing with specifically male interactions. The reason may be that there is a *positive valence between males* which may be a species-specific pattern, and which may be intrinsic to the whole problem of aggression.

A NUMBER of arguments support this proposition; I have set them out elsewhere in detail.[1] Briefly, here, there is some relevant analogous primatological material, particularly in terms of politics and defence. Physical and physiological differences between human males and females reflect various evolutionary factors. Yet even these differences are less important than the specialisation in the behaviour of males and females. In other primates all adults collect their own food—a major difference from our pattern. In humans there is a consistent division of labour. Every society has such a division; the tasks involved may differ but the male-female barrier does not. Such a cross-cultural fact in the context of the other pertinent materials suggests that sexually-exclusive groups do not form at random, but that there is a "genetically programmed behavioural disposition" to do so. We have a hunting past; we have been hunters at least 99 per cent of our history as a species; the most recent suggestion is that we have been hunting for up to twenty million years and are, thus, inextricably bound up with this hunting pattern and the inevitable fact that males hunted and females did not. If we assume that prehistory is just "deep history" with a genetic effect, then male exclusiveness becomes a powerful matter indeed. Those who wish to eliminate or attentuate this exclusiveness must therefore consider that it may not result from simple ancient prejudice or be remediable by better Social Studies education. It may be the nature of the beast.

Miss Nott wonders if Dr. Storr and Mr. Ardrey fully appreciate what they are saying when they suggest how important are sexual differences and asks if they realise that they may be promoting a form of permanent two-caste structure. This is a major question. But the answer to it (at least in the diagnostic stage) has little to do with ideological hopes and much to do with looking Man in the eye without looking away. Possibly one of the fears that greets human ethology is that *we might find something out.* We might actually come to know that, for example, uninterrupted maternal care is better (or not better) for children and that mothers of young children should not work, or that adultery is necessary (or unnecessary) for happy marriage. Or that women should or should not be Cabinet Ministers. We may well discover that the Pill has effects on the healthy relationships between males and females and on the overall pattern of women's behaviour which are considerably more worrisome than the relatively simple medical difficulties diagnosed so far. If we did find something out, the liberal response would be to feel that something should be done about it. And if we do find that women can only have top jobs with great difficulty, or that male dominance is a species-specific pattern? Do we begin from that new finding, or from old egalitarian theory? What will the ideologues do should it be found that a particular plan or reform must defy "the nature of the beast"?

John Bleibtreu, one of the authors Miss Nott discusses, predicts that biology will be the queen of the sciences in the future—a large boast, but perhaps not a wholly idle one. Part of the cur-

[1] See my *Men in Groups* (Nelson, London; Random House, New York 1969).

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rent interest in biology must derive from the weariness many intellectual consumers feel about the various ideologies and values underlying theory-based analysis of social behaviour. Conceivably biology may be the queen of sciences because it may permit finally a fully secular scientific approach to human experience and society. We have been scientific about things, planets, and missiles—but much less so about people. Perhaps many biologists become biologists because they dislike people and prefer the marshes, the savannah, the insulated lab, the teasing glimpse of a chimp troupe on the move. And many biologists remain obstinately uninformed about human behaviour. But some of the best are beginning to inform themselves, and their initial disengagement from conventional notions about behaviour may permit them to begin formulating useful notions of what humans do and why. Of course this does not mean we will do without all the other more devious analysts such as poets, shoe designers, vintners, and salesmen. But suddenly everything is too cramped, too shamelessly intimate, for the distortions of ideology, fashions, and wholesale culture *Gestalten* to deny us a look into other people's eyes, and behind their eyes.

THE ETHOLOGICAL TRICK, like the sociological one, is to see social events in systems. People live in systems. Though they vary on the normal curve, human brains and hence much of human consciousness are similar everywhere. Some idea of the systematic interaction of all these similarly conscious organisms could presage a new kind of medievalism where the notion of community once again encompasses the whole species. With our common stereoscopic vision we see somewhat the same things; and because of our hardiness as a species we can in fact cross many boundaries of geography and culture, and we do. Miss Nott is hasty to fuss about the possibly pretentious and magisterial assertions of the writers she reviews. We pollute our environment; we enslave our fellow citizens; we kill our enemies; and we create more enemies. It has come to that undignified and inelegantly domestic point that we can no longer do all, or even some, of these things. We must know ourselves as a species. If we don't, perhaps we are just "waiting for the end." If we do, then we can try to grow systematic symbiosis and then a few intriguing flowers in the primordial mud. We can predict our behaviour in response to germs, and can cooperate in preventing the spread of epidemics and disease. When and if we know usefully more about our responses in society perhaps we can make similar agreements for reasons of mutual advantage. If we would know more, we might know better.

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Yeats and Nietzsche

Reflections on a Poet's Marginal Notes — By ERICH HELLER

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS came into contact with Nietzsche's thought in the summer of 1902. It was only two years after the philosopher's death, but fourteen years after his mind had died in that catastrophe which is recorded in one of the last pieces of coherent, if mad, prose written by him: a postcard mailed at Turin railway station on the 4th of January 1889 and addressed to his friend Peter Gast. "To my maestro Pietro," it began, and then came the Orphic injunction: "Sing a new song for me: the world is transfigured and all the heavens rejoice." It was signed "The Crucified."

This note carried to the young composer not only that strange exalted commission but also, implicitly, the terrible news of Nietzsche's mental collapse. Brief and mad though it is, it is all but a résumé of his early masterpiece *The Birth of Tragedy*, a work which so intriguingly blends the learning and intuition of the classical philologist with the dithyrambic confession of a soul singularly initiated, as he believed, into the secret of beauty: that it emerges from pain and suffering, that Apollo's command of surpassingly beautiful forms derives its power from the frenzy of Dionysus' dismemberment. Thinking of Greek tragedy and Greek art, Nietzsche was inspired by Schopenhauer's metaphysical pessimism and aesthetic exultancy as well as by the Romantic trinity of love, death, and music upon which Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* is founded. Treating in so Romantic a manner even so Classical a subject, he pronounced with the utmost lucidity the central dogma of the new philosophy of art: "Only as an aesthetic phenomenon is the world for ever justified." How unimaginably must those Greeks have been wounded by life, Nietzsche exclaimed, to redeem its horrors in such epiphany of the Beautiful! Nietzsche, this Christian of the aesthetic passion, believed —as early as *The Birth of Tragedy* of 1871–72, and not only when he sent that insane message to his composer friend—that it was the crucified spirit which in its agony acquired the power to transfigure the world through beauty so that all the heavens rejoiced. "Sing a new song for me...."

There is no other poet of the 20th century who *sang* so greatly even of his agonies as did Yeats:

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress....

And further:

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

Were it not so obvious, it would be tempting to use this song of the Irish sailor to Byzantium for laying bare the roots that Yeats' sensibility had in Nietzsche's aesthetic philosophy—and not because he had learned it in the manner of a student's assignment in the philosophy of art, but because Nietzsche's mind burrowed in the same soil from which Yeats' imagination grew. This is how Nietzsche—like William Blake—was destined to become one of the "singing masters" of the poet's soul, that soul which, "fastened to a dying animal," desired to be gathered "into the artifice of eternity"—desired (in Nietzsche's words) to attain to that redeeming vision of world and existence in which world and existence are for ever justified: namely, as something "out of nature" and "beyond the dying animal," as an "aesthetic phenomenon" or an "artifice of eternity."

ERICH HELLER *is the author of* "The Disinherited Mind" (*Bowes, 1959*) *and a study of Thomas Mann entitled* "The Ironic German" (*Secker, 1958*).

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Of course, such wisdom and such desire entail, just as the Christian vision and desire for eternity once did, the distress the spirit suffers in the *world as it is,* that is, the world before the arrival of the saving grace; or (in the 19th and 20th centuries) the aesthetic metamorphosis. Yeats' "artifice of eternity" and Nietzsche's "aesthetic phenomenon" are, in all their apparent artificiality and "aestheticism," blood relations of the Apocalypse. They spring from the same source as the ancient belief that the world is doomed unless it be transfigured in a final act of salvation. Neither the meaning of Nietzsche's "aesthetic phenomenon" nor of his supremely "aesthetic" *Übermensch* is comprehensible without the story which (as he once said) his philosophy tells, namely "the history of the next two centuries":

> For a long time now our whole civilisation has been driving, with a tortured intensity that increases from decade to decade, as if towards a catastrophe: restlessly, violently, tempestously, like a mighty river craving the end of its journey without pausing to reflect, indeed fearful of reflection. Where we live, soon nobody will be able to exist.

Or elsewhere:

> I foresee something terrible. Chaos everywhere; nothing left which is of any value; nothing which commands: Thou shalt!

And just as Nietzsche's aesthetic philosophy eludes our grasp if we do not see it as the aesthetic refuge from his apocalyptic diagnosis of our "reality," so Yeats' aesthetic "Byzantinism" cannot be fathomed to the true depth of its impulse if we do not relate its apotheosis of art to the apocalypse of his poem "The Second Coming." For it is indeed Nietzsche's prophecy of "what is to come" that in this poem assumes the form of grand verse:

> *Turning and turning in the widening gyre*
> *The falcon cannot hear the falconer;*
> *Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;*
> *Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,*
> *The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere*
> *The ceremony of innocence is drowned;*
> *The best lack all conviction, while the worst*
> *Are full of passionate intensity.*

I apologise for quoting these lines of Yeats, worn as they are by constant use—but my point cannot be made without them. For it is my contention that the religion of Art, the deification of the "artifice of eternity" or the "aesthetic phenomenon," which for so many great and good minds of the last hundred years has taken the place once held by a different gospel of salvation, is supported—as, at its origin, the Christian religion was—by the sense of a condemned "real word." This is certainly true of

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such *religiosi* of Art as Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé; of Nietzsche, Rilke, and Stefan George; and it is true of the Yeats of "The Second Coming":

> *The darkness drops again; but now I know*
> *That twenty centuries of stony sleep*
> *Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,*
> *And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,*
> *Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?*

Although such rhetorical questions do not require any answers, this one was answered by Nietzsche long before Yeats asked it. The beast to be born was the Anti-Christ; and this is what, when he was already close to insanity, Nietzsche called himself. He did so at about the time he wrote, "We have *Art* in order *not to perish of Truth*."

IN THE SUMMER of 1902 Yeats discovered Nietzsche, very likely through a little volume ambitiously entitled *Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet and Prophet,* described more modestly in the sub-title as "Choice Selections from his Works" (compiled by a man who most humbly and, considering the aristocratic doctrines the anthology contains, somewhat inappropriately was called Thomas Common). The book was published in 1901 in London, and it is now (such are the vagaries of our travelsome scholarship) kept under lock and key in the Deering Library of Northwestern University. The poet read the book with an active and capricious pencil in his hand. He heavily underlined sentences, scribbled queries, arguments, and even little discourses in the margins, and thus, very differently from what in the assessment of librarians the scribblings of lesser readers would do to a book, considerably raised its value, indeed elevated it to the rank of a Very Rare Book.

A comparison between Nietzsche's text and Yeats' marginal entries may supply the student with many insights into the troublesome problem of "influence," that is, the effect one creative mind has upon another. T. S. Eliot, in a celebrated essay, compared the mind of the poet to a catalyst, an "impersonal" chemical presence that, perhaps a little in the manner of the philosopher Don Alfonso in Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte,* contrives the union of elements, hitherto otherwise engaged, and then discreetly withdraws from the newly compounded and sometimes confounded scene. (There is indeed no trace of Don Alfonso's agency discernible in the music that wittily and sublimely voices the fresh and faithless enchantments drawing the exchanged lovers towards one another.) Whether the poetic mind acts on all occasions like Don Alfonso, the philosophical catalyst, is doubtful. In our instance it is certainly not the mind of the *poet* but rather the mind of the *thinker* that tends to vanish as soon as Yeats becomes entangled, in the margin, with Nietzsche's ideas. There are, for instance, in Thomas Common's anthology a number of passages from Nietzsche's *Genealogy of Morals*; they denounce the "Christian infamy" of promising the virtuously weak and meek, deprived of all pleasures here and now, the compensations of an afterlife when they will be privileged to watch the hellish torments of those who were strong and wicked on earth. Dante—so we read in Nietzsche's text—committed a spiritual *faux pas* of the first order when he put above the gates of Hell the inscription, *"I too have been created by Love Eternal."* For if we accept the opinion of Dante's theological teacher, St. Thomas Aquinas, the Love Eternal that made Hell made it for the purpose of perversely rewarding its darlings. Thomas, "the great teacher and saint," we read in Nietzsche's text that lay open before Yeats, promised, "with the gentleness of a lamb," that "the Blessed in Heaven will see how the Damned are punished, and thus will enjoy their own beatitude even more." And Nietzsche reflects that, whatever might be a suitable text for the gates of Hell, at the entrance door of a Paradise with such a profitable view of the tormented could be inscribed with greater justice: *"I too have been created by Eternal Hatred."*

ONE MIGHT EXPECT that this would have been of some interest to Yeats, the Irish renegade Protestant with (as he put it) "a wicked theology" of his own, who at about that time had his first meeting with the ill-mannered James Joyce and mistakenly tried to ascribe the young man's intellectual arrogance to his Thomist indoctrination:

> He is from the Royal [the Catholic Dublin] University, I thought, and he thinks that everything has been settled by Thomas Aquinas, so we need not trouble about it.

But all that Yeats says in the margin of Nietzsche's anti-Christian and anti-Thomist diatribe is:

> Does Christianity create commerce by teaching men to live not in the continual present of self-revelation but to deny self and present for future gain, first heaven and then wealth?

It sounds as if it had been written by the Fabian R. H. Tawney after a first reading of Max Weber and in preparation of his book on *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. Strange, very strange. But even stranger is the question that Yeats asks immediately afterwards:

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But why does Nietzsche think that the night has no stars, nothing but bats and owls and the insane moon?

Now, Nietzsche does not think anything of the sort, and besides, nowhere near this Yeatsian query does Nietzsche's text mention any such nocturnal apparitions. Yet while these are entirely foreign to the text on which they appear questioningly to comment, they are germane to some poems Yeats wrote at the time:

Because of something told under the famished horn
Of the hunter's moon, that hung between the night and the day....

Or, most strikingly, this:

I cried when the moon was murmuring to the birds:
"Let peewit call and curlew cry where they will,
I long for your merry and tender and pitiful words,
For the roads are unending, and there is no place to my mind".

Whatever may be the intellectual, translatably sane meaning of that insane moon (perhaps the moon of the *Vision* in her "famished horn" phase?) or those marginal bats and owls (perhaps poetry's second cousins to the peewits and curlews?), only a mind, kept very busy by its own poetic affairs, would read another writer's writing with such imaginative impatience. Or to put the matter more frivolously: He who has bees in his bonnet reads not so much for the love of what he reads as for the honey to be made from it; and not since Blake has there been, in the history of great English poetry, a bonnet like Yeats', buzzing with so many agile bees.

Clearly, we have to guard against misinterpreting the nature of the "influence" Nietzsche had upon Yeats, indeed the kind of intellectual reception one creative spirit can possibly give to another. True, the examples shown constitute an extreme case of what in university syllabuses is called "independent reading"; at other times Yeats has dealt less extravagantly with Nietzsche's possessions. Yet when mind comes to mind, what happens is never like the printing of words upon an empty sheet. It is more—to keep within Yeats' symbols—like Jupiter visiting Leda; and this visitation, surely, did not result in the lady's becoming more "jovial"; nor "did she put on his knowledge with his power"; no, she became pregnant with her own mythology.

In 1902, then, Yeats read Nietzsche for the first time, and probably more of him than is collected in Thomas Common's *Choice Selec-*

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tions. For the "strong enchanter" (as Yeats called Nietzsche in a letter he wrote in August 1902 to Lady Gregory) made him neglect his friends, worsened his eyesight by making him read to excess, and filled him with a "curious astringent joy," three words that could be lifted from the letter and put down again in a line of exquisite Yeatsian poetry. About twenty years later Yeats published *A Vision*, a book that not only owes something to Nietzsche's vision of both the Eternal Recurrence and the *Übermensch* but also elevates Nietzsche to the highest office ever assigned to him in the varied history of his reputation:

... Eleven pass, and then
Athena takes Achilles by the hair,
Hector is in the dust, Nietzsche is born,
Because the hero's crescent is the twelfth.

Not even in his most euphoric moments would Nietzsche have dreamt of such a career: from Thomas Common's *Choice Selections* to this most uncommon succession. It needed Ireland, it needed Yeats, the last great poet who—after Blake, after Hölderlin—dared aspire to a systematic mythology (and this mythological ambition is inseparable from the particular quality of his poetic greatness)—it needed Yeats so dramatically to make good the neglect Nietzsche had suffered in his lifetime.

LIKE MUCH IN Nietzsche's writings, Yeats' *Vision* ought to embarrass us, aesthetic educators that we claim to be, much more painfully than it appears to have done. It should compel us to ponder more seriously the question it raises—not by what it says but by what it is: a disturbing mixture of obsessive mythologising, pseudo-cosmological meticulousness, acute critical observations, and most outlandish beliefs. At least one of the questions that it thus invites is of the greatest urgency—and it is a question also suggested again and again by the reading of Nietzsche. It concerns the eccentricity of thought, the strains of the fancy, the self-conscious mysticism, and even the monstrosities of political ideas that, with disquieting regularity, came to the fore when sallies into "life" were made by the life-starved inhabitants of the ivory towers. Nasty creatures lay in wait where the philosophy of French symbolism (a philosophy that was an essential part of Yeats' inheritance) met with German or even Italian appetites for political realities that were to be charged with the same wild, quivering, ruthless, "terrible" beauty a perfect Symbolist poem possessed; where the extreme withdrawal from "life" reached at the end of its circular journey the border of the "real" world again, determined now to invade it with barbaric ecstasies, knights in shining armour, and flags flying in the wind like so many birds of paradise; and where even Yeats, using Nietzsche's Dionysian and Apollonian vocabulary, confessed (as he did in a letter to Russell, 14 May 1903) that the time for pursuing through poetry "some kind of disembodied beauty" had passed: "I feel about me and in me," he wrote, "an impulse to... carry the realisation of beauty as far as possible." Consciously, he may have meant only his desire "to create form" through poetry of a more Apollonian kind than ever before. But the very words "to carry the realisation of beauty as far as possible" do point in the direction of the poet D'Annunzio's march on Fiume, or put one in mind of the disturbing ambiguities of Stefan George's poem "The Burning of the Temple," not to mention Yeats' own flirtations with the Blue Shirts of Dublin.

It was all very well for that sophisticated cold-and-hot-gospeller of unbridled aestheticism, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, whose *Axël* Yeats once called his "sacred book," to say that nothing counted in life but the cultivation and contemplation of beauty: "As for living, our servants will do that for us...." Yeats was fond of quoting this (and quoted it even in one of those stories that, very oddly, preface his *Vision*.) Of course, Axel's witticism is nothing if not Nietzsche's doctrine from *The Birth of Tragedy* (note well: of tragedy!): "Only as an aesthetic phenomenon are world and existence for ever justified," or "The purpose of life is ... the pure aesthetic delight." It is nothing if not Nietzsche transposed into the lighter idiom of the play. "As for living, our servants will do that for us"—yet there came a time (the First World War was its beginning) when the servants did the living and, for that matter, the dying with such violent intensity that it seemed to acquire a perverse beauty of its own in the eyes of some pure aesthetic beholders, so much so that the swans and herons and albatrosses and flamingos and peacocks and all the rest of the aristocratic Symbolist poultry had to give way to more "real" raw material of the creative imagination: destroy the cities of man so that, perhaps, they might be rebuilt after the images of pure aesthetic delight.

One day *this* history of aestheticism will have to be written. It might take its cue from Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus*, the story of the artist who (like his forerunner, Gustav Aschenbach in *Death in Venice*) came to know the swampy, sultry estuaries in which the cold, pearly, translucent streams of the land wholly dedicated to Art may reach their destination. Or it might use as its point of departure Yeats

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himself who, in the *Autobiography*, concludes the chapter on "The Tragic Generation" in a manner more Nietzschean than he himself is likely to have known: "After Stéphane Mallarmé, after Paul Verlaine, after Gustave Moreau, after Puvis de Chavannes, after our own verse, after all our subtle colour and nervous rhythm, after the faint mixed tints of Conder, what more is possible? After us the Savage God":

And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Nietzsche had diagnosed such pregnancy in the aesthetic absolutism of earlier artists: Baudelaire and Flaubert. He indeed was acquainted with the Furies of annihilation into which the Muses of aestheticism might one day transform themselves. Beauty into Beast—this is, if not *the* last scene, undoubtedly one of the final scenes in the drama of aestheticism, a scene evoked once again in Yeats' late poem "Meru" (which is Nietzschean in a more thorough sense than the first obviousness reveals):

Civilisation is hooped together, brought
Under a rule, under the semblance of peace
By manifold illusion; but man's life is thought,
And he, despite his terror, cannot cease
Ravening, raging, and uprooting that he may come
Into the desolation of reality:
Egypt and Greece, good-bye, and good-bye, Rome!

THIS IS NOT THE OCCASION for an exercise in "close reading." Yet the terrible meaning of "Meru" ought not to be allowed to escape us, the less so as these lines take us back from 1935 (the time when they were written) to 1902, the time of Yeats' first reading of Nietzsche. "But man's life is thought"—that is, the uniquely human faculty which in Yeats' much earlier poem "Michael Robartes and the Dancer" (1921) had assumed the funny shape of a half-dead dragon, at least in so far as it was a beautiful lady who did the thinking and thus puritanically interfered with her suitor's desire:

Opinion is not worth a rush;
In this altar-piece the knight
Who grips his long spear so to push
That dragon through the fading light,
Loved the lady; and it's plain
The half-dead dragon was her thought,
That every morning rose again
And dug its claws and shrieked and fought.
Could the impossible come to pass
She would have time to turn her eyes,
Her lover thought, upon the glass
And on the instant would grow wise.

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In other words—even Yeats' other words—she should forgo thinking and submit instead to "the heroic discipline of the looking-glass." Critics of Yeats have acquired the habit of calling this poem "witty and charming." Yes, it is quite witty, but it is not charming. As it progresses, it becomes blasphemous and abysmal. There is, perhaps, not much to be said against either blasphemies or abysses; yet whatever adjectives we may choose for abysses, "charming" is the wrong one. Now, if this witty poem presents "Thought" in the guise of a grotesque thing, a half-dead dragon, in the much later poem "Meru" the dragon has become truly formidable. "Thought," in "Michael Robartes and the Dancer," was just powerful enough to make women ignore the wisdom of the mirror, obstruct the natural intelligence and "uncomposite blessedness" of their beautiful bodies, frustrate their lovers, and grow perplexed at the amorously and blasphemously theological question:

Did God in portioning wine and bread
Give man His thought or His mere body?—

In "Meru," however, "thought" has consequences still weightier than the erotic disappointment of the ardent knight. It causes man to rave and rage and desolate his reality. Why? The question is important, and the answer given within the poem "Meru" itself is: because thought makes man recognise as sham a civilisation hooped together by manifold illusion; and clearly there can be nothing very objectionable about thought that shows illusions for what they are, namely illusory. In "Michael Robarts and the Dancer," then, "thought" is wrong and erroneous; it prevents the woman from seeing what truly is: the joy (joyous beyond all thoughtful questions and disputes) of erotic abandonment. In "Meru," on the contrary, "thought" is right: it compels man to recognise the essential falsity of his civilised arrangements: these *are*, it is implied, "hooped together by manifold illusion." But in either case, whether it be true or false, "thought" is disastrous. In both cases—once more the old paradox!—it is thought, Yeats' thought, that yields the catastrophic discovery.

THE SAD STORY is a very old one: the Tree of Knowledge does not stand for the good life. Again and again, and with increasing urgency in his later years, Yeats returned to the grand theme. The question, taken up, varied, and variously answered by his poetry, is: Why is it that man seems to have to choose between the perfection of life and that perfection which resides in the works of the mind, a mind trained "in a learned school" with such intensity that body and blood are condemned to "slow decay" and "dull decrepitude"? Or is there, will there ever be, a "spiritual intellect" capable of that serene profundity which gives to its thought a "dance-like" glory? Or would "life" and "mind" one day be reconciled in that "lasting song," the singing of which is utterly beyond the power of men thinking "in the mind alone," but is sung with splendid ease by him who "thinks in a marrow-bone"? Of course, the theme has not been invented by Yeats, and not by Nietzsche either—although Zarathustra is among prophets the keenest in extolling the marriage between thought and dance, the keenest too in aspiring to that utopian realm of the spirit where

The body is not bruised to pleasure soul,
Nor beauty born out of its own despair,
Nor blear-eyed wisdom out of midnight oil,

but where, on the contrary, the body is the soul's delight, where all nay-saying is given the lie by the advent of the Beautiful, and where the joyous sage gives of his wisdom in the light of noonday. Yet this may have been before the Birth of Tragedy, before the "harsh reproof," the "trivial event" that changed the "childish day to tragedy," or after the fulfilment of that persistent Romantic hope that longs for the healing of the wound from which man has suffered ever since the Fall. This hope has been voiced by innumerable voices, and with particular poetic emphasis throughout the Romantic age, but by no one, I believe, more poignantly or more enticingly than by Yeats in the eighth stanza of one of his greatest poems, untired yet and surely not to be exhausted by being used and quoted so profusely. For that chestnut-tree and great-rooted blossomer has grown from the richest soil of Romantic poetry. It embodies the Romantic vision of the Tree of Life that has the power to cure the disease man has contracted through so greedily reaching for the Tree of Knowledge:

O chestnut-tree, great-rooted blossomer,
Are you the leaf, the blossom or the bole?
O body swayed to music, O brightning glance,
How can we know the dancer from the dance?

Alas, out of the delicious light and shade of the great tree, we can know and we do know. Nietzsche has much to tell of dancers who wear their dance like a mask of innocence. And Rilke (another remarkable poet who had read Nietzsche, had a Tower in which to write poetry, an even more aristocratic Lady Gregory to help and encourage him, and in the end even a mythology which, though less astrological and more poetic than Yeats', is not altogether lacking in parallels to his)—Rilke, in the Fourth of the *Duino Elegies*, angrily dismisses *his*

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dancer, the dancer who theatrically dances before the backdrop of "the well-known garden." He dismisses him because he *is* not what he *does*, but is disguised, "a mask half-filled with life," and will be a mediocrity as soon as the performance is over and the make-up removed.

The figure of that dancer came to Rilke from Kleist's essayistic story about the Marionette Theatre, a story in which this most Romantic theme is treated with the lucidity of genius. The theme is, of course, that of the Fall and the story that of modern man: his painfully growing awareness of the lost unity between the dancer and the dance. Consciousness, self-consciousness, thought—the thought of Yeats' "Michael Robartes and the Dancer" and "Meru"—stands between man and his desire for the spontaneity of innocence and the integrity of being. Schiller, Kleist, and above all Hegel, believed that the Paradise, once lost, could only be regained *by thought*, by thought reaching that apex where consciousness itself becomes the crystallising force of a new and higher unity. Later sufferers of the metaphysical discomfort—Nietzsche, for example, D. H. Lawrence, or Yeats—were more impatient. Long before D. H. Lawrence discovered the liberating powers of Priapus, Nietzsche enthroned and celebrated Dionysus, the god of intoxication and ecstasy, in whose revels the conscious and self-conscious self vanishes, merging as it does with that universal dance that is not so much danced by the dancers as it *is* the dancers in their orgiastic self-forgetfulness. Nietzsche, Lawrence, Yeats—it would indeed be a great comfort if the world in which they wrote had afterwards embarked upon a different history. As it is, it is impossible to be sure that its recent terrors have nothing whatever to do with the fascinations the dark river-gods of the blood and the soil, Dionysus, Priapus, or Pan, have held for those minds.

WHEN YEATS READ in 1902 Thomas Common's anthology, he came upon some passages from the *Anti-Christ*, written by Nietzsche during the last months before his mental breakdown. It is likely that neither the compilator nor the reader recognised their vertiginous ambivalence, the ambivalence of the Romantic mind, the modern mind, at that pitch to which it rose with and through Nietzsche. In one of those passages Nietzsche speaks, with the violent brilliance his style assumed at that time, of the need for a new instinctive unreflectiveness in man's dealings with the aristocratic values by which he ought to live; of the need for an "automatism of instinct" to be achieved by the new élite; the achievement

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indeed of the oneness of dance and dancer. At that point Yeats noted in the margin:

> *Were bodily functions like that of the pulse once conscious?*

This is a most dramatic and most revealing marginal gloss, and one that certainly does not ride roughshod over Nietzsche's meanings as other Yeatsian glosses had done in the margins of that anthology. The history of the world, it implies, is not what (among others) Hegel imagined it to be: a constant progress from "natural" functions towards consciousness. The opposite may be true: consciousness may be the primitive beginning, and unconsciousness the end. While Hegel thought that art, the product of the imagination, would have no place in the domain of absolute consciousness, Yeats' query reads, on the contrary, like a promise given to the artist that his "spontaneous creativity" would inherit the earth. Dance and dancer would once again be one. What is in the making in that margin is the anachronism of an artistic eschatology. The Day of Judgment will be the Day of Art.

It was, perhaps, this vestigially sustained anachronism that gave to Yeats' poetry the uninhibited poetic eloquence that is not likely to find its equal in whatever the future may hold for the art of language. If in Nietzsche's last message to his composer friend the earth was transfigured and all the heavens rejoiced, then it was Yeats' aim to allow the earth, even without its transfiguration, to rejoice with the joys of the old heavens. We are indeed the poorer, if less anachronistic, for not being able to believe in so happy an ending. Nietzsche, again and again, rehearsed such a blissful consummation. It was of no avail. In his beginning as well as in his end he knew that whosoever has built a new Heaven has gathered the strength for it in his own Hell; and this Hell, although he was certainly no Hegelian, was not altogether different from what Hegel meant by the unhappy consciousness. If there is to be Heaven again, it will be at the end of the mind's journey, not somewhere in the middle of it, brought to a halt there by the force of some dream of the imagination. Perhaps this is what T. S. Eliot meant when, *in a poem*, he wrote: "The poetry does not matter."

Oh yes, it matters, it matters very much. But there is no salvation through consciously induced spontaneities, and there is no salvation through Art.

Look Somewhere in Anger

By Norman Macrae

THERE ARE lots of reasons why I will be unwise to review this book,[1] because I find myself in possibly pompous disagreement with practically everything that Mr. Kopkind says: indeed, as will emerge below, sometimes disagreement to the shaming point of backlash. But the book does stir in me some thoughts, which I think are worth setting down, about the gap between different generations of political intellectuals. In essence, I suppose, this review is going to be a diatribe against intellectuals in their 30s with what I regard as overworked inferiority complexes.

NORMAN MACRAE *is the deputy editor of* The Economist (*London*). *He was the author of a remarkable special supplement (in a recent issue of that weekly) on the state of the U.S.A. entitled "The Neurotic Trillionaire" which attracted widespread attention. His previous contribution to* ENCOUNTER *was "The Faults in the Dynamos" (July 1965).*

Mr. Kopkind himself is keen on discussing things in terms of generations. In the first sentence of his preface, he tells us that he is

> a product (by-product?) of the "silent" generation of Americans, which came of "age" in the late 1950s.

That first sentence is reasonably representative of the most irritating faults in the otherwise stylish prose of the book, including the pretentious inverted commas where they are not needed, the ridiculous adjective silent about his generation, and the self-deprecatory parentheses about being a by-product. When I say stylish, I am not being flattering or cynical. Mr. Kopkind really can write with the pen of a prose poet, which makes some of his twitches of mind all the sadder. This generation of his contemporaries about which he is talking is also defined later in his book as

[1] *America: The Mixed Curse*. By ANDREW KOPKIND. Penguin Books. 7s. 6d.

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the "generation of the Fifties" that exists in confused transition between the security of liberal careerism and the support of the radical movements.

Now I myself belong, in Mr. Kopkind's terminology, to the generation, presumably of liberal careerists, which came of age in the 1940s. More specifically, while Mr. Kopkind tells us in his book that "at last count" he was 33, I am 45—and am inclined to regard anybody who feels a need to put in the words "at last count," when talking about his own age, as some sort of insecure kook. This last piece of rudeness on my part is not inserted here as gratuitous nastiness, but because I think it is important in understanding a quite frequent unsympathy gap between what are now the early middle-aged and the really middle-aged generations. All of us self-styled radical intellectuals are to some extent (here I believe Mr. Kopkind is quite right) products of the subconscious assumptions that we carried into adulthood when we were idealistic, decently impatient, and about 21. As one who came of age in the 1940s, my own private assumptions about the last four generations are:

1. Those who came of age in the hungry, despairing, unemployment-ridden and eventually war-inviting decade of the 1930s contained far too many of the gullible generation. I do not just mean here the gullible youth of Germany and Italy then, although fascism in those countries was bred out of some treachery by the intellectuals as well as out of pure thuggery by the yahoos. In hindsight, it is equally mystifying to me that so many young intellectuals, even in the despair of the 1930s, could have become admirers of the Soviet Union of their day, given the Stalinist terror that proceeded before their young eyes.

2. Those of us who came of age in the bloody but eventually victory-crowned 1940s can often legitimately be attacked as the arrogant generation. Although those who came after cannot understand the point, this was largely because many of our youthful ideals—and they were not ignoble ones—were almost magically fulfilled. I found in my loft recently the notes for a talk on "Hopes for the Post-war World" which I apparently inflicted on some discussion group within a few weeks of the end of the war. I see that I said that among the main things we ought to be fighting for when we became young ex-servicemen were: (*a*) that silly old traditionalists in government should not allow the world to slip back into mass unemployment, especially now that Keynesian economics had shown that this was quite certainly

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avoidable; (*b*) that America—despite its urges for isolationism—must be kept in a system of world collective security, because this was the only way to prevent either another enslavement or another war in Europe; (*c*) that Britain had got to press on to give freedom to India, and as quickly as possible thereafter to colonial Africa (although the inefficient legacy from colonial rule probably meant that independent Africa would be quite a mess); (*d*) that all liberal-minded people must reject the then current philosophy that Germany and Japan should or could be kept in permanent economic subjugation (by "Morgenthau plans" and the like), because creating economic slums in these countries would be the surest way of causing virulent nationalism to grow up again in them, and they would be much less harmfully employed making a lot of money. It seems to me quite extraordinary how far these basic hopes have been met in the ensuing twenty-five years, even although at the time it seemed wildly optimistic to state them. Of course there have been other hopes that were disappointed: such as dreams of a sensible Keynesian system of world monetary cooperation leading to world government (where we have been baulked by the professional and fuddy-duddy incompetence of national central bankers and Treasury civil servants, though with less disastrous results than I would have expected), and hopes about making factory work less soul-destroying by abolishing stand-to-attention class-consciousness in Britain's boss-worker relationships (where the advance has been much slower than it ideally ought to have been, although probably bigger than we at that time honestly expected). But the general picture for the generation of the 1940s has been of youthful dreams of a better world unprecedentedly accomplished. It was much more logical in 1945 to suppose that there would be another post-war slump, and that western Europe would be either overrun by Stalinism or destroyed in a nuclear war.

3. Those who came of age in the plush and eventually not doom-laden 1950s, like Mr. Kopkind, seem to me to have contained from the beginning far too many of the wet generation. They wandered about in their teenagehood mindlessly chanting "ban the bomb," under the leadership of the elderly semi-pacifists who had nearly betrayed the world to Hitler in the 1930s. They did not discover during the '50s any real causes to be idealistic about, any real faults in a society that was booming instead of busting and moving to co-existence instead of colder war. Indeed in one revealing passage Mr. Kopkind virtually says as much:

> The recurrent theme—the nightmare—of the Sixties was the revelation of those faults in ways

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Americans had never seen before. It is hard to believe that poverty was "discovered" in the U.S. only six years ago (the germinal event was Dwight MacDonald's review of Michael Harrington's book *The Other America*, in the *New Yorker* magazine). The depth of the race crisis was first felt in the Birmingham, Alabama, demonstrations in 1963. The nature of middle-class alienation was not even conceived until the student strikes and the hippie putsches of 1967 and 1968. The consequences of America's advancing empire—even in the most virulent forms—were not glimpsed until the war in Vietnam had already become genocidal.

It is flattering for anybody writing a book review to be told that the writing of a book review can be a germinal event, providing ageing *enfants terribles* with the necessary stuff of youthful idealism and passion. But to normal liberals who, from teenagehood on, have always had a real world to want to be reforming, it is also strangely pathetic.

4. Those intellectuals who have come of age in the 1960s have much greater promise; they are rightly giving us furiously to think about some of the causes for self-satisfaction that we have taken for granted. But one trouble is that they are still being led by people from the inferiority-complex-ridden generation of the decade before; and a mixture of radical mysticism with inferiority complexes gives one fascism.

THE DISTASTEFUL FEATURES of Mr. Kopkind's collected essays are the parts where this mixture becomes obvious. Internationally, it is much less worrying than the much worse variant of the same mixture was in Germany and Italy and Japan of the 1930s. If a number of insecure people with inferiority complexes feel they must do their thing by importing hatred into their poetically rounded sentences, then it is better that the hate buds are now sprouting in the anti-nationalism of a few anti-American American emotionalists, instead of in the nationalism which can arouse whole peoples and armies. But Mr. Kopkind, who is an intelligent man, should consider whether the enjoyable passion of his hatred really is not getting the better of his cool judgment when he writes about his own country, in a foreign magazine, as a supposedly reasonable summary of current international events:

> Appropriate to its size and power, the U.S. has developed a global system of violence which replicates in gross detail the material of its own history. The American civilisation was founded on genocide and slavery: the extinction of the Indians was necessary for its political growth,

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the enslavement of the Negroes for its economic development.

This essay on "America's empire in revolt" goes on to say how in Europe "the few delights of American culture have been imported along with its many horrors," how in Asia "most Asian economies make more profits from the war in Vietnam than do U.S. corporations (if the two can be separated)," and how in Latin America the one "non-negotiable issue of American foreign policy is the control of most Latin American economies by U.S. corporations or their local agents." Another passage suggests, apparently seriously, as "the only reasonable explanation" of the *Pueblo* incident that the USS *Pueblo* set about "provoking its own capture," partly because in the spy game "public acclaim (and publishers' royalties) come only with failure." This passage is entirely representative of Mr. Kopkind's developed conspiracy theory of contemporary history; but the memory of the broken men who returned from North Korea, while Mr. Kopkind was living off his publishers' royalties (from Penguin and others) for writing this sort of traducement, somehow makes it more than representatively sickening.

In his views on American foreign policies, Mr. Kopkind does no more than damage the traditional case by his exaggerations. In American domestic policies he damages a better case in the same way. He tells us enthusiastically that "it is not hard to see how the young of this generation can be appalled. Their rage against the hypocrisy of the 'system' is the only appropriate reaction to the facts of the Fifties." This raises something of a smile, because by now it must be clear to the reader that young Mr. Kopkind plainly spent the Fifties searching desperately for something to be enraged about. In another passage he says that his own profession of journalism in America gives one few status symbols other than inside-dopesterism; this is a form of self-pity which really does need to be avoided by American journalists, of all people, so long as they maintain any sense of either proportion or the ridiculous. But one genuinely shining cause does lie before decent American liberals who have the courage to fight battles: the cause of civil rights for black Americans. It was to be hoped and expected that Mr. Kopkind would adopt this cause as his own. It was also to be feared and expected that he would do the cause some damage. He duly does so in two respects.

The less serious damage comes from his usual vice of emotional exaggeration to the point that invites ridicule. He proclaims to us that

> Whites who have Negro maids, or who have their shoes cleaned by Negro bootblacks, or who

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> vote for the one Negro in their school to be class president, are all participating in American racism.

In his report on Watts, he says that "the August revolts charged the entire Negro population with that sense of 'black power' that combines dignity, pride, hatred of whites and Negro brotherhood"; this phrase about the "entire Negro population" being charged with "hatred of whites" is wishful apprehension.

THE MORE SERIOUS DAMAGE inflicted by intellectuals of Mr. Kopkind's type arises when they try to make bully-boy tactics look excusable. This emerges most clearly in his two essays on the (originally amiable) farce of the National Conference for the New Politics in 1968. Mr. Kopkind describes its opening in the light prose which makes much of his writing a real delight. The staff director for the conference was a distracted college professor who "wore dirty white bucks and cared about the war in Vietnam." The amorphous mass for the conference gathered in an unfortunate Hilton hotel in Chicago where "students and ghetto delegates camped out every night in the foyer by each floor's elevator bank; the house dicks decided not to interfere." Although all sorts of "delegates" from representative organisations had been invited, "at the end anyone who wanted to could wander in and find a seat up front."

Those who wandered most decisively up front were a black caucus of about a hundred delegates, under Mr. James Forman, who demanded that they should be allowed to vote half the convention's vote as a bloc, and virtually got their way—with the result that some very odd motions were passed. Mr. Kopkind's description of this event is that

> In an extraordinarily blunt and effective speech SNCC's former executive secretary, James Forman, put it to the convention "We're going to liberate you whether you want to be liberated or not."

In his next essay Mr. Kopkind, to his credit, prints a reply from others who attended the conference, which puts matters in a somewhat different light:

> Mr. Kopkind describes James Forman's speech as "extraordinarily blunt and effective." Why does he not report that Forman was escorted by a flying wedge of bodyguards who pushed whites from the platform and stood glaring at the audience as Forman spoke? Why not report that Forman appointed himself chairman and passed resolutions without letting others speak? ... Mr. Kopkind omits mention of the physical intimidation against both blacks and whites practised by members of the Black Caucus and by

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black teenagers present at the hotel. Mr. James Bevel, for example, was physically threatened when he tried to express his differences with others in the Black Caucus.

Mr. Kopkind's reply to this criticism is that "No one who has written or spoken about the convention, to my knowledge, has denied that there was a great deal of foolishness, some bullying and endemic mindlessness during those days." But he feels that the black caucus must "be recognised for what it was: the most powerful, most radical motive force in the U.S." The resolutions which the convention accepted under Mr. Forman's glare "did symbolise notions of revolution, Black Power, and anti-imperialism which most white radicals would support." There were "parts of the resolutions" —including, incidentally, some critics will say, manifestations of black anti-Semitism—"to which most of the delegates, in a different political context, would have objected, and their acceptance of the whole package at NCNP was a disagreeable task. If there were any moral virgins before there are none after that convention." Finally, Mr. Kopkind is "sorry that the Rev. Mr. Bevel was threatened, but I trust that he can take care of himself."

IT IS THESE last sentences that lose my remaining sympathy for Mr. Kopkind. There are some people who can write such sentences as "I am sorry so-and-so was threatened, but I trust that he can take care of himself"; there are others who feel a real chill of horror that such sentences can be written by an educated and sentient man. I suspect that in the first category belong some people who are too young to remember where similar surrenders of "moral virginity" led in the 1930s, plus some people who are old enough to have compromised their own moral virginity in some such directions during the 1930s (no doubt generally only a little bit, as Mr. Kopkind is now willing to do). But to me it seems that those who can write such sentences are taking far too short a spoon to sup with the devil: especially when their main reason for attending the supper appears to be eagerness to get high on some drug that will assuage their guilt complexes for having been such aimless intellectuals during their own fast disappearing youth.

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

The Irony of Negro Progress in America

A Controversial Exchange — By RICHARD YOUNG

A YEAR AGO, ENCOUNTER published an article by Professor Nathan Glazer entitled "America's Race Paradox," which dealt with the apparent contradiction between the social progress made by black Americans in recent years and the concomitant development of black radicalism. Professor Glazer's analysis was intelligent and subtle, and it does not lend itself to an easy summation. However, a few central points clearly emerged. First of all, Glazer forcefully argued that "things *are* getting better" for Afro-Americans, and he presented numerous figures to demonstrate the significant socio-economic advances which black Americans have made during the 1960s. Second, Glazer argued that this improvement in the objective well-being of blacks has been accompanied by an increase in black alienation, militancy, and nationalism. Finally, while Glazer was far from complacent about the responsibilities of white Americans in dealing with America's racial problems, he implied that the primary barrier to a peaceful solution of these problems may be the separatist goals of black militants. According to Glazer,

> there is a failure to understand, on the part of black militants and their too-complaisant white allies, that there *is* an American society with a tremendous power to incorporate and make part of itself new groups, to their advantage and not to the advantage of the larger society, and that this is not a *white* society.

Implicit to Glazer's analysis was the thesis that black socio-economic problems are being solved by existing public and private policies and that black militancy has become an irrational barrier to the successful incorporation of black Americans into the mainstream of American society.

Professor Glazer is obviously not a racist; nor is he insensitive to the problems of black Americans. Nevertheless, I feel that Glazer's article was misleading in many respects, and, of greater importance, the type of thinking displayed contributes, all in all, to a perpetuation of the current racial crisis in America rather than to its solution.

TO BEGIN WITH, Glazer's assumption that things are getting better for black Americans is debatable. An assessment of black social progress really depends on how one defines the situation. For example, examining black incomes, things are clearly improving if one looks at *absolute* increases. However, if one's focus is the absolute difference in income between white and black Americans, one finds that this gap is growing. My own view is that the most useful indicator is the *relative difference* between white and black earnings. Looking at American race relations from this perspective, we find that black income, *relative to white income*, has remained about constant since World War II. The table below, based on the U.S. governmental report cited by Glazer, shows the ratio of non-white to white family income in America from 1950 through 1966:[1]

HOW WELL DO *sociological exercises hold up? A year ago we published an important article by Professor Nathan Glazer, of Harvard, on the Negro situation in America. Looking back on it after a period of change and crisis,* RICHARD YOUNG, *who teaches political science at Stanford, thinks that the quick-changing signs of the times must be read differently. His critique gives Professor Glazer an opportunity to reassess his own theses in the adjoining reply.*

[1] United States Bureau of the Census, *Social and Economic Conditions of Negroes in the United States*, October 1967 (Washington: Government Printing Office), p. 15. For recent socio-economic profiles of the American Negro, see Thomas F. Pettigrew, *A Profile of the Negro American* (Van Nostrand, 1964); and St. Clair Drake, "The Social and Economic Status of the Negro in the United States," Rashi Fein, "An Economic and Social Profile of the Negro American," and Daniel Moynihan, "Employment, Income, and the Ordeal of the Negro Family," all in *The Negro American* (Houghton Mifflin, 1966).

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Year	*Ratio*
1950	·54
1952	·57
1954	·56
1956	·53
1958	·51
1960	·55
1962	·53
1964	·56
1966	·60

As these figures indicate, black family income has fluctuated between 50% and 60% of white income during the past two decades. There is no reason to assume that the modest gains made by Negroes during the Viet Nam War will continue. Non-white income increased during the Korean War to 57% of white income in 1952; in the subsequent post-war period this figure fell to nearly 50%. The current policies of the Nixon Administration suggest that domestic programmes will not be initiated to offset the economic dislocations which will accompany an ending of the Viet Nam War; these dislocations are likely to affect black Americans—who are the "last hired, and first fired"—far more severely than other Americans.

While Negro income has remained relatively constant at slightly more than half of white income, Negro unemployment has been consistently double that of whites. The table below shows the ratio of non-white to white unemployment from 1950 through 1966:[2]

Year	*Ratio*
1950	1·8
1952	1·9
1954	2·0
1956	2·3
1958	2·1
1960	2·1
1962	2·2
1964	2·1
1966	2·2

The political despair which is felt by Negroes is not so paradoxical when one understands two basic facts: (1) The relative deprivation of black Americans has remained constant since World War II. (2) During this period, there has been a dramatic rise in the level of Negro expectations—albeit for reasons not directly analogous to Tocqueville's analysis of the French Revolution. The first proposition I have already discussed; those interested in more detailed discussions of this point should consult the sources cited. The second point is far more complex and deserves some discussion because it is directly relevant to understanding black militancy in the U.S.A. The recent rise in the level of Negro expectation can be understood only in the context of Negro American history.

THE BASIC FACTS of this history are well known. African slaves were brought to the English colonies of North America before the arrival of the *Mayflower*. Slavery existed in America for two centuries, and its abolition occurred only after a prolonged civil war. Attempts by Northern radicals in Congress to establish racial political and economic equality failed after the Civil War, and within a dozen years Southern whites regained full political control over the affairs of the states of the former Confederacy. Until the 1950s, the majority of Afro-Americans —those living in the South—suffered severe economic deprivation, lived in a rigid caste system, and were denied basic political and legal rights.

The psychological effects of this experience are not so well understood. As Stanley Elkins demonstrated in his classic study, slavery destroyed the African's cultural heritage and conditioned the slave in such a manner that he passively acquiesced in his own subjugation.[3] The abolition of slavery did not solve the problems created by it; instead, the history of American race relations during most of the past century is a tale of overt racism on *both* sides of the Mason-Dixon line. Racist theories were accepted as the conventional wisdom throughout America until the Second World War. Psychological and sociological findings which "scientifically" demonstrated the inferiority of the Negro race appeared in academic journals and texts as recently as the 1930s. Extreme *de facto* segregation existed in the North until the late 1940s, as did the popularity of tasteless "Jim Crow" humour in the mass media. In the South, a rigid caste system was a way of life until Federal intervention brought about major changes in the past decade. As a result of these racist practices, Negro Americans were constantly humiliated and reminded of the "fact" of their inferiority. The psychological effect was a low sense of self-esteem and the acceptance of a "nigger" role defined by the dominant white society. This socially induced damage to his sense of self-respect and worth was the Afro-American's "mark of oppression."[4]

In *An American Dilemma* (published during World War II), Gunnar Myrdal stressed the

[2] *Social and Economic Conditions of Negroes in the United States*, p. 30.

[3] *Slavery: A Problem in American Institutional and Intellectual Life* (1963).

[4] See Abram Kardiner & Lionel Ovesey, *The Mark of Oppression* (1962).

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disparity between the "American Creed" and the actual conditions of Negroes in the United States. Myrdal noted that the exclusion of black Americans from American democracy could only be justified by racist assumptions. Once the equality of the races was demonstrated—which American social science did in fact do in the 1930s—Myrdal's analysis suggested that black Americans would become full participants in the American social system. In many respects recent American history supports Myrdal's conclusions. Racist stereotypes have been purged from the mass media, and racial equality is preached in the nation's educational institutions. White public opinion has changed so dramatically in the past three decades that by the late 1950s even in the South a majority of whites accepted, at least in theory, the principle of racial equality.[5] Beginning with the Brown decision of the Supreme Court in 1954, and culminating with the 1964 and 1965 Civil Rights Acts, the federal government has frontally attacked white Southern institutions of segregation and black political disfranchisement.

THE ABOVE ACCOUNT is clearly in accord with Professor Glazer's argument, so I would like to emphasise here two important developments of the post-war period which Glazer ignores. The first is the psychological effect that the changes listed above had on *black* Americans after World War II. The second is the fact that the resolution of the "American dilemma" described by Myrdal did *not* solve the problem of race relations in America.

Whether or not white acceptance of the concept of racial equality during the 1940s was hypocritical, it seems clear that this significant change in white attitudes had a deep effect on how Negro Americans viewed themselves. No longer caricatured in the mass media and told that they were inferior to whites in their schools, Negroes grew up in the post-war period—particularly in the North—with a pride that was to inaugurate a new chapter in American race relations. No longer passive, second-class citizens in a culture which defined them as inferior, they acted with the impatience of white Americans in seeking quick solutions to their problems. Turning first to mass demonstrations in the late 1950s, then to civil disobedience, and finally to urban riots, large numbers of blacks, mostly young, expressed their frustrations over the fact that they were denied socio-economic equality to whites.

The young Afro-American of the 1960s—if I might suggest an ideal type—is unlike the Negro of the past. He is assertive, defiant, courageous, and impatient. He wants solutions to complex socio-economic problems *"now."* Ironically, he differs little in his basic personality from white Americans. The violence that typifies American society in general is indicative of the fact that Americans tend to react to problems swiftly, forcefully, and courageously, if not always wisely or carefully. White Americans, faced with the socio-economic conditions of urban blacks, would almost certainly react in an extremist manner. The most significant fact in American race relations since World War II is that large numbers of black Americans have abandoned the "nigger" role, and even the "Negro" role, for the "black" role, a role based on the premise that blacks are indeed equal to whites. The fact that the *relative* conditions of black Americans have not improved since World War II has pushed many of them to the edge of rebellion.

Negro Americans have come to realise in growing numbers that the application of the "American Creed" to blacks has not meant a solution to their problems. The American ideology stresses equality of opportunity, not of condition. The fact that blacks enjoy—on paper and increasingly in fact—the same political and legal rights as other Americans and are even protected by law in respect to equality of job opportunity, has not led, nor is it likely to lead, to a redistribution of wealth and power between black and white Americans so that blacks are able as a group to enjoy the standard of living and control over their individual lives currently enjoyed by white Americans as a group.

Again, Negro history is relevant. Until the Civil War, the American economy functioned in a crude way like the economic model described by Adam Smith in *Wealth of Nations*. Large numbers of small white capitalists were able to prosper in the free-enterprise economy which existed; numerous historians have pointed out that *laissez-faire* capitalism was regarded by Jeffersonian and Jacksonian democrats as the vehicle by which a more democratic and egalitarian America would be achieved.[6] During this period Negroes, held as slaves, could be neither capitalists nor workers, but were legally defined as property. After the Civil War, the American economy shifted towards heavy corporate industry. Nevertheless, a serious labour shortage existed, and unskilled immigrants came to the U.S.A. to work in the large factories of the industrial North-east.

[5] Herbert Hyman & Paul Sheatsley, "Attitudes toward Desegregation," *Scientific American* (July 1964), pp. 16–23.

[6] For example, see Richard Hofstadter, *The American Political Tradition* (1948).

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These factory jobs provided an avenue for social mobility, and the descendants of these immigrants have entered the mainstream of the American middle class. During this period, Southern blacks were kept on plantations as share-croppers by state laws which prevented Northern capitalists from recruiting black labour. The flood of European immigration to America came to a close during the First World War. The descendants of these immigrants benefited from the trade union movements of the 1930s and have been either upwardly mobile or have at least kept pace with the recent technological changes in the American economy.

In contrast to the white immigrants who came to America during a period of economic expansion, black Americans have migrated northward primarily since the 1940s. The rural industrialisation of the South has made their labour unnecessary to white prosperity; their lack of education and industrial skills makes them incapable of absorption into the technologically sophisticated jobs available in the North. While the minority of blacks who have technical and professional skills enjoy opportunities similar to those of their white counterparts, the majority of blacks suffer from the fact that they lack the training required by an advanced industrial society. Millions of Negro Americans are unemployed or under-employed, and American schools—whether in the rural South or in urban ghettos—continue to turn out young blacks who are often functionally illiterate regardless of how many years they have spent in school buildings. To those who are affected, it does not really matter if Negro poverty results from overt racism or the impersonal workings of the American economy. The result is the same. Time will not solve this problem. Instead, the passage of time means only that the gap will increase between the skills needed by the American industrial state and the skills possessed by most Negroes.

THE POINT WHICH I wish to emphasise here is that the racial crisis in America will not be solved by lecturing Negroes on why they should accept a model of the American social and economic system which they know perfectly well has not in the past and does not in the present apply to them. If a racial civil war is to be avoided in the United States—and I feel that it can be avoided—white Americans must face the race problem honestly and provide realistic solutions. Right or wrong, black Americans are demanding equality of economic conditions with whites. They reject gradualism because they have become, as I have suggested above, truly American in their impatience about the problems confronting them.

AS A START, white Americans must recognise that most black demands are legitimate, realistic responses to the socio-economic problems facing the Negro community. For example, many whites are critical of what they perceive to be a contradiction between a black insistence on autonomy—black-administered schools, businesses, and communities—on the one hand and black demands for public and private aid on the other. Yet this contradiction vanishes when one remembers that the historical experience of Negroes has been, first, exploitation and, then, forced exclusion from the mainstream of the American economy. The virgin lands have now been settled, the industrial economy has matured, and even the demand for unskilled labour is gone. As a result, the "freedom" to be culturally autonomous is meaningless. In the 19th century, social and economic opportunity appeared to be dependent upon a governmental policy of *laissez-faire*, and millions of white Americans of various ethnic backgrounds benefited from those opportunities. Now that the frontier is gone, the realities of contemporary America are such that the creation of black schools, colleges, businesses, and communities requires more than black pride and stamina; massive financial support from the (predominantly white) public sector is required as well.

In light of the Afro-American historical experience, black demands are really rather modest. A comparison between Negro and white college radicals may illustrate this point. White radicals, perhaps for good reasons, are often so disenchanted with the *status quo* in America that they are uninterested in incremental change, no matter how massive. Many of them feel that only total revolution will create a humane society. In respect to their social analyses, the black radicals in the numerous Black Student Unions (*BSU*) on American campuses are no less critical; however, their goals are far more concrete and pragmatic. The admission of black students, the recruitment of black teachers, the establishment of black curricula—these are the issues which concern Negro students. While *BSU* may be as forceful as the white radicals in fighting for its demands, the goals of the groups are quite disparate.

Black demands are not inconsistent with the pluralistic model of American society described by Professor Glazer and others. Where Glazer is in error is his assumption that existing white attitudes and policies are consistent with the satisfaction of legitimate black demands. Glazer wrote of the "subtle and complex adjustments [which] were made to accommodate a wide variety of differences" among other ethnic

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groups in earlier historical periods. The problem is that in a mature industrial society, these adjustments involve more than the often grudging freedom granted such groups as the Irish, Jews, or Mormons during earlier stages in America's development. White Americans seem unwilling either to support the massive governmental programmes necessary to establish socio-economic equality between the races or to surrender any of their control over institutions necessary for the development of black autonomy *within* the American social system. If blacks are to have relevant college educations, this means dislocations within predominantly white universities. If blacks are to enter into the industrial mainstream, they must gain entrance into predominantly white unions causing white workers to lose their monopolistic control over many sectors of skilled labour. If the black minorities of our cities are allowed to establish separate, black-ruled communities, many white politicians will face severe losses in power.

EVENTS HAVE NOT shown whites to be willing to come to grips with these difficult issues. Since Professor Glazer's article appeared, an overtly racist candidate for the Presidency received over nine million votes, while another candidate who offered "law and order" and a curtailment of the War on Poverty was elected. President Nixon's actions in office have provided little support for the view that the social welfare programmes initiated by President Lyndon Johnson will be continued and expanded. The economic policies of the current Administration have already countered the economic progress made by blacks during the Viet Nam War; Negro unemployment appears to be rising. On the political front, reaction seems to be setting in. Recent local elections in Los Angeles, Minneapolis, and New York City indicate that most whites are far more interested in social stability than social progress.

If racial violence continues to escalate in the United States, it will not be because of the irrational appeal of black nationalism, but because the American social system continues to be unresponsive to Negro demands for the degree of control over their lives and the level of well-being which are enjoyed by most white Americans. At the moment black separatists have little support; a study made last year for the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders found that only 6% of the Negro respondents favoured a "separate nation here." Nevertheless, a large number of Negroes are deeply alienated and are sympathetic to many aspects of the black nationalist movement. If conditions do not dramatically improve, and white Americans continue to greet black demands with cries for "law and order" and token welfare programmes, then the radical critics of American society will have been proved right and civil strife will be unavoidable.

A Reply

THE DISTANCE BETWEEN Mr. Young and myself is not large—I am relieved to see that he does not indulge in the inflamed rhetoric which is characteristic of so much discussion of Negro problems in the U.S.A. And yet it would not do to fudge over the differences. I did emphasise there had been considerable progress; I did say that perhaps the major obstacle to future progress would be found not in white but in black attitudes, attitudes that might make it impossible for Negroes to accommodate themselves to a society in which, despite a substantial degree of equality of opportunity, some degree of inequality in achievement persisted. Of course there are serious problems with white attitudes—the question remains whether future progress is dependent on a further diminution in negative white attitudes to blacks or on new public programmes.

The figures as to "black progress" in recent years are complex—I gave some, Mr. Young gives others. There is little question that the gap between Negro and white income has not been much reduced—in absolute terms, on some measures, it has even increased. I would, however, point out that this gap has not increased—and, at least in recent years, has been reduced—at a time when income of all Americans was rising rapidly. This in itself is not an achievement to be taken lightly. But there are other marks of progress—the closing of the inequalities on education (measured by length of education); the rapid increase in the proportions of blacks who hold white-collar jobs (this does show much more substantial progress than the income figures); the enormous increase in elected Negro officials (still much below their proportions in the population); the huge increase in blacks in élite colleges (now beginning to approximate the national proportion).

I would not agree that Negroes have made no relative advance—but this is not essential to Mr. Young's argument. Even if there had been *some* relative improvement, as I am convinced the evidence shows there has, the rise in the level of expectations could still have increased black despair. Mr. Young leans on another argument which I think has little merit—that whereas other groups could raise themselves,

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through the opportunities of *laissez-faire* capitalism, or through unskilled labour in a rapidly growing industrial economy, both of these channels are now much narrower than in the past. I am not sure this is true—the evidence is surprisingly weak to support *both* these widely held views. There is no decline in the number of small businesses that are opened, or the numbers that succeed (or fail); nor is there any decline in the need for unskilled labour. The *Wall Street Journal* regularly publishes articles on how hard it is to get unskilled—as well as skilled—labour.

What *is* true is that entry into the small-business economy requires, in addition to the capital, entrepreneurial skills and attitudes it has always required, a higher level of skill and training in dealing with the booby-trap-ridden, somewhat managed economy—managed that is by government, at three or more levels, by big business, and by unions. Negroes have always been hampered by their inexperience and by discrimination in going into small business. Today, while discrimination has lessened, and various programmes make some degree of capital available, the experience required for success has increased enormously. This is a serious problem, and is perhaps the main reason why it was never possible to expect too much from "Black Capitalism." As long as we don't know how to make an entrepreneur, we can only be experimental in efforts to increase the numbers of black entrepreneurs.

As for unskilled labour—the problem is *not* that jobs are not available, but that the rise in expectations has made them undesirable. Many don't pay enough; they don't have the protection of year-round employment; they don't put one on a ladder leading to increased pay and responsibility; they do not provide fringe benefits in the way of vacations, medical care, etc.

In discussing problems of employment and under-employment in the U.S., I think one should be aware of this facet. The unemployment rate is higher, and much higher among Negroes, less because of the absolute shortage of jobs than because there are many jobs people will not take. In the Northern industrial states, with high levels of welfare support which will provide income above that provided by minimum-pay jobs, this is a particular problem. In New York City, one-eighth of the population is on welfare. Much of this 1,000,000 consists of the unemployables, and of women whose husbands have abandoned them (and their children). Still, tens of thousands—perhaps many more—are employable. But as one client has been reported saying, "Welfare is the best job going around here. . . ." There are other jobs—but welfare is the best.

ONE SHOULD RECOGNISE this is in large measure a *cultural* problem to which there is no simple answer. Some people will work at a minimum-pay job even if welfare will give them more. Others will not. And increasing numbers will not if the stigma attached to welfare is reduced (as it increasingly is) by liberal and radical justifications for welfare.

We should see the positive side of this development—many Negroes (and of course others) will not work at low-paying jobs without security and prospects for advancement because they can do as well on welfare. This does reflect the increased self-respect, pride, and the higher expectations that Mr. Young (and I) refer to. But one must not be too Pollyanna-ish—it may also reflect an unreal set of expectations that no society can match *"now."*

OBVIOUSLY THERE IS no way of going back to the narrower expectations and hopes that permitted whole generations of Negroes to work at poor jobs. But it is unrealistic to think that the great numbers who refuse these jobs can *in very short order* be qualified for other jobs—indeed, since they cannot, many of our social programmes consist of the creation of high-flown white-collar jobs that can be given to Negroes, and which are probably not terribly productive. This is not very different from other political jobs that have been characteristically distributed by political machines in American cities for a long time. But there *are* limits to how far this kind of job creation can be carried.

Mr. Young points out that white racial attitudes no longer form a major bar to Negro progress—the major bar is in the failure to develop and mount large programmes which will overcome black inferiority, and in surrendering white control over institutions necessary for black autonomy. I think he gives too simple a picture. What are these institutions over which conflict has occurred?

Universities.—There has been a rapid increase in Negro administrators; a rapid increase in Negro college teachers—so rapid, indeed, that there is a danger of denuding the Southern Negro universities, and this increase occurs even though the pool of black graduate students (despite varied kinds of support) has shown hardly any increase at all in recent years. There has been a rapid increase in Negro college students—most of the Ivy League colleges will have 10 per cent of their entering classes Negro. There are large numbers of "black studies" programmes starting. Conflict has occurred in all these areas. In some cases, demands have been raised that cannot be accommodated without intense conflict—for example, the demand

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that 50 per cent of the places to the free City College of New York be reserved for Negroes and Puerto Ricans (a proportion far higher than their proportion in the city) and without consideration for their grades or courses of study.

Public schools.—There has been a fierce struggle in New York City over "community control" of the schools. Let us understand the issue—Negroes participate in the control of the schools, just as whites do, through the election of the Mayor, and through his appointment of a representative Board of Education. This was declared to be insufficient, and Negroes demanded that smaller, elected school boards for smaller areas of the city control the schools. This demand was supported by Mayor Lindsay and most of the leading figures of the city—but it was fought by the Teachers' Union which feared that teachers would be dismissed from, or would be unable to achieve, posts to which they had rights by seniority and union contract. This was an enormously difficult problem—but some degree of community control through local elected boards has now been granted under State law.

Institutions in black communities.—These are now almost entirely in the hands of Negroes. No one would dream of setting up a local poverty agency, model cities agency, urban renewal advisory board, or an agency of any type in a largely black area that was not largely black. The problem here is that there are many different political groupings and tendencies, and it is often impossible to find a representative principle for this new flood of local control agencies that will permit any action at all. Thus, the rebuilding of the burned-out business districts of Negro areas has been hampered by the difficulty of getting varied community groups to agree on a plan (this has been the specific problem in Washington, D.C.). The issue has been in many cases less too little control but rather no mechanism whereby conflicts over local control can be reconciled so they can lead to some sort of programme.

Business in black communities.—Naturally, in a society where private property is a cardinal principle it is not easy to simply hand over the businesses and land. Yet, in effect, we are already close to this. Many of the businesses have been destroyed in the rioting; many others are available for very small sums; much of the land is extremely cheap; and there is so little profit to be made now from housing in Negro slum districts that many of the houses now lie abandoned. There is no problem in Negroes acquiring much of the business and land in black communities—but the problems of business enterprise and housing management in communities with high crime rates, high insurance rates, vandalism and the like are such that even expropriation (and some of the businesses have in effect been expropriated) does not guarantee they can be conducted at a profit or that the housing can be managed at a profit—by anyone, white or black!

Thus the slogan, "black control of business and housing in black communities," does not mean much. Much of the business and the housing is available for the taking—but there is no one to take it. When rental properties are abandoned in New York City (and at least 50,000 units are now abandoned), one would think the tenants would simply live there *rent-free*. They do not. They desert immediately because they do not have the resources, financial or managerial, to provide hot water and heat, to carry out repairs, etc. The same thing is true of many of the businesses. The slogan is incomplete—to whom does one give control, and how much capital does one have to invest before the properties handed over become viable, if ever?

Police.—It is true there has been little movement towards local control of police in black communities. But at this point it is a question whether black businessmen and middle-class Negroes would favour such a move—or indeed how many poor Negroes, who suffer terribly from crime, would favour it. Just as it becomes difficult to know how, or to whom, to turn over control for development of an urban renewal plan—so many interests conflict, even within the so-called "black" community—it would also be difficult to create the kind of community institutions, representative of and with safeguards for minorities, to which to turn over control of police. Various experiments to develop a local constabulary have been suggested; some are being tentatively tried.

FINALLY, I WONDER about Mr. Young's analysis of events since the election of President Nixon. No one can minimise the gravity of Governor George Wallace's appeal—still, it was quite modest in the Northern cities. It remained a Southern vote, based on the peculiar conditions of that peculiar section. Nor can anyone minimise the dangers, for Negroes and for domestic peace, of a policy that is willing to see an increase in unemployment to reduce the rate of inflation and improve the international balance of trade. And yet, there has been no increase in unemployment, nor in Negro unemployment. Nor have there been cut-backs in the social welfare programmes. The poverty programme is maintained at close to its old levels. Even President Johnson's chief officials agreed that so many programmes in so many

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fields had been begun, it would be pointless to start new ones—the old ones must be improved, coordinated, modified, for there are limits to the capacities of a government to administer.

The reaction on the domestic front is much exaggerated. A Negro candidate for mayor in Los Angeles did not win—but he received *almost half the vote* in a city in which only 10% of the voters are Negro. In New York Mayor Lindsay was barely edged out by a conservative Republican—but the Republican Party is naturally the seat of conservatives; the conservative candidate in this case himself sponsors civil-rights legislation, and since he is Italian and 40% of enrolled Republicans are Italian, Mayor Lindsay would in any case have had a hard time. The conservative Democrat won in a primary—but he received only one-third of the vote, and four liberals divided the rest.

My argument—in two articles in ENCOUNTER—has been that the problems to which people demand answers *"now,"* immediately, are enormously complex, and that the main obstacle in their way is not primarily the unresponsiveness of the American political system or the state of white public opinion. Both of these *are* problems. Let me point out they are not problems for Negroes alone. Consider how long it took President Kennedy to carry through Congress a *cut* in taxes, a necessary first-step in getting the American economy to move more rapidly. Consider the difficulties President Nixon is having to maintain a surtax which is critical to contain inflation. Consider what political resources must be invested in these and other measures which themselves do not incorporate any "advanced thinking" about policy approaches that would be helpful for Negroes. We face not only the general problem of a system of government in which power is not concentrated (as it is in England) but is so widely diffused that enormous energies are required to institute any new programmes, and so many interests must be accommodated that these are badly flawed.

We also have an additional problem—we don't know what policies would work. Some of the ablest men in American public life are now engaged in developing some revision of the welfare system, on which a good part of the Negro population of Northern cities is dependent. Leaving aside all the political problems, the fact is the best informed people *differ* as to what should be done. The guaranteed annual income or negative income tax had far from universal acceptance among the best informed, and the details as to how it would work, though not as yet worked out, are critical to its success. Indeed, as social policy becomes more complex, this can be said of policy in many fields, such as education, medical care, housing, job training, and the like. In each of these fields, once past the general principles, success depends on details of legislation, administrative regulations, vigour of administration, etc., etc.

I HAVE FOCUSED on these problems because as a matter of fact the answers are not at hand, even if the money were. To give young Negro boys high salaries for jobs is to undermine the position of Negro men as heads of their families. To provide high subsidies for housing arouses the antagonism of those who pay for housing without subsidy. To provide higher levels of welfare leads to withdrawal from the labour force. To increase minimum wages, in order to make work more attractive in the face of higher welfare payments, increases unemployment among the young and unskilled. To increase funds for education seems to increase salaries without improving education. Indeed, nothing very clearly improves education. And so it goes.

These are not insoluble dilemmas—they *are* problems. But meanwhile attention is drawn away from the problems in their concreteness, and a large sense of grievance is cultivated—and a justifiable one, in large measure, as one can find justifications for most grievances—which ensues in increasingly militant demands, that either *cannot be met* or, if met, *do nothing to change the situation*. One may well be frustrated by the dilemmas of contemporary industrial society—but what is happening on a wider and wider scale is that these frustrations are being worked upon by leaders to the point where they increasingly find an outlet in rage. And that rage can destroy the country. It has already captured a substantial portion of the youth. If one is convinced—as I am—that separatism in a country as integrated as the United States can only increase frustrations, and can provide no solutions, one must point to the political energies directed—often irresponsibly and thoughtlessly—to militant separatism as one of the key obstacles in the way of improving the domestic conditions in this country.

Nathan Glazer

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

Letter from Macao

By George Mikes

THE FORTY MILES SEA-JOURNEY between Hong Kong and Macao takes you from China to the Mediterranean. Hong Kong is a huge, busy, bustling metropolis, where the whole population is chasing money with breathless greed; Macao is small and sleepy. And it is engagingly Latin: Portuguese names and notices —repeated in Chinese, with huge, picturesque ideographs—little houses transplanted from the banks of the Douro and the Tejo, charming little squares, balconies, graceful arcades and an easy-going, indolent why-hurry?-life-is-here-to-enjoy atmosphere. One sees many more Portuguese faces than English ones. Even the Chinese coolies, in conical hats, carrying two large buckets on long rods placed across their shoulders and trotting along with tiny dancing steps, often have strong Latin features. The old story again. The British as colonisers kept scrupulously away from the "natives"—and if they slipped up now and then they had what was regarded as the decency to have nothing to do with their bastards; the Portuguese—less humane and harsher in a few other respects—mixed freely, procreated innumerable offspring and accepted them as their own. As Senhor Joaquim Morais Alves, President of Macao's Loyal Senate, remarked:

"We Portuguese always slept with all women on all Continents. For centuries, missionaries and other good Christians upbraided us for being promiscuous and sinful and pointed to the English as noble and virtuous. Then attitudes changed. And now our past behaviour is held up as humane and democratic while the British are branded as a conceited master-race, having kept themselves apart!"

"Which has a moral, I'm sure," I said, and he nodded.

"The moral is obvious. Commit all the vices: you never know when they'll become virtues."

The effect of 400 years of co-existence is, of course, mutual. Both languages—Portuguese and Chinese—succeeded in bastardising each other into a charming, yet ugly, Macao vernacular. And I was pleased to learn from Senhor Alves' remark that Chinese wisdom mixed well with Latin clarity.

IF YOU LOOK RIGHT OR LEFT from the ancient Monte Fort, you see—right in front of your nose—islands belonging to Red China, the Chinese mainland, Chinese junks carrying food and other goods into Macao, displaying the compulsory red flag and the even more compulsory picture of Mao Tse-tung. But right in front of you there is the small-town life of a Portuguese Maupassant, fossilised in the last century or earlier. The local notables, the magistrate, the mayor, the various administrators, the pharmacist, the architect and some rich merchants chatting, gossiping and sipping beer in the Solmar, despising the hordes of—mostly Japanese—tourists who dash in for a hurried lunch, and feeling infinitely superior to them. (All over the world, the most liberal places included, there is still strong discrimination against two races: one is the *poor*—surely a separate race of humanity in most people's eyes —and the second the *tourists*, regarded as the lowest form of human existence, the new untouchables.)

A Macao journalist, Adam Lee, told me:

"If someone threw a hand-grenade into the Café Solmar at two o'clock, after lunch, the administration of Macao would come to a standstill. No one would remain to carry on. . . ."

This, I found later, was a slight exaggeration. Another hand-grenade would be needed: one for the Solmar, the other for the Esplanada. But the *two* would certainly do the trick.

ONE KNOWS—and I knew—very little of Macao. I thought it was a minor Hong Kong, a small Portuguese colony next door to a small English one, only more interesting than its British neighbour because it was (so I imagined) a den of iniquity, a paradise for gamblers, smugglers, opium smokers and refugees from China. This preconceived image—as most preconceived images —was wrong: the truth, as usual, was not the "opposite," just different. The picture never quite fitted; and then Macao changed, out of recognition, after 1967. In December 1966 and on a few occasions during the following weeks,

GEORGE MIKES' *contributions to* ENCOUNTER *include "Letter from Fiji" (April 1968), "Letter from Cyprus" (March 1965) and "Alien's Return" (September 1964).*

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Macao hit the headlines of the world's press. But most people have only a vague recollection what happened and no idea at all what results these dramatic and curious events produced.

Macao lives under the shadows of its two neighbours—economically under Hong Kong; politically under China. The political upheaval of 1966–67 brought almost unbearable humiliation for Portugal. This dark and grim tragedy proved to be extremely beneficial for all concerned and the Communist rule of Macao (disguised as a right-wing, Salazarian-type, reactionary dictatorship) works admirably, apparently to everybody's satisfaction.

The place is also an iceberg. Perhaps not the aptest of metaphors for a place which I found almost as hellishly hot as Bangkok, but it is an iceberg in that both its real economic strength and its true political character are hidden, covered up, invisible.

Hong Kong is a huge metropolis, a vast expanse, a tremendous economic power compared with Macao. Hong Kong, with Kowloon and the New Territories, covers about 400 square miles, Macao six square miles altogether, but without Taipa and Coloane, the two not too important islands, peninsular Macao—*i.e.*, Macao proper—is only 2·1 square miles—smaller than London's Hyde Park. Hong Kong has about 4 million inhabitants, Macao less than 300,000.[1]

The Portuguese came to Macao before Elizabeth I ascended the throne; the British occupied Hong Kong during the first decade of Victoria's reign. In other words, the Portuguese have been in Macao for more than 400 years, while the British, with their 126 years' residence in Hong Kong are sheer newcomers, *parvenus*.

Macao is affluent. Local official economists explain its prosperity in diverse ways but never mention its main source of income—which is part of the iceberg. Officials will speak about Macao's industries. True, Macao has flourishing fisheries and textile-works and is well known for some minor products: incense-sticks and fire-crackers being the most important among them. Tiny economic units tend to concentrate on curious products: what false teeth and sausage skins are to Lichtenstein, incense-sticks and fire-crackers are to Macao. Both joss-sticks and fire-crackers play an important part in certain Chinese ceremonies, and in any case, the Chinese have a mania for fire-crackers; a large amount of Macao's fire-crackers and joss-sticks are exported to the United States, a country with a large Chinese population. Lately, the competition from Taiwan has become fierce, but the fire-cracker industry is still flourishing.

Some Macao economists will speak of tourism which was practically dead for a long time after the 1966–67 troubles but slowly recovered and is flourishing again. Many "tourists" are simply Chinese from Hong Kong, who come to gamble in the casinos and at the dog-races—two institutions conspicuously missing from the amenities of Hong Kong. But there are many ordinary, foreign sight-seers, too. As one Macao official put it: "Hong Kong is bursting; Hong Kong is so rich that it is overflowing. We are bound to enjoy large benefits from Hong Kong's prosperity: tourists, commercial orders, industrial expansion."

The opium trade has been drastically reduced and checked under Chinese pressure but gold-smuggling (and this is the iceberg part of Macao's economy) is still flourishing. The headquarters of the world's largest gold-syndicates are located in a dirty little building in the Avenida Almeida Ribeiro.[2] It is said that more than fifty million dollars-worth of gold passes annually through the Shing Hing Bank. The export of gold from Hong Kong and the import of gold into Macao are quite legal. It is, of course, possible, that all the gold once imported, remains in the bank's cellars. But it is rumoured that most of this gold finds its way to strange hands, is melted down and transformed into doughnut-shaped oblongs and re-exported to Overseas Chinese who—as one bank-director put it—"like to have a small piece of gold." Few people speak of this gold-traffic and it is regarded as rather bad form to mention it. But as the Macao Government officially collects 42 per cent on all gold imports, it is easy to see that Macao makes more on gold than on fire-crackers.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to understand Macao without understanding its relationship with Hong Kong and China.

Hong Kong is one of the most beautiful and fascinating places in the world. It's a shopper's El Dorado, a gastronomical paradise, and the view is breathtaking. Yet Hong Kong is also a disappointing and exasperating place. The

[1] In 1960 there were only 170,000 people in Macao —less than 8,000 Portuguese among them. An official handbook explains that the increase in population was due to an "influx from neighbouring countries." As Macao has no neighbours, only one neighbour: China, this wording reflects an exceeding measure of delicacy and tact. (The name Macao derives from the Goddess A-Ma, patroness of seafarers. The Portuguese first called the Place A-Ma-Kao, the Bay of A-Ma. Hence Macao, or, in the local spelling, Macau.)

[2] The whole operation is described in detail by Richard Hughes in his *Hong Kong: Borrowed Place —Borrowed Time* (André Deutsch, 1968).

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rich are getting richer but the poor are miserable, overworked and downtrodden. Hong Kong regards itself as a Chinese city and, curiously enough, the rich merchants, industrialists, bankers, speculators and sharecroppers of Hong Kong are all inordinately proud of Mao, on a nationalist basis. They have a point, of course: it is due to Mao that China is not exploited, and carved up by the great powers as she used to be, but is respected and feared as a Great Power. But Hong Kong does not really want to know anything about power politics: politics in general is a dirty word. Hong Kong does not want "independence" because China might tolerate a British colony but certainly would not tolerate an independent Chinese state on her borders; the Chinese of Hong Kong do not wish to be involved in local party dealings either: entanglement means sticking one's neck out and who knows what tomorrow brings? So Hong Kong remains a cultural desert, engaged only and exclusively in money-making, with a greed and open rapaciousness that seemed to me to be unparalleled anywhere in the world. And that's why Hong Kong is not really a Chinese city: it is an *overseas* Chinese city. No sign of the gentleness, courtesy, spirituality and philosophical tolerance of many people on the Chinese mainland; it is the overseas Chinese whose main (if not only) interest is money-making, who are honest, efficient, decent but single-minded; and who are infinitely proud of the land they left never to return; of the land whose politics they loathe.

But Mao—at the moment—is no threatening monster, looming on the Hong Kong horizon. For me, during my two recent visits to Hong Kong, he created an altogether different impression. Hong Kong is full of his shops. And his shops are the best in the colony. Before entering a shop, I always watched out, and if I failed to see Mao's huge portraits on the walls and his thoughts displayed over all the walls—the signs that the shop was one of his—hesitated to enter. Goods were often better and always much cheaper than in other shops. And all enterprises were run on shameless—if somewhat outmoded—capitalist principles. Shoppers get discounts; gift-vouchers; shopping vouchers worth so many Hong Kong dollars. Every trick and device is used to keep a customer and make him come back. I have got fountain-pens, belts, fans and ties as gifts from Chairman Mao and I cherish them all. After the Red Guard Revolution and his subsequent near-destruction of the Chinese Communist Party, I have doubts about his political astuteness; but in my eyes he is a retail merchant of genius. I hope he will write a second little Red Book—"Chairman Mao's Second Thoughts"—and will put in it all the advice he can give to fellow-shopkeepers. And I also hope that the new book will be made compulsory reading for all capitalist retailers who will have to chant a few pearls of wisdom before every meal, learn them by heart, and thus become worthier and more successful pillars of old-fashioned, *laissez-faire* capitalism.

THE BRIEF STORY of Macao's downfall is this.

Chou En-lai made a remark during the Red Guards hubbub that the revolution must be spread overseas. "Overseas," for the Red Guard, meant Hong Kong and Macao. They began with Macao.

They were greatly helped by the short-sightedness of the Macao government. It all grew out—as such grave matters often do—from a triviality. On 15 November 1966 an old building was being demolished in Macao, but as the demolition licence was not in order, the authorities ordered the workers to stop. This incensed the workers, they refused to obey and carried on with their job. Policemen were rushed in, they manhandled some of the workers and a fight ensued. As a result of this fracas—because it was no more at that stage—eight workers were arrested.

The high-handed police methods and the arrests made the workers really furious. They sent a deputation to the governor's residence, and demanded not only the immediate release of the arrested workers, but also compensation and an apology. They had to deal with the Deputy Governor, because the Governor himself, Brigadier Nobre de Carvalho, was actually on his way back to Macao from Portugal. The Deputy Governor, naturally enough, played for time; he wanted to place this baby in the Governor's lap. He succeeded with his delaying tactics but the time thus gained also gave ample time to the Communists across the border to seize this heaven-sent opportunity and work out their strategy.

On 25 November Governor Carvalho arrived, pooh-poohed the whole affair and—as military gentlemen are wont to do—decided that the smack of a firm hand was needed. Workers—by this time joined by young schoolboys (Macao has no university, only secondary schools)—sent a deputation every day to see the Governor; they were received, day after day, by the Governor's *A.D.C.* and turned away. On 4 December a huge crowd gathered, consisting of workers and students—the latter mostly boys or girls of 14 or 15 but some not older than

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eight—and demanded, rather vociferously, to see the Governor. Their request was once again refused, whereupon they invaded the Governor's Palace. The Governor asked for police reinforcements.

From that moment things turned from bad to worse. One step inevitably produced the next —only too familiar to those who have followed the course of other riots and revolutions. The police handled the demonstrators roughly but there was no shooting; they used batons "only." Their job did not prove easy, fighting broke out in the Hall of the Governor's Palace and by the time the Palace got cleared, excitement reached a new pitch.

Street demonstrations followed, the workers and students chanting slogans and refusing to disperse. The authorities called in the police and the firemen, and water-hoses almost did their job. But not quite, so a few tear-gas bombs had to be used, too.

All this led to new outbreaks. The crowd entered Government Department (the building where the administrative offices are housed), smashed furniture and destroyed documents. Those who could not get in refused to remain idle and set about to demolish the statue of Jorge Alvares, the first Portuguese who set foot in Macao. They failed to pull the statue down —but did manage to break one arm. By this time the taxi-drivers joined the rioters and taxi-drivers are important people in Macao. They are renowned trouble-makers and—more important—members of a strong and politically minded union. At 4 p.m. the rioters broke into the inner government offices, smashed more furniture and burnt more documents. At 6.30 the Governor ordered a curfew to last till 7 in the morning. The curfew produced the first victims. Three Chinese broke it and were shot dead by the police.

Next morning the crowd went mad with anger. This resulted in further outbreaks and the outbreaks, in turn, in more shooting. Five more people were killed, mostly youngsters under 20. But the situation might have been saved for the Macao government even at this late hour. The curfew lasted for a week and by the time it was lifted, tempers had calmed down to some extent. A 13-strong Negotiating Committee was formed and demanded to see the Governor. The Governor first refused, then hesitated.

While he hesitated, Mao's men from across the border muscled in. The Chinese government regarded the matter as too trivial to step in, so it was the Foreign Affairs Committee of Kwantung Province who sent strongly and threateningly worded warnings and demands to the Governor. The Governor was a realist and (this part of the story is based on hearsay only, but confirmed by all who are supposed to know) suggested to the Portuguese government to evacuate Macao and give it up. Before Mao could panic—this being the last thing the Chinese wanted—the Governor had received instructions from Lisbon to capitulate. This capitulation was humbling and humiliating. On 29 January 1967, the Governor had to send a delegation to the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and sign an agreement with the Committee of Thirteen whom he had refused to receive some time before. The Government of Macao had to admit that they had been wrong; that it was all their fault; and they agreed to pay a compensation of more than 2,000,000 patacas (about £140,000) to the victims. But even this was not all. The delegation, having signed this humiliating document, had to cross the Chinese border, meet the emissaries of the Kwantung Foreign Affairs Committee and sign an even more humiliating one, agreeing to ban all anti-Communist activities in Macao, disband all pro-Chiang Kai-shek organisations and stop the influx of refugees from China. As a result, a large number of Kuomintang agents and supporters had to leave Macao, among them one of the leading merchants. Chiang was silenced and the Taiwan News Agency expelled.

THE PORTUGUESE THOUGHT that this was the end, that such a humiliation could not be borne. In a sense, of course, this *was* the end: the end of Macao as a Province, ruled from Portugal. It is now ruled from Canton—or Peking—and what the Communists say goes. But the Communists do not, as yet, say too much and the situation—surprisingly and paradoxically—has improved for all concerned. Mao, obviously, could not tolerate old-fashioned, pre-Sun Yat-sen types of massacres (Sun, by the way, lived in Macao for a while) and the Governor was extremely foolish to believe that these Portuguese police-methods would work on the Chinese border. But the air has been cleared, and the situation much improved.

After the capitulation, of course, all tourist traffic was stopped; people were too much afraid to come. This clearly did not suit Mao —who gets more than half of his foreign currencies from Hong Kong and Macao. So the former wild slogan about *"Portuguese Imperialists Go Home!," "Down with the British!"* etc., etc., were washed off the walls and replaced by notices welcoming the visitor. Mao opened more of his shops and does a roaring business. Refugees from China are not allowed in, Chiang has been turned out and a great deal of the opium-racket stopped, but otherwise the Portuguese carry on, seemingly

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as before. China has no objection at all to a dictatorial, right-wing government; she would have all all the objections against a democratic régime which might suggest to Macao's neighbour that liberal democracy works. The tourists have returned, they come in larger numbers than ever before, the Casinos are brightly lit up every night, the dog races are more popular than ever. Macao may still be a volcano; but surely, it appears to be the happiest and most relaxed volcano in the world. (The Red Guards tried their tricks in Hong Kong, six months later, but the British fared better than their neighbours. *Their* police behaved with admirable restraint and good humour; their government stood firm. Perhaps Mao, too, was slightly terrified that he might lose his most valuable colony, Hong Kong, and has let the matter slide?)

So now we have a peculiar political situation in that Far Eastern corner. The great capitalists of Hong Kong (as I have pointed out earlier) are proud of Chairman Mao, on purely nationalist grounds. Mao is a nationalist hero and he also keeps a jealous and protective eye on his two favourite colonies, Hong Kong and Macao, and runs his prosperous retail-shops on slightly outmoded, liberal-capitalist lines. The Communists rule Macao—a Portuguese territory—where the Communist Party is still banned and indeed (believe it or not) Communist China is not recognised. They rule—but don't exist.

How long will this last? I am no prophet: I don't know. The arrangement is reasonable, but to expect Chairman Mao to go on doing what is reasonable is itself the height of folly. Richard Hughes tells us of a very rich Macao merchant, Fu Tak-yam, who in 1946 was kidnapped by bandits while smoking opium in a Buddhist retreat. His family had to pay a ransom of £62,500. Eight years later one of his sons was kidnapped and the same ransom demanded. Fu refused to pay. "Why should I pay out all that money? I have enough sons, anyway," he said, viewing the situation from a sensible and practical point of view. Mao, it seems, has learnt from Fu. He seems to be saying, for the time being at any rate: "Why should I stop doing business? Why should I incorporate the two colonies? I have enough sons anyway."

A Curse from the Twelfth Century

May he that lured me into love
Yet shuns my lonely bed
Be turned into a demon
With three horns on his head.

May all men shun his company,
And may his shifty soul
Find in some grey bog-creeping bird
Its fit and flitting hole.

May the cold wedge of winter
Jam every crevice shut,
May wind and snow and iciness
Flick him from rut to rut.

May both his feet freeze off him,
And may his flesh corrode
Into a scrawniness of grass
At the dirt-edge of the road.

And may his way of walking
Be shiveringly bare
With the trembling of all rabbits,
The hurt limp of the hare.

Anonymous
translated by Graeme Wilson

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LETTERS

Noam Chomsky Replies

THE ISSUE OF AUGUST 1969 contains a discussion of my book *American Power and the New Mandarins* by *R* in which there are a number of false statements. He formulates the "essence" of my position as this: "American foreign policy is wholly evil, and necessarily so, because it is the direct reflection of a society which is also absolutely evil." No reference or citation is given to support this characterisation of my views. The reason is simple. It is entirely the invention of the commentator. I have never even hinted at, let alone expressed such an absurdity. On the contrary, I have repeatedly insisted that: "In the Western world at least, [intellectuals] have the power that comes from political liberty, from access to information and freedom of expression," that Western democracy provides them "the leisure, the facilities, and the training to seek the truth lying hidden behind the veil of distortion and misrepresentation, ideology, and class interest through which the events of current history are presented to us." My criticism is directed against those who fail to use or who directly abuse the political liberty and privilege afforded them in the Western democracies. And in fact, I repeatedly refer with praise to journalists, congressmen, scholars, resisters, and many others who have made use of the "high degree of internal freedom" that we enjoy. That *R* should read this as an indictment of American society as "absolutely evil" tells us something about his political attitudes, but nothing about mine.

R further attributes to me, without reference, the view that the United States is so evil that if it "was capable of having a conscience it would refuse to have a foreign policy at all." Once again, what I actually state is quite different. I urge that "American power and resources and technical skills must be used to build and not to repress or to 'contain' or to destroy," and I suggest that instead of delivering lectures on "the really substantial democratic values that have been in part realised in Western society," American intellectuals "should face a task that is infinitely more significant and challenging—the task of creating, in the United States, the intellectual and moral climate, as well as the social and economic conditions, that would permit this country to participate in modernisation and development in a way commensurate with its material wealth and technical capacity."

R states further that "when Professor Chomsky talks about Viet Nam or the Korean War we have left the sphere of rational discourse." I have never written about the Korean War. My few passing references to it are quite uncontroversial. I have written at length about the Viet Nam War, which I regard as a monstrous atrocity, and I am quite prepared to let the reader judge for himself the accuracy of *R*'s appraisal, which is, once again, given with no factual support.

R claims that my use of sources "at times... seems to verge on falsification," and cites one example to support this allegation, namely, a case where, he claims, I invented a quotation. The facts are as follows. In my book I quoted several comments by D. F. Fleming and James Warburg on a speech of Truman's, and I mistakenly attributed their paraphrases to Truman himself (to compound the error I gave one quote as "all freedom is dependent on freedom of enterprise" whereas in fact the text has "freedom of worship and speech" in place of "all freedom"). Since I gave a precise page reference to the source from which the quotes were taken, the error was quickly discovered by a reviewer, and in the second printing (and the British edition) the quotes are corrected and correctly attributed. No further change was necessary, since the commentary of Fleming and Warburg was accurate and perceptive, contrary to what *R* implies, as the reader can determine by checking the original documents. This was a careless and inexcusable error, which I am happy to have corrected. It is not, however, a case of "invention" or "falsification." If there are other errors in the use of sources, they have not come to my attention.

These are the only alleged facts that *R* cites. The remainder of his remarks are mere diatribe.

NOAM CHOMSKY

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.

[There is a reply by *R* to Professor Chomsky's letter in *Column* on p. 47 of this number.—ED.]

Nietzsche & Insanity

MR. MACINTYRE has now changed his thesis [ENCOUNTER, Sept.]. In his article he had suggested that in "trying to create a new moral world" Nietzsche "perhaps destroyed his own power of reason." Now he claims that his concern was merely with "the particular intellectual content of incipient insanity in Nietzsche," which is an altogether different issue. But "Philosophy & Sanity" [ENCOUNTER, April] threw as little light on this question as it did on the causes of Nietzsche's madness. Indeed, the article ignored almost all of the documents that reflect Nietzsche's incipient madness.

Mr. MacIntyre's interpretation of Nietzsche's *Übermensch* is not as close to mine as he says. I would not dream of denying the vulgarity of the "culture-hero, the superman" whom he describes as "a particularly loud-mouthed and effective moral subjectivist." I had thought the subject was Nietzsche, but in his letter MacIntyre seems concerned to establish his own superiority "as a practitioner of invective" and an expert on "vulgarity." I cheerfully concede to him far greater merits than these. But unfortunately they do not redeem his caprice on "Philosophy & Sanity."

C. W. M. Whitty's observations about Nietzsche's madness are very close to those I presented along with some further evidence in *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy* and in my *Nietzsche*. This is hardly the place for me to recapitulate further details or

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to discuss the relationship of a philosopher's life and pathology to his thought. But one comparison may help a little. We should not try to discredit Van Gogh's late paintings by pointing out that he was not altogether sane when he created them; neither should we say that his madness was the outcome of painting Van Gogh's pictures. The differences between the two men are legion, and Nietzsche was by no means indubitably mentally ill when writing his late works. While his philosophy must in any case be evaluated on its merits, it adds poignancy to know under what strains both men laboured and how desperately they clung to their creative work as long as they humanly could.

In the end Van Gogh shot himself; Nietzsche, of whom Freud was to say that "he had a more penetrating knowledge of himself than any other man who ever lived or was ever likely to live," failed to recognise the last moment and, despite his celebration of "death freely chosen, death at the right time," published during the same month, collapsed helplessly and more or less vegetated for another eleven-and-a-half years.

Nietzsche is far more interesting as a human being than are most great philosophers. But the problem of the place of reason in life and in philosophy is not only posed by his life but also explicitly raised in his philosophy. It richly deserves attention—more serious attention than it received in Mr. MacIntyre's article or could get in a short letter.

WALTER KAUFMANN

Princeton University

Astor, Sykes, Wheeler-Bennett

MR. ASTOR [ENCOUNTER, October] catches me nodding when I say that "no British official documents *directly concerning* . . . Trott have yet been published." It is quite true that the memorandum by Sir John Wheeler-Bennett, written in collaboration with Trott in 1940, has been published. It appeared in one of the quarterlies issued by the *Institut für Zeitgeschichte*. I forgot this. I am guilty of a mistake.

Unfortunately, not satisfied with pointing out the mistake, Mr. Astor proceeds to confuse the issue in his own inimitable fashion. "Mr. Sykes," he says, "was furnished with the [memorandum]. But, like Sir John, he evidently did not want to consider even the small degree of British responsibility . . ." for the failure of anti-Nazism in Germany. These two sentences unmistakably suggest, I think, that in spite of having the memorandum to hand, I preferred not to mention it in my book. In fact, if Mr. Astor will turn to page 318 of my book *Troubled Loyalty* he will find a brief record of the memorandum's composition with quotations from the most significant items in it.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Astor has deduced that I "did not want to consider . . . British responsibility" because I did not follow my account with a tirade. If so, I must tell him that to let the facts speak for themselves, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions, is the method I try to follow in writing.

CHRISTOPHER SYKES

Wiltshire

Hobbits and Intellectuals

A Reply to Donald Davie — By KINGSLEY AMIS

I AM NOT SURE I got the total hang of Donald Davie's "Hobbits and Intellectuals" piece [ENCOUNTER, October]. To begin near its beginning: I cannot really see why a polemicist (like me) should not be taken seriously unless he gets too angry to want to go on living in his own country. This would hardly do as a general rule. Neither can I see how Davie can consider himself no less good a patriot than myself (or *R*), "perhaps a better," when he says he doesn't like it here and takes off. He is not in Kuznetsov's situation.

But these are small puzzles, and I think I understand his later, major metaphor about Creon, the person willingly in authority, *versus Antigone*, the person in perpetual opposition who is too spiritually grand ever to accept power and its corrupting temptations and whom he equates with my figure of the Lefty. I even agree with some of this, and am glad to find that Davie doesn't seem to like Lefties any more than I do. However, there are a couple of points, closely related, that I should like to take up first.

Davie is being a little perverse when he says what a good thing, in international politics, a "loss of nerve" can be. Such a failure would not have helped us, or the world, much in 1805 or 1940. (I am prepared to argue about 1914.) Anyway, what Davie had to say on this topic has been overtaken by events, and as I write—just after Moratorium Day—we can view a loss of nerve on a scale and at a depth and with a chain of possible consequences spectacular enough to satisfy even him, I hope.

He also says he differs from me about "the alleged monolith of Communism." The notion that Communism is not monolithic and that this somehow makes a difference is actually a favourite crypto-neo-post Lefty one. Various simple answers to it suggest themselves. One is that Fascism, as practised in Germany, Italy and Japan was a good deal less monolithic than Communism has ever been and still managed to be both very unpleasant and very dangerous. Another is that it doesn't much matter to me whether a Communist gets at me with the bastinado or the knout, a missile or a machete—all that really divides them is how to bury us, as (or roughly as) John Kennedy put it. Perhaps Davie would deny that Communism is always and everywhere tyrannical and, whenever it thinks it can get away with it, aggressive as well: Korea, Malaya, Viet Nam, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, etc. It will

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Life & Letters Today

London

SHOPPING WIVES *were too shy to ask for one of the new sliced loaves. They could not bring themselves to say the name emblazoned on the packets*—BUMS.

A few did buy the bread by simply pointing at it. But most settled for another brand. And sales of the loaves at NAAFI *shops in Germany were a flop.*

The NAAFI *people realised the trouble—and decided that a tactful explanation was required. In a programme over the British Forces Broadcasting Service, they informed Servicemen's wives that the name of the Dutch-made loaves was pronounced "Booms." That did the trick. After nearly a year of being shunned, Bums bread is suddenly on the boom.*

A NAAFI *spokesman said yesterday: "Sales of the bread before the broadcast were not the success that had been hoped for. But since the correct pronunciation was explained, the bread has proved to be a sell-out. It's an excellent white sliced loaf."*

The spokesman added: "We knew about its unfortunate name before ordering it. But it was decided that we must have the best bread available to Forces families in Germany—regardless of what it was called." DAILY MIRROR

London

ERIC PARTRIDGE *arrives at the British Museum Reading Room every morning (Saturdays included) at 9.30 for his day's work.*

Partridge, who is 75 this week, is the world authority on slang. He made the position for himself when he wrote a history of slang in 1933, following it up with a dictionary of slang in 1937.

Since then he has written about and collected clichés, Forces' slang, underworld slang, Shakespearean bawdy....

Sometimes solving the mystery of a word is just hard slog. Like "phoney."

"Phoney" means a lot of things, from "pretended" to "spurious" to "disguised." Most people first used it in Britain in 1939. Remember the "phoney" war? But if you track it back you can find it in American writings as early as the 1870s applied to jewellery, particularly costume jewellery, sold by peddlars. At this point a red herring emerges, a jeweller's shop that existed in New York around this time called Forney.

For many etymologists that was enough. But Partridge dug deeper. Eventually he came on "fawney," a name used in the American underworld as early as 1850 for a finger ring.

But "fawney" goes back in England to the 18th century. The "fawney rig" was the name for the ring-dropping trick, much beloved of the sharper members of the underworld. One of them would drop a ring in the street, then turn and insist it was yours. You would say it wasn't, but he would insist it was. Eventually after a lot of argument, he would agree to give up his claim to it for a small consideration, say five bob. You gave him five bob, then discovered the ring was worthless. But why "fawney"?

Much later he remembered his social history. In the eighteenth century there had been a large influx of Irish into England after the potato famine. Among them were many crooks who would have been adept at the fawney rig. Was this the clue? He looked up an Erse dictionary. There it was: "FAINNE" (pronounced fawney) meaning a finger-ring. DAILY MAIL

I HAVE RECENTLY [*Kenneth Allsop writes*] *been the subject of some newspaper publicity, particularly in Scotland, and in almost every instance and every publication have been described as "the television personality."*

This label seems to me vapid and valueless. My passport designation is "journalist," based, not unrealistically I think, upon 25 years as reporter, feature-writer or critic in the press and upon 15 years of visual journalism on television current affairs programmes. This causes me to wonder why "personality" has become attached to television and not to other activities.

Could it not, with equal relevance or irrelevance, be used in, say, "House of Commons personality" (M.P.), or "pulpit personality" (the Archbishop of Canterbury), "Divorce Court personality" (judge), or even "person personality" (psychiatrist). There remains, too, the wide open opportunity of calling Chi Chi "the Zoo animality." THE TIMES

London

A NEW BOOK *edited by Tariq Ali has a frontispiece with a diagram which gives a simple, concise method of making a "Molotov cocktail"—a petrol bomb.*

Tariq Ali said last night: "I am not sure about the diagram as a frontispiece. I would have preferred it as the book's cover. As a diagram of a Molotov cocktail it at least gives the right ingredients and would prevent the maker having his hands blown off."

Mr. Peter Owen, the book's London publisher, said the frontispiece bomb was a simple device. "You could find it in any kiddies' chemistry book. What child is going to pay 38s. to find out how to make it?"

A decision on publishing the bomb-kit diagram was being left to individual publishers abroad. "We felt that the student situation was less explosive in Britain than in other countries so there would be no harm in publishing it here."

DAILY MAIL

Paris

THE *French Academy, on its guard against the corruption of the French language by Anglo-Saxonisms, has just handed down the following ruling: "management" is okay provided it is pronounced in the French manner and mass-media is okay as "masse-media."* EVENING STANDARD

Birmingham

THE BIGGEST *aluminium rolling mill in Europe was closed last night after 300 maintenance workers walked out. They claim that a superintendent used a four-letter word to a shop steward and are demanding that he should be sacked. After the walk-out, at the James Booth plant in Birmingham, another 1,000 men were sent home.* DAILY MAIL

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have to get a bloody sight more polylithic than it is before I start treating different bits of it differently enough to make a difference.

Now to Creon and Antigone. "If Communism is not monolithic, neither is 'protest,'" says Davie. Well, protest isn't monolithic, no, whatever Leftists may pretend, and here is a serious weakness in the Antigone idea—it doesn't apply in enough cases. There is no evidence that the Russian protesters would refuse office of authority in a civilised Russia, as proper Antigones would; they might, and then again they might not. There is no evidence, to say the least, that none of our student rioters and their faculty accomplices are interested in power, and their heroes—Guevara, Castro, Ho, Mao—are Creon-men to a man. (Marcuse, largely unread, of course, is just a chap in an Establishment post who, so to speak, proves the rule, a Dean of Canterbury figure, or perhaps more closely analogous, in a different sphere, to Shakespeare or Michelangelo as they used to feature, when the hand of repression was heavier, in those self-justifying lists of great queers of history that ordinary queers used to carry about.)

Just as the trouble with Creon in all sorts of his incarnations—university administrator, educationist, Arts Council committee member, and whoever chose the new editor of the *Radio Times*—is that he has become worm-eaten with Antigonism, so the genuine Antigones, of whom there are probably a few left, have become infiltrated with little Creons. The latter will never actually attain the power they seek; if they ever get near it they will be gobbled up by the big Creons who know their business, just as in 1917. Those are the people who frighten me. And I don't care whether they turn out to be Stalinist or Brezhnevite or Maoist or Hoist or Castro-ite or Hoxha-ite (or Hitlerite) or whatever. As I said, it doesn't make enough difference.

KINGSLEY AMIS

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Translating Wittgenstein

PROFESSOR STEPHEN TOULMIN'S central point is the continuity between *Tractatus* (prised free from Russellian positivism) and the usual reading of the *Investigations*. A necessary part of the latter is Wittgenstein's case against private ostensive definition and hence against the logical possibility of private languages. Now in the *Investigations* Wittgenstein repeatedly uses "*hinweisende Erklärung*" to mean "ostensive definition," and Anscombe and other translators so give it (*cf. PI*, I, paras. 6, 28, 29, 30 and *passim*). Hence if the usual translation of "*hinweisende Erklärung*" is rejected by Professor Toulmin, the usual reading of the *Investigations* falls to the ground, and with it the continuity of that reading with *Tractatus* or anything else.

Fortunately the German is quite clear: "*hinweisende*," which means "pointing at," is an active participle describing "*Erklärung*," which means "explanation or definition." If Professor Toulmin and Dr. Onubogu want a German form for "explanation (or definition) suggested by" some other thing such as "logical analysis," they must replace "*hinweisende*" by a past participle passive such as "(*dadurch*) *hingewiesene*," though this is a rather clumsy and doubtful form. What seems quite clear is that the original Toulmin-Onubogu translation does such violence to the German syntax and grammar that it cannot be accepted. Since the usual translation is essential for Professor Toulmin's general thesis, this is just as well.

MICHAEL LIPTON

University of Sussex

STEPHEN TOULMIN'S REFUSAL, in your May issue, to "accept" Michael Lipton's translation of *hinweisende Erklärung*, makes one wonder what Carlyle would have said if Mrs. Fuller had declared that she did *not* accept the universe. Moreover, it seems strange that Toulmin is not aware that Lipton's correct translation of the passage draws attention to two even more fundamental mistakes, one of grammar (*Analyse* and *Erklärung* are both feminine and therefore the *es* cannot refer to them) and one of idiom (*Unklar war mir* . . . means "I failed to see . . ."), in Toulmin's own translation.

These mistakes completely falsify Toulmin's original claim [ENCOUNTER, Jan. 1969, p. 62] that from this passage "we can now demonstrate how . . . Wittgenstein could see his books as successive attacks . . . on one and the same group of problems." Correctly translated the passage demonstrates the opposite.

PETER MUNZ

University of Wellington,
New Zealand

ALL SARCASM APART, Peter Munz's letter gives rise to one interesting and debatable question: not (to be sure) the philological one, about the correct translation of *hinweisende Erklärung*, but the philosophical one, about the relevance of this translation to my account of Wittgenstein's intellectual development. The correctness of Michael Lipton's translation "ostensive definition" (Peter Munz argues) falsifies my interpretation. But is this so? In fact (I shall reply) it puts me in a position to deepen my account by adding one further significant detail.

To clear the philological point out of the way: the testimony I have had about this from native German-speaking informants is conflicting. Still, if Peter Munz insists that *hinweisende Erklärung* just was the idiomatic equivalent of "ostensive definition" in the 1920s, then—given his qualifications—it would be silly of me to ignore that insistence. In any case, it should not be hard to put the matter beyond doubt: a quotation or two from early Carnap, or from German translations of early Russell, could clinch it.

However, if we suppose that Lipton and Munz are right on this point, what will follow about the interpretation of Wittgenstein's development? Only this, I believe: that the original cross-purposes between Russell and Wittgenstein over "atomic facts",

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Protokolsätze, etc.—with Russell reading into Wittgenstein's *Tractatus* the epistemological doctrines of his own book, *Our Knowledge of the External World*, and Wittgenstein rejecting Russell's interpretation as a complete misunderstanding—extended also to the notion of "ostensive definition." Even today, we are so accustomed to looking at the notion from an epistemological point of view that we may forget that, like all "definition," it is at home first and foremost in the theory of *language*, rather than the theory of *knowledge*. (This very habit may have made me needlessly resistant to Michael Lipton's alternative translation.) It was possible, therefore, to accept the notion when explaining the *Verbingung der Sprache und der Wirklichkeit*—assuming that the ultimate terms and propositions of a logically perspicuous language acquire their meanings "ostensively"—without going on to use it also as the starting point for an entire epistemology.

This (I believe) is what Wittgenstein did; and I ought to have seen this point more clearly earlier since, so far from falsifying my interpretation, it strengthens it. In both phases of his philosophy (I should still argue) Wittgenstein was concerned with the same fundamental questions about the scope, limits, and meaning of language, as an instrument of expression, representation, and reason. In neither phase was he preoccupied with epistemological issues, and his change of direction in the late 1920s took place entirely within his account of the ways in which words and utterances are given a meaning within language.

STEPHEN TOULMIN

Alfriston, Polegate, Sussex

The Tucholsky Complaint

I GREATLY ENJOYED Walter Laqueur's brilliant analysis of "The Tucholsky Complaint" [ENCOUNTER, October 1969], but I must point out that the description of the Germans as a nation of *Richter und Henker*—instead of *Dichter und Denker*—does not come from Tucholsky, but from Karl Kraus. This mix-up is very awkward, as Kraus even refused to meet Tucholsky, rejected all his advances and protested against his (Kraus') works being in any way coupled with those of Tucholsky, whom he called the author of poems in favour of the German war effort during the first World War (*Verfasser von Werbegedichten fuer eine Kriegsanleihe*) and *"feuilletonistischen Mitarbeiter der buergerlichen Presse"* (*Die Fackel*, No. 857–863, p. 64—1931). A year later (*Die Fackel*, No. 868–872, p. 81) he castigated him for denigrating (*Verulkung*) Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht.

London J. W. BRUEGEL

THE MIX-UP is not mine. Tucholsky did make use of the "*Richter und Henker*" phrase. But I am not a Krausologist and I have no reason to doubt Dr. Bruegel's explanation, namely that Kraus invented it.

WALTER LAQUEUR

London

AUTHORS

John Mander is a contributing editor of ENCOUNTER. His recent books include: *Berlin, Hostage for the West* (Penguin Special, 1962), *Great Britain or Little England?* (Secker & Warburg, 1963), and *Static Society: The Paradox of Latin America* (Gollancz, 1969: published in the U.S. by Knopf as *The Unrevolutionary Society*). He is currently engaged on a historical study of Anglo-German relations. His recent articles in ENCOUNTER include "Letter from Prague" (August 1968) and "Beirut, Damascus, Tel Aviv" (February 1968). . . .

Seymour Martin Lipset is Professor of Government and Social Relations at Harvard University's Center for International Affairs. His most recent book is *Revolution and Counterrevolution* (Heinemann, 63s.). . . .

Dennis Silk writes that his contribution in this number "is part of a book about Jerusalem written with the help of a grant from the Howard Foundation of Brown University. I should like to dedicate my piece to Arieh Sachs and Harold Schimmel, the two Ss or the one *8*, and to Ana Marcovici-Cleja. . . ."

THE BOOK by **Noam Chomsky,** *American Power and the New Mandarins*, which is referred to in this number's "Column" and "Letters," has just been published in Britain by Chatto & Windus (42s.) and Penguin (8s.). *The Neophiliacs* by **Christopher Booker** is published by Collins at 50s. . . .

ERRATUM: Due to an unfortunate printers' error in our November issue two lines were scrambled in **Anthony Storr's** article "Misunderstanding Psycho-analysis" on page 89. Lines 30–36 should have read: "Harlow's work with Rhesus monkeys suggests that even so profound a mental disorder as schizophrenia *may* be dependent upon disturbance in the mother-child relation, whereas quite a number of analysts (including Jung) have thought it likely that some chemical cause for schizophrenia would be discovered."

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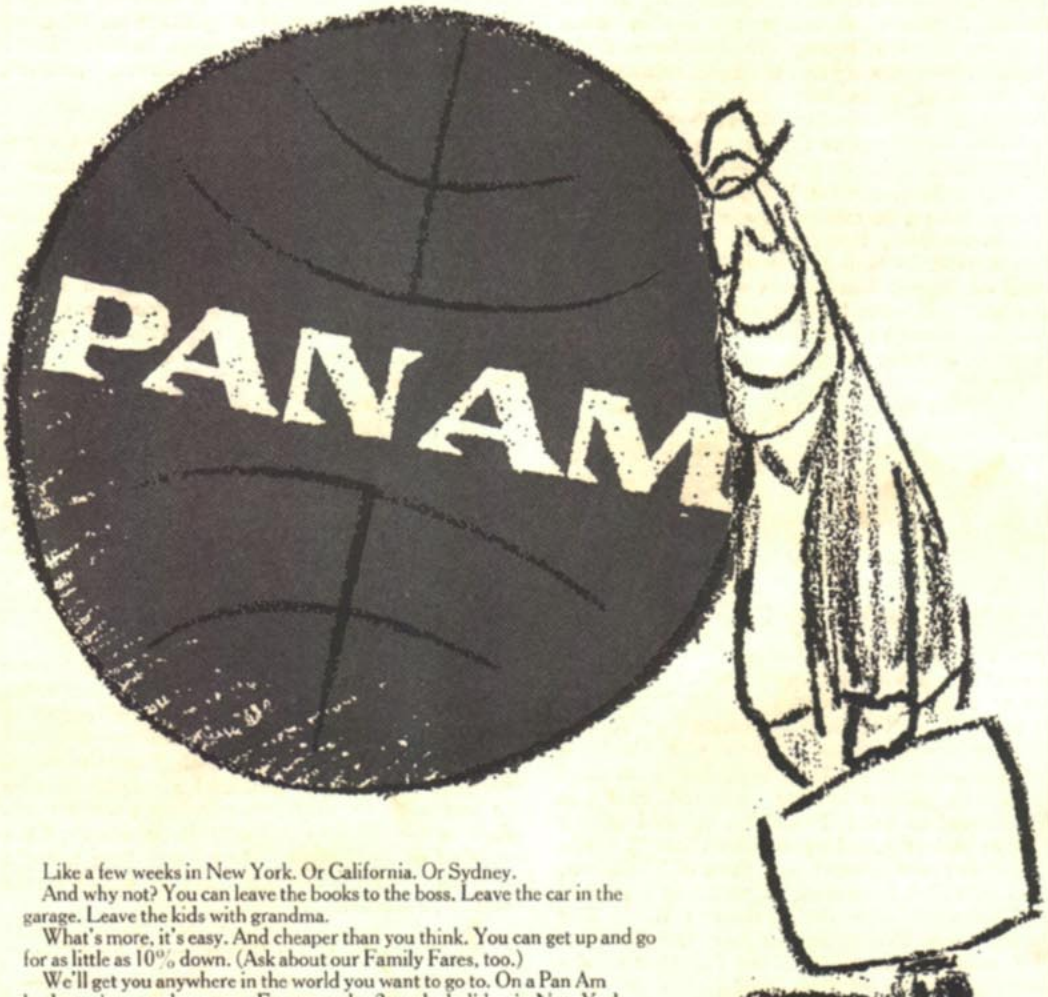

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